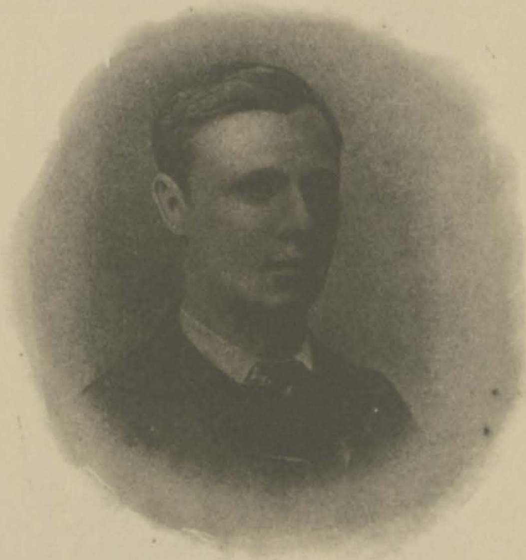
LETTERS FROM INDIA

ALFRED WILLIAM STRATTON

With a Memoir by His Wife



A. W. STRATTON AT THE AGE OF 21.

Letters from India

BY

ALFRED WILLIAM STRATTON

With a Memoir by His Wife

ANNA BOOTH STRATTON

And an Introductory Note by

PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

AL-BIRUNI

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

It does not often fall to the lot of a teacher to preface a volume written in memory of a pupil. Many days and nights have gone since Dr. Stratton's untimely death. In the language of the little Brāhmana legend about Yamī, the Hindu Eve, who will not forget her dead Adam, Yama, until the gods create night to alternate with day: ''Tis days and nights that cause men to forget sorrows.'

The regret is now softened for all of Dr. Stratton's friends by the wise provision of Nature. What he left behind is good every way: the printed and written record of his scholar's work, excellent in accomplishment and full of promise for the future; the uplifting and inspiring influence he exercised upon his devoted pupils; the memory of his own disciplehood, which always helped the teacher as much as it benefited himself.

Most of all, the memory of a life which was eager to perform high tasks, yet altogether ungrasping; full of the doubt and self-criticism that go with high ideals, but not at all restless or distracted. There is one word which seems to me to characterise Stratton's life over and across all the doubts, misgivings, and inade-

quacies which beset his career, and that is serenity. It was the serenity of one who must have felt, however unexpressed the feeling, that under all circumstances what he did was well done, because what he did came from a great and really unselfish devotion.

Mrs. Stratton has done well to knit his letters into a story of his life. The story is of great and abiding interest. How the Toronto boy of modest parentage threads his way through the primary schools of his city; how his native University of Toronto begins to shape his inborn instincts as a philologist and humanist; how his career as a Classical Master in Hamilton and his personal associations in that place determine his life's work as an Orientalist and philologist; the subsequent career at the Johns Hopkins University, where he is well remembered as the ideal young scholar; the beginning of his activity as an independent teacher and scholar in Chicago. And then the great event that revolutionises his life—his call to India to a position, or rather positions, of great opportunity. It was indeed a heroic task for the young American to assume, as successor to the eminent Indologist, M. A. Stein, the combined tasks of Registrar of the Panjab University and Principal of the Oriental College, really two positions in one. And all that as a newcomer in India, weighed heavily by the need of teaching in Sanskrit and conversing in both Sanskrit and Hindustani.

Dr. Stratton's friends will read this record of his life with delight, genuinely grateful to his wife, who is practising a truer Suttee in this devoted offering of hers. Students of India and the general readers will,

I am sure, find much to interest them in this unintentional chronicle of North-Western India and Kashmir, written in a position of vantage by a leading educator, and an unbiased, yet sympathetic observer of Hindu life and character.

MAURICE BLOOMFIELD.

PREFACE

At the meeting of the American Oriental Society in 1903, both Professor Bloomfield and Professor Lanman, in speaking of my husband's life and work, said that his letters from India deserved to be published. When the report of this meeting came to me and I read the suggestion relating to the Indian correspondence, a half-formed plan which had been in my mind for some time took definite shape, and in the absence of a fitter person to undertake the work, I set myself the task of editing the letters.

From the first I have had the help and encouragement of Mr. Stratton's friends. When I remember how freely this help has been given, I wonder that the book is not better—better in every arrangement and detail: but one point I have kept in mind, and in that I think I have not failed. I have wished that the reader may gain through the letters themselves, with the least possible obstruction by me, not only Mr. Stratton's pictures of Indian life, but a clear impression of his own personality. He liked to enter into little details, so that the letters as they stand have in most cases told their story.

They were written hastily, however, with no idea that they would ever be made public, so for the reader's benefit I have taken liberties with the punctuation. I

have taken a further liberty with the spelling. In the earlier letters Mr. Stratton gave the current English spelling to a good many words—such as Mohamedan, pundit, and the like—which, in his later letters, were made to conform to the rules of the Oriental dictionaries and to the best Anglo-Indian usage. For the sake of consistency it has seemed desirable to use the later spelling in all of the letters, especially as the words are of frequent occurrence.

Many friends have contributed to the preparation of the book besides those who have sent letters. To them all I am deeply grateful: they have made the book possible. But in an especial way I am indebted to Professor Bloomfield. From the first he has been ready with encouragement and advice, and from him I have received the most generous assistance, not in one way only, but in many. In particular he has reviewed the chapters which contain professional matter, yet he is in no way responsible for any error which may have crept in since. I am equally indebted to Professor Arnold, of the India Office Library, for a careful and critical reading of the whole manuscript. Upon the parts which relate to India he has given me the benefit of his judgment, and I have received from him many valuable directions and suggestions, without which I should scarcely have dared to give these letters to the public. Also Dr. J. Ph. Vogel, from his post in India, has been able to clear up a good many points which otherwise would have been troublesome, and he has been ever ready with the kindest offers of assistance.

Faithful friends, too, among the Indian people have

been generous in proferring their services. Valuable notes have been supplied to me by Maulvi Muhammad Shu'aib, Pandit Hirananda, and Sikanadar Khan of Lahore, and the Pandits Mukund Ram and Nityanand of Srinagar, Kashmir. They have shown the sincerest proof of loyalty to Mr. Stratton in wishing to perpetuate his memory among them. No wife who undertakes a similar difficult and painful task could hope to find more genuine help than has been given to me freely at every stage of my work.

The mistakes are all mine, and they will perhaps count for little when the body of the book is made up of letters from one who was always sound and clear. Had he lived a few years longer there would have been no need of this book, for he himself, in a far different way, would have given to the world the results of his research and study. As it is, the work has been well worth doing, though I cannot hope to give more than an impressionist picture in this presentment of letters. Slight, alas! too slight, and fragmentary, they yet hold something imperishably his — something of his bright spirit, his sweetness of temper, his singular simplicity, and something of that devotion to science which cost him an early grave in a far country.

ANNA BOOTH STRATTON.

WIMBLEDON, *June* 1907.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

Those who had but slight acquaintance with Alfred William Stratton remember him chiefly as a keen student who seemed to have the making of a large scholar; a smaller circle of friends know that behind his strength lay a singular beauty of character. His nature was gentle, rather than rugged, and of that childlike transparency which is rarely coupled with the iron which makes a life self-shaping. With these qualities went a temperament which constantly suggested lightness, the lightness that is delicately responsive.

His tastes were those of a scholar, and his outlook on life was wholly serious, yet he had always a strong relish for the humorous side of things. So prominent was this in him, that one who knew him in Chicago, at a time when he was very much pressed with work, said of him, 'He seemed always ready for a good time, and I at first thought him to be a man of much leisure.' He gave this impression because he had the ability to throw himself completely into the affair of the moment, however trivial it might be. In this lay one element of his strength. But the quality which especially distinguished him was his absolute sincerity. It showed itself in every movement, and in his frank face, and it was a thing which strongly impressed one on meeting him for the first time.

He was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1866. The time and the place were not especially favourable to

young students. There was less wealth there then than there is now; fewer colleges, fewer books in the libraries, and fewer men who taught that 'getting on' does not in the best sense mean money. But he fell under the influence of some of them, and he made the most of his chances, not in books only, but in wider ways.

Fields and wooded parts were not then far away from Toronto, and no boy liked the outdoor life better than he. He must have owed a good deal of his love for colour to the beauty of the ravines which lie to the north of the town. In the spring they brim with delicate green, and again in the autumn, when the leaves are turning, they become full and fairly heaped with colour. If one walks here in October when every tree is dropping crimson and gold, he understands why Canada chose the maple leaf forever.'

In these ravines, and the beautiful reaches of High Park, and the Island (before its wildness was rubbed off), young Stratton learned to know the subtle and reticent moods of Nature, and the direction it gave to his own moods became of no inconsiderable importance in shaping his character. It determined for him a good many of his lighter satisfactions.

But it is not always summer in Canada (we have heard of 'Our Lady of the Snows'), and much of the year the boy lived in the dull and dreary parts of the town. Monotonous rows of ugly houses, and ugly monotonous streets; earth frozen into iron underfoot, a sky of grey iron overhead—there are many months when Toronto is like this. It is a mood of Nature, too, but a brutal mood, and calls to the iron in human nature to meet it. It is a time for fires and books; and here from the first Alfred Stratton made his own choice. The rubbish of newspapers and 'light' reading

came his way as they came in the way of other boys, but it is one of the threads he never touched. At least, he never followed it far.

He had a ready tongue in his head which could turn a joke on every occasion, and there were few things he liked better; he was a singularly friendly and active young person, yet very early he developed the tastes which drew him toward serious study. In later years, after his work had centred on Sanskrit and Oriental lines, he sometimes railed at himself for becoming 'warped,' but it was the kind of warping which crooks not unkindly. It could not make him pedantic, because his interests in life were too fresh and too general. And it is impossible to have a real pedant with a keen sense of humour.

His home training was of a very careful sort, with a good deal of sternness on the father's side, and a mother's indulgence which only stopped short of spoiling him. From both sides he drew good British blood, but we find no scholar in his immediate ancestry. His father, William Stratton, is the son of John Stratton, who, with his wife (Mary Ann Henley) and eight children, came to Canada from Brinkworth, Wiltshire, England, in 1852. William, being the oldest son, was obliged from boyhood to earn what he could toward the support of the others, first at farm-work, and later at steam-fitting, lock-smithing, and the like. There was little opportunity for schooling, though he attended the village schools at Broad Hinton, Wootten Bassett, and Brinkworth, in Wiltshire. He had the instinct of faithful attention to small things: and this, coupled with his lack of education, prevented his getting on in the world. Though he is still living, it is fit that we should say of him that he is a man of strong

character, with large reserve force, and great generosity and conscientiousness of conduct.

Alfred seems to have received from his father a Puritanical strain, which, working out in the elder in a religious form, showed as seriousness of purpose in the son. Unlike in many ways of thinking and feeling, they were closely alike in singleheartedness. They were alike, too, in a certain punctiliousness. It was next to impossible for either of them to toss off a careless piece of work. Even this good quality may be strained, and perhaps the boy might have benefited by a little training in the 'well enough' way of doing things. He missed the advantage of knowing how to shirk.

If Alfred drew underlying strength of character from the Stratton side, he undoubtedly inherited his mother's practical ability. She was a capable housewife and a good manager—energetic, thrifty, thoroughgoing. One of her old neighbours remembers her chiefly as a woman who 'made the best of things.' It is a large commentary put into a homely saying.

Mrs. Stratton's maiden name was Ellen Woods, and in early girlhood she came to Canada from Ireland. She was the daughter of Henry Woods, a Queen's County Quaker, whose wife, Marie Jacques, according to the family tradition, was descended from a Huguenot *émigré*. It was rather a strange blending. Quaker traits were strong in Ellen Stratton, giving quietness, plainness of speech and manner, and dislike to showiness in dress. Her son was like her in these things, and perhaps it was from her and the French drop of blood that he received his artistic temperament. Without doubt it was from her side that he got his strong sense of humour, and that Irish 'tip o' the tongue' which is not separated from

one's remembrance of him, though it holds small place in his letters.

He was very much of a 'mother's boy,' for the reasons that the two were a great deal alike, and he was her only child (two brothers had died in infancy). She was often in delicate health. At such times he would stay away from school to help her in the home, and always he was devoted to her in something the way a man is devoted to a sweetheart. Both parents were proud of his cleverness and his bent for books, and at a considerable sacrifice to themselves they helped him to get a University education.

Among his early teachers was Miss Julia Kennedy, who remembers him as a keen little fellow who would not 'show off,' as even then he had a great distaste for that sort of thing. He passed quickly through the lower grades, and at the age of ten was in the fifth form at Wellesley School. The Headmaster was Adam Fergus Macdonald,—a picturesque figure, and one long to be remembered in Toronto. Earnest, watchful, a little old-fashioned, and sometimes a little 'sharp' when his Scotch humour failed, he had always a warm side for 'Fred'[1] Stratton, who was strong in mathematics in those days, and who sometimes busied his sharp wits in setting traps for 'Mac' in the arithmetic lesson. But it never brought him worse than a scolding. When the news of the death of Mr. Stratton reached the old man, he went into the schoolroom, and, with unconscious pathos, told to a later generation of young people that he had just heard of the death of one of his old boys in India, the one who had always been

[1] Fred was his home name, and the one he liked best. He called it his 'little name.' At school and college he was often distinguished by his initials, A. W.

his favourite. And later—the next year it was—he pointed out the very spot where young Stratton used to sit in a little front seat, and he said: 'Whenever I looked at that boy he seemed to be laughing. I always knew he would be a scholar, but I thought he would take up mathematics.' So perhaps the Master remembered the traps though he forgave them.

Alfred passed from the fifth form to the Toronto Collegiate, which is now called the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. Archibald MacMurchy, M.A., was the Principal at that time, or rather he was the Rector, as those were the days when the good old Scottish title was in use in Canada. Mr. MacMurchy still lives in Toronto, and he speaks with great affection of his old pupil. 'We were always proud of him,' he said. 'He was clever, but it was his bright disposition as well as his cleverness which attracted us. He began to go in for Classics when he was with us, and he took to languages as a cat takes to milk.'

Alfred never had much regard to school prizes, nor made extra efforts to secure them, but he took them easily, being quick to master a subject, and having a splendid memory; and in this case the family need for money made the Howland Scholarship of forty dollars, and the Michie Scholarship of sixty dollars,[1] very substantial helps to the boy's own progress.

He entered the University of Toronto in the autumn of 1883, at matriculation standing first in Classics out

[1] These Scholarships were awarded in his first and second years at the Collegiate, by the provisions of the latter (the Michie Scholarship) being required to attend the Collegiate two years longer. The extra year served to give him a firm grounding in the Classics. In passing from Wellesley School he had taken a combined Scholarship, which gave him free tuition in the Collegiate for two years, so it will be seen that in a very real sense he made his own way.

of one hundred and twenty-nine candidates, and second in General Proficiency. He was awarded the Mary Mulock Scholarship in Classics, but received only a Certificate of Honour in General Proficiency, by a regulation of the University no candidate being allowed to hold more than one Scholarship.

He ranked first equal for the Classical Scholarship with Mr. Ernest Sliter in his second year, and the two men kept up a close but friendly rivalry for first place (in Classics) during the rest of their academic course. Mr. Sliter took the Gold Medal at the final examination, but it is only fair to Mr. Stratton to say that in his third and fourth college years his taste as a specialist began to show itself, carrying him outside of Classics into the study of the development of language in general. In this broader field of work he was from the first markedly interested, and showed unmistakable power in his grasp of the subject.[1]

A senior classmate of that time says that young Stratton pursued the study of Philology—even at this early stage—with such vigour, and took such evident delight in digging into a subject that most young men found dull and dry, that they knew he would be 'a scholar or a freak.' His quiet manner and delicate physique, coupled with his intellectual sureness, sometimes secured him the name 'grind.' But he was nothing of a grind. Only those who stood near to him knew how much he scattered his forces, and in what a variety of ways he spent himself. His father at that time had a hardware store on Yonge Street, and the son regularly did all the bookkeeping and invoicing, besides collecting bills and the like. Most of his Saturdays were spent in this way, as well as a good deal of

[1] His work here was with Professor Maurice Hutton.

time through the week. He had the instinct for business without the taste for it, and whatever he did in this way was done with absolute thoroughness. He wrote a copper-plate hand, and his bookkeeping was as carefully executed as though a neat ledger-page was his chief concern.

In his academic years he began to be interested in all sorts of subjects, and he did a great deal of by-work — that is to say, real study unconnected with his college courses,—too much, in fact. His health seems not to have suffered, but at this age he might better have spent spare time in the fields or gymnasiums than in overmuch reading. But his tastes all worked toward intellectual veracity, and this spirit is not evoked save by the study which men do from love of it. Aside from his language specialties he was fondest of politics and poetry—subjects which apparently have nothing in common except the initial letter. His favourite poets when a boy were Wordsworth and Tennyson. His first volumes show much underlining and many notes, the character of these showing that the boy began to think for himself very early. But though his masters soon took him far from the narrow religious and ethical lines along which early teaching had moulded him, he grew into broader beliefs naturally.

His religious attitude in later years may be characterised by the very words which he himself uses in speaking of Santayana:[1] '[His] outlook on the world has changed, but [he] looks back with tenderness—almost reverence —on his old beliefs, feeling their beauty and recognising that they are somehow part of himself, critical as he is of all things.'

This was precisely Mr. Stratton's own feeling toward

[1] See p. 37.



A. W. Shattm

1902.

the old order of thought. A scientific training had freed his mind of rigid interpretations of life, and he was without superstitions: but the beauty of the Church rituals appealed to him powerfully, and, in accepting a broad symbolism in place of a simple faith, he kept—as did Santayana—a tenderness and reverence for his former beliefs. More than this one need not say, since he himself has left nowhere any written expression of his attitude in religious matters. It is a subject upon which he was habitually reticent.

His early political opinions were strongly influenced by Mr. Goldwin Smith, of whom he was a great admirer. He was always a good British imperialist, though a hater of jingoism in any form.

In 1886 Mr. Stratton joined a Saturday class in Sanskrit which was organised by Professor M'Curdy, the first and only one of its kind which ever met in the University of Toronto. He was the only undergraduate, the other members of the class being tutors in the University, except the present Professor Fraser, who was at that time Master in Upper Canada College. The work was discontinued at the end of three months by reason of the May examinations; and the next year Mr. M'Curdy did not have time to give to it on account of increased demands on him in connection with his departmental work proper—his Semitic classes.

Of this first step in Sanskrit, Professor J. Home Cameron in his sympathetic article written for the *University of Toronto Monthly* in May 1904 says: 'This was Mr. Stratton's introduction to the languages of the East, and the members of the little Sanskrit class still remember with what quiet application and firm grasp he worked his way forward. It would perhaps be too much to say that the whole direction of his subsequent life depended

at that moment upon his finding some one who could teach him Sanskrit ; certain it is, however, that the coincidence of this opportunity with his ambitions as a student was very fortunate.'

Between taking his bachelor's degree and proceeding to his doctorate there was an interval of five years, during which Mr. Stratton earned money by teaching, so as not to encroach further on his father's means. He first went to Caledonia, Ontario, as assistant in the High School. He secured a better position the next year at Hamilton, where he remained as Assistant Classical Master in the Collegiate Institute until the autumn of 1892. It is interesting to know that in his later years he speaks of himself as a 'Hamilton Canadian,' and not a Toronto Canadian. Perhaps the reason is that in the new field he first felt himself to be an independent worker ; tasted the sweets of earning his own bread and books ; made friends for life, and settled some things about his future. Up to this time, except that he had developed a remarkable gift for language study, he seems to have fixed upon no definite line of work.

The little city of Hamilton is well-appearing in and out, its friendly mountain, beautiful bay, and bright streets giving it a certain picturesque homeliness. In the country round about there is many a delightful outing place, as Sulphur Springs, near Ancaster, and Fisher's Glen, up Dundas way, where a man may better idle than work, if it be idling to grow into tight friendships, and to unreservedly settle and unsettle old questions as well as plans that are all 'in the make.' It was these things which seem to have endeared Hamilton to Mr. Stratton.

He became one of a knot of men who were working

together in the Hamilton Association, an organisation bearing at the present time the more pretentious name of 'An Association for the Promotion of Literature, Science, and Art.' Soon after Mr. Stratton went to Hamilton, and, partly through his efforts, a Philological section was established, of which he was the first secretary, and into the work of which he threw himself with his whole heart. Among the active members who were also his friends were H. P. Bonny, S. A. Morgan, W. H. Elliot, and W. H. Schofield. They were all hard workers, and they helped and prodded each other, and got that certain warm contact which is best secured in a small circle.

He came under an influence at this time which strongly biased his subsequent career. Once when one asked him what had originally attracted him toward Sanskrit, he named first in his answer the peculiar interest in things Eastern which had been excited in him by Mr. Henry Witton of Hamilton. Mr. Witton is one of those men—rarer in Canada than in England—who, between business hours, has found time for scholarly work. He is a self-taught Sanskritist, and has an enthusiastic interest in the many phases of Orientalism. His relations with Mr. Stratton came about through the son, Gay Witton, who had been a college classmate of Stratton's. Through this intimacy the latter had access to the Witton library, and soon found that he had tastes in common with his friend's father. They eventually settled into one of those beautiful attachments which are of the eternal fields 'where youth and age is not.' They read together the greater part of the *Hitopadesa* in Mr. Stratton's last year at Hamilton.

He seems to have kept to work at odd hours at the Sanskrit grammar; and some time during these years

he definitely settled upon that language as his future field, his interest in Philology carrying him into a study of the old Indo-European forms. For this reason he fixed upon the Johns Hopkins as the university in which to pursue his work, partly because of the excellence of the Oriental Department there, and partly because he wished to come under the teaching of Professor Bloomfield.

At the end of his fourth year in Hamilton—that is, in June 1892—he asked the Board of Education for an advance in salary. He was then getting one thousand dollars a year, and his demand was for an additional two hundred. His request was granted, but only after long delay; so long a one, indeed, that in the meantime he had arranged to go to the Johns Hopkins University in the following autumn.

His study during three years at Baltimore was mainly under the direction of Professor Gildersleeve in the Greek Department, and Professor Bloomfield in that of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. This of itself—so far as the success of his work went—meant *un fait accompli.* They stirred in him all the enthusiasm of which he was capable, and to them and to the Johns Hopkins he was always loyal to the core.

To Professor Bloomfield as an Orientalist—nay, as a friend—he looked constantly for advice, encouragement, and assistance, from the day in which he first came under his influence to the day of his death. Between the two there was an ever-growing bond of personal affection and regard. Something of the spirit of the *guru* passed on to the younger man and had a large shaping in his life and career.

In his home and social life, as in the university, Mr.

Stratton was pleasantly placed in Baltimore. At the first he suffered from loneliness; but in his second year he went to lodge with Mr. Frederick Sykes[1] at the Grace household on Mosher Street, and found there such a genuine home that he always afterwards ranked it with his mother's. 'My other home,' he used to call it.

The Grace sisters, Clementine and Mary, were interested in all the higher activities of American city life. Miss Mary was the social spirit of the house, and her keen interest in music and art gave her and Mr. Stratton a good many tastes in common. Indeed, in more than one way she helped to form his taste, as up to this time good pictures and good music had not come much in his way. It was perhaps these things which led up to a long, firm friendship, which is one of the rare things in this world of broken chains. There was never a jar. Letters between them were frequent after Mr. Stratton left Baltimore up to the time of his stress of work in India, when his personal correspondence suffered for lack of time. The writer is indebted to these letters for much of the biographical material which relates to the years between 1895 and 1898.

A little Browning Club to which Mr. Stratton belonged at this time numbered among its members several people who were his close friends in later years. Of this circle was Mr. W. H. Kirk.[2] A fragment from one of his letters draws a suggestive little picture of young Stratton's social qualities:—

'He was very dear to me, not only for the studies and pleasures we had shared and for the kindnesses he had done me, but, beyond all that, for the rare combination

[1] Professor Sykes, of Columbia University, New York.

[2] Professor William H. Kirk, of Rutger's College, New Jersey. This letter was written to Mrs. Stratton in 1904.

in him of a bright and keen mind with a sweet temper and delicate feeling. I admired as well as cared for him. I had looked forward—and no less had Mrs. Kirk, who also knew how to value him—to seeing him again, and with you; and the unexpected news of his death gave me a sense of loss as well as pain, which has often recurred.

'We first met, in the fall of 1892, at the Johns Hopkins, where I had gone to study. He had already been there for a year. I have a vivid recollection of the very spot, a long staircase, where we first addressed each other, and of his bright, friendly smile, along with his quick, observing look. We came to know each other better in the course of the year through the medium of a little reading-club to which we belonged. I am not sure that he was not the cause of me belonging to it. And during his last year at Baltimore we took our meals at the same house—the Misses Tysons' in M'Culloch Street. Mr. Sykes was at the same table, and Dr. Renouf of the University, and there was much good talk. Stratton was delightful at such times: he was so fond of conversation, so quick to engage in it, and withal so little given to monopolising it, and so stimulating to others.'

At the end of three months at the Johns Hopkins, that is, in the beginning of 1893, Mr. Stratton was awarded a Scholarship in Greek and Sanskrit. The next year he was given a Fellowship in Sanskrit and Philology. He gave instruction during this year in the elementary study of the Vedic language in relation to classical Sanskrit, and assisted Professor Bloomfield in reading with students the *Nala*. In his last year at Baltimore he was made Fellow in Sanskrit, Greek, and English,

and again assisted in teaching the subjects of the previous year.

In the spring of 1893, at the suggestion of Professor Bloomfield, he began to collect material for a complete history of Greek noun-formations. This laborious work was carried on during his last two years in Baltimore, and was continued in Chicago. It was pursued upon a scale of research as exhaustive as possible. He collected examples of all the Greek noun-suffixes, but his dissertation was restricted to a full treatment of one class only. In a letter to Mr. Bonny of the date of February 1894, he wrote (regarding his dissertation) that his card collection at that time numbered about 85,000.

The subject lay in the field of Comparative Philology as well as that of Greek language study, and was intermediate ground between the Classics, in which his early work centred, and Sanskrit, in which his later energies were engaged. Based originally on the citations in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, he later enlarged the scope of these, and corrected them by using indexes and lexicons for special authors. Where these were not available, he supplemented the material by his own reading of the literatures and the Greek lexicographers. This undertaking brought him into the wider fields of scholarship, and the completion of it according to his original conception seemed only a matter of time.

His dissertation dealt with the more important m-suffixes (-mo-, -meno-, -men-, and -mnto-), regarding the scope of which he wrote:[1] '[It] is the first of a series of papers in which I hope to present an account of the history of noun-formation in Greek. To the examination of each group of suffixes will be prefixed a brief statement concerning their use in other Indo-

[1] *The University of Chicago Studies in Classical Philology*, vol. ii. p. 115.

European languages. . . . The whole study will, I hope, lead to a more definite understanding of the types of nominal formation that began to be employed within historical times, and thus help in determining what forms were inherited from earlier times. When similar studies have been made for the other Indo-European languages,[1] no small gain, it seems to me, will result to our knowledge of the mother tongue.'

In Professor Bloomfield's Necrology[2] he pays the following tribute to a work which was destined never to go beyond the first stage:—

'The little book made its mark. It is by far the most exhaustive and penetrating treatment of a chapter in Greek noun-formation that has yet been made. A complete history of the whole subject along Stratton's line of research would be an invaluable contribution to the history of Greek grammar, as well as to the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European languages.'

When Mr. Stratton went to India, in 1899, he evidently felt that it would be better to give up the continuation of this work in view of his new opportunities, and he consulted with Professor Buck as to what would be the best use to make of his material. It was suggested that dissertations based upon the suffix matter be prepared by students in the University of Chicago, and the results eventually published, giving to Mr. Stratton credit for furnishing the material and for the scheme in general, and to Mr. Buck for undertaking and bringing out the work. But the matter was left in an indefinite shape. The following letter from Mr. Buck (written in June 1907) gives an account of the

[1] [In a footnote.] Only one has appeared, Leskien's *Bildung der Nomina im Litauischen*.

[2] *The American Journal of Philology*, vol. xxiii. No. 91, p. 351.

further use of this material which has been made up to this time, and suggests a plan for the final disposal of it :—

'When Mr. Stratton, after his appointment in India, suggested to me some form of co-operation by which I should supervise the further working up of the vast material gathered by him, I did not feel certain that I could undertake it, and the matter was left in abeyance. After his death, however, this material, which he had left in Chicago, was deposited with me, and after correspondence with Mrs. Stratton it was agreed that I should endeavour to make it available to other scholars in whatever way seemed feasible, as opportunity offered. Dr. Gunnerson in his dissertation on *History of N-Stems in Greek* acknowledges his obligation to Dr. Stratton's lists of the words in Liddell and Scott. Dr. Sturtevant is engaged in studying the words containing labial and guttural suffixes. I hope that others will be found to take up other parts, and, if sufficient assistance and financial support can be secured, I hope that a condensation of the results of such studies, together with the lists, may be combined in a Greek dictionary or set of Word-Lists arranged by termination, similar in character to Pope's *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Griechischen Sprache*, but far more complete. Such a work would be of great value to epigraphists as well as to historians of language, and Dr. Stratton's vast material covering the words in Liddell and Scott, when augmented from other sources, as he himself augmented his original material in the portion which he worked out and published, would furnish a solid foundation for such an enterprise.'

The following letter to Mr. Witton (3rd January

1895) is interesting in view of Mr. Stratton's later relations with the American Orientalists, Professor Lanman of Harvard, and Professor Jackson of Columbia University :—

'. . . Two days after Christmas I came as far as Philadelphia to attend the meetings of the Philological Societies and then bring Mr. Schofield[1] down to show him something of Baltimore and Washington.

'The meetings were in every way successful. The attendance of members and the number of papers read was larger than at any previous meeting of the Oriental Society, Philological Association, or Modern Language Association. Of the papers you can judge from your programme, and many men came whose names did not appear on the second circular. I feel now that I have seen all the best men of the country, and can judge of their work more fairly. . . . I am very much pleased with Collitz of Bryn Mawr and Wheeler of Cornell. Both of them are very careful in their judgments, and clear in their presentation of arguments. But I am delighted most by what I saw of Lanman and Jackson. Jackson, whose Avestan Grammar and Reader we use here, is a handsome, bright young fellow whom every one must like, I should think. He seems to be a close friend of Mr. Lanman's. . . . I met him after the Whitney memorial meeting, and went down town with him afterward to a little celebration. The same evening I met Mr. Lanman. He was very cordial. You had evidently been speaking too well of me. We had a nice little talk, but I hope I shall soon meet him again. That night he was the centre of attraction, and every one was running up to congratulate him on his account of Whitney. It was really excellent—the best paper of the

[1] Professor Henry Schofield of Harvard University.

evening. President Gilman's recollections were also interesting. . . .'

Mr. Stratton received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Johns Hopkins University in the first week in June 1895, and immediately prepared to enter on new work in the west. In March of this year President Harper had written to him asking him to give two courses of instruction in the University of Chicago in the summer quarter, one in beginning Sanskrit, and the other a more advanced course. At the same time he was asked whether he would consider the position of Docent in Sanskrit in connection with Professor Buck, the latter suggestion being made with reference to work in the department in the immediate future only. Both proposals were finally accepted.

CHAPTER II

Mr. Stratton went to Chicago with reluctance; and the outside of things—a ruck of street noises and an endless hurry and 'go'—bore out his original distrust of the place. And the University itself gave to him simply a sense of bigness. It was a long time before he took root in the new soil.

In one of his first letters from the west he wrote: 'I should not wonder if in ten years it is the greatest [university] in America; and in some ways the plans, even as they have so far been realised, are superior to those of Johns Hopkins. Yet from it as well as from the city I seem to be in some way separated. Perhaps it is because there is so much machinery: everything is on so large a scale. One must wait nearly an hour in a large anteroom to see the President, and there is a feeling everywhere that the individual is of little account—a drop in the bucket—which is not in any way so pleasant as the feeling one has at Baltimore that he is individually cared for. When I am accustomed to these new ways I may think more favourably of them, and when I know more members of the faculty I may feel more at home. In a boarding-house one need only expect greater or less degrees of evil.'

In the summer of 1895 he gave two courses in Sanskrit in the University of Chicago, and one in the Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin. The compensation was small, and he accepted the position

of Docent for the autumn only on the promise of an early advancement. In order to make enough money to live on he was obliged to accept a place in the Chicago Latin School, where he taught a class thirteen hours in the week in addition to his work in the University. The week before Christmas, when the settlement of positions was made for the coming year, the place offered to him (that of Assistant with the salary of a Reader) was so distasteful to him, meaning as it did the necessity of again teaching in a school, that he at first refused to accept it. He recognised the fact that Sanskrit would have a hard fight to gain a footing in the institution. But the routine of teaching — doubled in hours and work — almost exhausted his energies, so that there was little left to give to Sanskrit reading or Greek nouns. But Prof. Bloomfield, whose advice he constantly sought, urged patience, and bade him look to the advantage of being connected with a large and growing institution. With this advice, in addition to President Harper's encouragement, he finally accepted the position of Assistant with the meagre salary which appended.

He suffered a good deal from loneliness, and felt to the full that he had been uprooted. To Miss Grace he wrote: 'If there were the least power of poetical expression in me it would have grown most rapidly these five months under the influence of sky and lake and the longing to find some one I could speak myself to. I often think of Aeneas after the shipwreck saying, "One day perhaps 'twill delight us to remember even this."'

In a letter to Mrs. Watson—an old Toronto friend—he wrote:—

'Two things here I do enjoy—the sky and the lake—and the two go together. My favourite spot is near

the north end of Jackson Park, not ten minutes' walk from my room. This is on the bow of a slightly curving bay. The shore is protected by some good stone-work which slopes gently to the water, but there is no obstruction to the view, and children can let their feet hang in the water or go paddling about in it. One has a clear view here of about half a mile of shore and of parts beyond, both north and south. In front there is nothing but sky and lake. It is a magnificent stretch, and happily the prevailing winds are from the east. As for the sky, the general flatness of the country and the openness of the part we live in lay it bare before us. It has developed largely in me the appreciation of colour in painting as well as in nature. I can notice that when I go to the Art Institute. In the early summer we had sunsets full of light, when the clouds seemed ready to burst with brightness. Lately the charm has lain rather in the delicacy of the shades (I know no names for them, and can't describe them) and the swiftness of their succession. And all this under favourable conditions is reflected in the water, itself so clear and open to any impression.'

Along with his feeling for colour went a love for music. He seldom missed one of the Thomas Concerts, and looked forward to them from week to week. Years afterwards,. travelling over a hot Himalayan road, he would break into little snatches of song—certain movements that 'kept running through his head'—and he could remember the exact occasions when he had heard them at the Auditorium. His appreciation was purely sympathetic, but he had an excellent musical memory, and his taste was discriminating and critical.

His mother had been ailing for years, and those

who knew him best know that those years were saddened for him by the knowledge of her condition. In the summer of 1896 her disease took an alarming form, and it was arranged that the family should move to Chicago, where they might all be together. In the midsummer they settled into a little flat at 5515 Madison Avenue. In one of his letters Mr. Stratton wrote :—

'It is a great pleasure to be surrounded by old books and old furniture, but best of all to have father and mother here. At first it seemed a strange pleasure to come over from the University and sit down with them to dinner, and find the interval of an hour and a half too short. Now it is become an institution with me, and I shall notice nothing until some day for some reason I am denied the blessing.'

'The amount of additional work I had to undertake to make a decent living'—he wrote to Mr. Bonny in January 1897—'and the anxiety regarding mother's health, which has from time to time given us great uneasiness—these must be my plea for forbearance if I have left your letter so long unanswered. You who have known so much trouble will understand how mine possesses me at times, and makes my presence and my letters far from bright, especially as I try to save my brightness for the times I am with mother.

'She has been very sick almost three weeks, and the doctor has little hope of her recovery. Yet she is evidently gaining strength these three days, and we have hoped (that is to say I have, and try to brighten father with the thought) that we shall have her some time yet. Every attack, however, leaves her evidently weaker, and she cannot, even with her wonderful constitution, be expected to pull through many more.

'My regular university work was very heavy last quarter. In the seminary we read two hymns[1] connected with one of the great sacrifices, trying to understand the relation of the several parts to the ritual, and looking constantly for evidence of the antiquity or recent origin of the rite. Then we read the greater part of the ritual books so far as they deal with the sacrifice, and turned from that to the wider examination of the Vedic riddles, some of which we asked in the course of these rites. We shall spend some weeks yet on these, and then, if possible, make some examination of two more related topics before the quarter ends.'

Ellen Stratton died on the 17th of January 1897, and two days later she was buried in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery at Toronto. Her husband and son followed her body to the grave, and on the 22nd the latter returned to his classes at the University. Nothing could add to the simple picture of sorrow which he has drawn :—

'It is hard to come in and not find her here. She and I have always been so near to each other; and now burdens will be twice as heavy, and joys, if they come, of little comfort when I cannot share them with her. Yet I comfort myself with the thought that she is near me all the while, in truth as in my thought. At first I could not realise that she was gone, and fondly seemed to think it was but a few days' absence. But now everything seems to tell me that she will come no more. I found I could not walk alone, and must wait for father's return. Even together I fear we shall look sad and lonely.'

[1] Hymns from the *Rigveda*.

The two men kept their little home until April 1898, when the father returned to Toronto and lived with his sister, Mrs. Robert Dewdney, on Parliament Street.

In March 1897 Mr. Stratton was offered an Instructorship in Comparative Philology in the University of California at a salary considerably in advance of that which he was receiving in Chicago. But on the whole the inducement was not sufficient in his mind to justify acceptance. In the following year he was advanced to an Associate Professorship in the Department of Sanskrit and Indo-European Philology, which was the position he held at the time of his appointment to a post in India. His letters show that he began to realise satisfaction in his work, and to feel at home in his environment.

TO MISS GRACE

'Chicago, *April* 16, 1897.

'Dear Miss Mary,—I am glad that you approve of my deciding to remain here. The other day I had a letter from Dr. Clapp, the head of the Greek department at Berkeley, telling me that he feared I did not fully realise the advantages the University of California had to offer, and indeed his picture, which I believe is not overdrawn, is very attractive. But my faith is strong in the University of Chicago. . . .

'How many of these lectures of Professor Gildersleeve's have you heard? He gives them in Evanston in May—an Evening with Odysseus, an Hour with Sappho, a Talk with Aristophanes, Poet and Potter, Hellas and Hesperia. Evanston is fifteen miles away, but I hope to

hear more than one. He will be tendered a dinner in the city by Hopkins men in the neighbourhood, and will be asked to address the Quadrangle Club here at the University. I have just recently become a member of it. The club-house faces the University grounds, and is theoretically easy for me to run into, yet I have allowed a week to pass since going in. Easy as my work is this quarter, I have a good many classes, and find my time pretty well taken up.

'It will be three months to-morrow since Mother went away. Thirteen weeks ago to-night the immediate warning came. I can only believe that for all of us all things are ordered well.'

TO MR. HENRY WITTON

'5515 Madison Avenue,
Chicago, *May* 26, 1897.

'. . . My excuse for writing is that I miss your letters and wish I might hear from you again. If you will, be Glaucus, and give me golden for brazen, the worth of a hundred for the worth of nine. . . . For a long time I could not bring myself to write, and even now it is very hard trying to adjust myself to the new conditions of life. I have been very busy all the while teaching sixteen hours a week. So day after day Greek nouns and *Upanishads* go untouched. . . .

'The programme for next year is arranged. The more advanced courses are *Upanishads* (autumn), *Atharva-veda* (autumn and winter), and Lyrics—*Meghadūta* and *Ritusamhāra*—(spring). . . . I hope that Whitney's two volumes will be out in time for our use in the course on the *Upanishads*. I hope to read some of the philoso-

phical hymns and some of the kindred parts of *Brahmanas* which are not known as *Upanishads*, trace some of the characteristic ideas through several of them, and discuss minutely one or two selections of some length. . . . A Fellow has been appointed for next year whose work is to be chiefly under my direction. He has studied at Yale, and Oertel writes that he is fit now to take up work for his dissertation. So the year gives promise of pleasant occupation. . . .

'In July the four new biological laboratories are to be opened, and several distinguished men are expected, I believe. Some pleasant news which I think I may tell, is that a Classical Museum has been provided for by the will of some rich person here—a prospective gift of two hundred and fifty thousand. In that I hope provision will be made for contributions from India. Dr. Barrows has returned, but I have not heard yet what he brought. He was authorised to spend a thousand dollars for the Haskell Museum, and it was expected that he would bring many gifts—a Buddhist temple at least, Goodspeed said. Did I mention that shortly before he went to Europe a man in the city (influenced by him) agreed to pay the price Max Müller asked for his library? But looking over the catalogue, we believed, and said, that the money might be spent to greater advantage. I should like an attempt to be made to induce the same man to provide a Sanskrit, or, if necessary, an Oriental Library to bear his name. Small as the number of students in Sanskrit now is, I am sure that some day this will be a centre of Oriental studies. . . .

'It is pretty well decided that I am to stay here. I had an offer of a better salary and more rapid advancement in California this spring, but I think it was wise to decline.'

The *Upanishads* were especially attractive to Mr. Stratton because of their theosophic character. A bibliography of these treatises, mentioned in the preceding letter and more fully explained in the one which follows, was one of the large undertakings which he expected eventually to complete. In his letter to Mr. Lanman he clearly outlines the nature and scope of the work he had in mind. But, alas! like all of his far-reaching plans, he was not permitted to carry it beyond the first stage.

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'5515 MADISON AVENUE,
CHICAGO, *June* 11, 1897.

'I am very thankful for your kindness in sending me the title I needed. As for my work on the *Upanishads*, perhaps the designation "bibliographical" is not sufficient. My aim in the beginning was to aid Professor Bloomfield in his work on the *Concordance*. I have about five hundred titles of *Upanishads* known to exist, or reported, many of them variant titles, others belonging to treatises which are not *Upanishads* in the ordinary sense. My purpose is to state as clearly as possible the several names by which each work is known; the Veda, if any, to which it is said to belong, and, where possible, the branch—the texts with which it is most nearly connected; whether it is in prose or verse, and of how many verses or sections it consists; what MS. editions and translations are known to exist, or by whom it is reported; and (in some instances) to notice doctrines or expressions determining its position. Perhaps you will say that this is carrying it too far, yet I hope that you will

feel that it is more than a bibliography, and is well worth doing.'

This year Mr. Stratton spent his summer holiday at the seashore with his old friends, the Sinclairs, and on his way to them he enjoyed a visit to Mr. Lanman in Cambridge. He returned to Chicago strong and in excellent spirits, but reproached himself for having left his father, who had been lonely in his absence, 'though he never said so in his letters, and wrote as if he were having a gay time all the while on his bicycle.'

'The trip has done me good, a great deal of good'—he wrote to Miss Grace after returning—'and I am conscious of it every day. Friday a letter came from Mr. Sykes, who heard from our friends in Toronto that I was "flamboyant" in health and spirits. How I should like to be! I know I have no appreciation of that way of viewing life, and am apt to think more of its sorrows than of the joy it brings. Some day I may find contentment and a quiet happiness; that hope I have not given up, and even look forward to: but the "wild joy of living"—what lack of experience of life it seems to show!

'These two weeks I have given what time I could spare to getting ready for my course on the *Upanishads*. That set me reading a book of Mr. Royce's, *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. He has a poet's soul, and the book is the most charming I have read this long while. It gave me more insight, too, into the idealistic conception of the world than two years' lectures in my college course. It is beautiful, and full of charm as one reads and seems to follow: but how like a dream! how inconsequent! and when one returns to a consciousness of

this life of ours—how shadowy and unreal! There is this attractiveness about our world, that it is tremendously complex, and the explanation of it has not yet been found.'

TO THE SAME

'5602 MONROE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, *Dec.* 5, 1897.

'. . . While I tell you of being busy with my work I must not let you think I am doing nothing else. Friday nights are sacred to lounging and smoking at the club, and Saturday nights to the Thomas Concerts. Last night we had Ysaye, whom I heard then for the first time. A young physician to whom my cousin introduced me when I first came here, and whose company I very much enjoy, was with me, and made a pleasant concert yet more delightful.

'Marion Crawford made a pleasant little speech the evening of the reception at the Quadrangle Club. I unfortunately had to leave early to attend a meeting, and missed what had most interest for me—his telling how he went to India to study Sanskrit, looking forward to a professorship in Harvard, perhaps—and how while there he found that he could tell a story perhaps better than he could teach. There was a reception for Anthony Hope on Wednesday, but I did not go. I was too busy, and besides was not particularly anxious to meet him.

'Brunetière's impressions of Baltimore and Mr. Gilman I read just the day before your letter came, and was delighted with them. His note of love for Baltimore stirred sympathetic vibrations in my heart. I am particularly glad that he wrote as he did of Mr. Gilman.

Few people in Baltimore, I fancy, have any conception of his splendid services to education and to the reputation of the city.

'I am glad you are to have a course of lectures on Sanskrit poetry, and wish I, too, could hear them. But are they likely to be popular? Hindu ways of thinking are in so many ways different from ours that the lecturer will surely be compelled to give some time to preparing his audience. I hope that for that purpose he dwells on the influence of Sanskrit thought on the German romantic movement. Mr. Lanman's excellent taste should show to good advantage in the translations he offers. A man better fitted for the work could not be found in the country, and I think not anywhere.

'But I must say, as in the happy days, "Good night, Miss Clem—good night, Miss Mary," and if I dream to-night, I hope it may be of the days when in the dear city good friends guarded me, and sorrow had not claimed me for his own.'

TO THE SAME

'*December* 28, 1897.

'. . . The welcome essays of Miss Repplier, which only a few days before I had wondered where I might get hold of, and which now I doubly prize, came on Friday, the first gift I received. And first (being a man) I read the first essay, more especially—or wholly—because it was of "the eternal feminine." Then "Little Pharisees in Fiction" and "Cakes and Ale" attracted me.

'When does Mr. Lanman lecture in Baltimore? I wish there were a prospect of the lectures being repeated here. I don't know what to suggest for preparation.

Professor Griffith of Benares has a metrical translation of the *Rāmāyana*, which probably will be the subject of one lecture. Edwin Arnold has translated the Song Celestial (*Bhagavadgītā*), and some other episodes of the other great epic, the *Mahābhārata*. There are several translations of the *Çakuntalā*, the best-known drama; the latest of them I intend to get very soon, and I shall be pleased if you will read it in my copy. In Muir's *Metrical Translations from the Sanskrit* (in Trübner's Oriental Series) are renderings of several selections of different dates. And then, in the twentieth volume of Warner's *Library of the World's Best Literature*, Hopkins has written—in much better form than is usual with him—a concise account of the whole literature, which is followed by a series of typical selections. All these I think you can get at the Pratt.

'I have not a copy of the *Karma* now, and don't remember what the words you mention are. As soon as I can find the book I will send word. They are probably one of the two Buddhist formulas: "Reverence to the Buddha; reverence to the doctrine; reverence to the church." Or, "I take refuge in the Buddha; I take refuge in the doctrine; I take refuge in the church." Carus has just issued a story, *Nirvana*, in the same style, which contains quite a number of footnotes referring to the original passages which he translates or imitates. He has evidently been accused of falsifying and of giving too favourable an account of Buddhism. Have I told you of one of the pupils in one of my classes last year who charged me with the very thing, although I had not mentioned the word? . . .

'Carus, whose prime interest is in monistic philosophy, was attracted by Buddhist philosophy because it gives, he says, the only account of the soul consistent with modern

science. It is the field of study Mr. Lanman is most interested in, and I fancy he will make the poetical parts of the Buddhistic writings prominent.

'That was a very bright review of Miss Wilkin's book in the *Citizen.* I must tell of an illustration of Wordsworth I saw the other day—the picture of a ballet-girl, and beneath it "She was a phantom of delight." Don't you think that the other verse should have been chosen —"A creature not too bright or good"?'

TO MRS. WATSON

'5602 Monroe Avenue,
Chicago, *Dec.* 27, 1897.

' . . . I fear I have done what you warned me not to do a year ago, and have buried myself in my books. These six weeks I have been trying to do the work of two men in the University, and have undertaken so much until the middle of February. To such regard for a little money have I fallen. After that I hope to live a more natural life, busy, but not so completely overmastered by my work. Yet in my saner moments I have doubts whether it is not a phantom that promises the happiness some day of working at ease, as good work surely must be done. Once in my last year at Baltimore I told Dr. Bloomfield of the pleasure with which I looked forward to the time when, after taking my degree, I should be free from the compulsion of examinations and able to take my own time in my work. I remember he smiled. But I have not given up the hope.

'This season again I have tickets for the Thomas Concerts, and every night, so far, have had father or one of my friends with me, which adds the touch of sympathy

that completes the enjoyment. The orchestra seems to me to play even better than before ; yet the feeling may be due to the longing with which I turn again to music after last year's experience. At the Quadrangle Club, too, at the University we are having six concerts by the Spiering quartette, our Kneisel. The last programme was wholly from Beethoven: four songs, including "Herz, mein Herz," a trio with Sherwood (whom I think dull at the piano), and a string quartette. A week ago at the Auditorium, too, we had a Beethoven programme: the second and third Leonore overtures, the septet, and the ninth symphony. The choral symphony I never heard before, and it is one of the things I have longed to hear for years. My anticipations were heightened by reading Wagner's account of it. In the first two movements I did not find the intensity of endeavour and renunciation and then of joy of which he speaks : but the glorious third brought me into sympathy, and I only wish it were possible soon to hear it all again. . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

'5602 Monroe Avenue,
Chicago, *Jan.* 23, 1898.

'. . . In three weeks the man whose work in Latin I am taking is to be back, and I shall be glad to be relieved of the strain. The work is pleasant, but takes a good deal of time which the need of preparing my article for the press makes more precious. The reading of some lyrics of Kālidāsa's in one class (I have two in Sanskrit) I am enjoying. We are reading now the Cloud Messenger (*Meghadūta*) which shows throughout

a keen appreciation of natural beauty, and even interprets the movements of rivers, flowers, and the like, in human terms. A husband separated from his wife sends her a message by a cloud travelling toward his home, and the epithets used of the cloud would all apply to a human messenger as well. The same love of nature appears in the *Çakuntala*. Are you disappointed in it? There are other Sanskrit dramas with much more action, but for delicacy of treatment and happiness of phrase this has always been considered best of all.

'Next year I may have to try to lecture on some departments of Sanskrit literature to a class that has no knowledge of the language. It is part of a general plan lately formed to have courses offered by members of the several language departments in a new department of Literature in English. The plan seems to me a good one: it ought to result, I should think, in attracting some students to the study of other literatures. Some of the courses will be so arranged that students in the department with which they deal may profit by the wider view they will get of the literature.'

One phase of Mr. Stratton's character should not be left out, and it connects itself here with little Nellie Damon. His love of children showed itself in a delightful way, in a sort of half-humorous curiosity. This Nellie of the Letters—an odd little mite, blonde, babyish—had been tossed up into the University neighbourhood from the stockyard district, and was having a sort of continued fête-day in the home of the Farringtons[1] when Mr. Stratton first saw her. She stayed there two months, and went home when her mother regained health. She

[1] Dr. Farrington is a well-known palæontologist, and the Curator of the Field Columbian Museum.

had brothers and sisters, eight in all—all young, and all, like Nellie, ready to pounce upon 'Mister Stackon,' as the younger ones called him, whenever he appeared at their home. It was—as he tells in the next letter—in the dirty, grimy district near the stockyards.

It was through this delightful family of children, their needs and their affection for him, that he became interested in the University Settlement on Ashland Street, an organisation which works along the lines of such older and larger societies as Toynbee Hall and the Hull House Settlement.

TO HIS FATHER

'*April* 29, 1899.

'I think I told you of a little girl from the University Settlement who stayed with the Farringtons for five or six weeks. She is back in her home in the stockyards district with all its dirt and ill smells. I had sent word that I was coming, and this afternoon three of them, Nellie and Charlie and one of her sisters, came over to Washington Park where they played on the grass and about the lily beds. I had asked Miss Simms to help entertain them, and she met us at four o'clock under the trees, and we were all as happy as possible. For a while the rain fell heavily, but we were in the conservatory then. It was our first thunderstorm, and with it came some large hailstones that threatened to break the roof. Then it cleared off and the air seemed cooler. Afterward we went together to the west side with the children, and came home in a deliciously cool, fresh air.'

TO MISS GRACE

'*February* 17, 1899.

'. . . The other day (to-night that seems to be my phrase), buying a little present for a friend here, I had the pleasure of re-reading some sonnets and odes I first saw three years ago, and not since them. Perhaps I wrote you of them at the time. They are by Santayana, a Harvard man, a Spaniard and a Catholic by birth, whose outlook on the world has changed, but who looks back with tenderness—almost reverence—on his old beliefs, feeling their beauty, and recognising that they are somehow part of himself, critical as he is of all things. I wonder whether you have heard of his little set at Harvard, the Laodiceans, who agree to be neither hot nor cold in their talk when they meet.

'One bit of news I know will please you. Have you expected it? Mr. Buck's plans have changed, and now it seems reasonably certain that I shall have the chance to go abroad. It may be necessary for me to teach all summer, but I hope to arrange the work so as to get away in August. Then I may stay until the new year. Are you going? I fear I shall be too late to see much of Mr. Sykes. We talked of seeing some county in England on our wheels, when I thought I could get away in June; but by the time I can reach England he will be thinking of coming home. Of course I intend to go to Rome, where a congress of Orientalists meets early in October. Then I expect to move on to Kiel.'

The University of Chicago had undertaken to bear the expense of printing Mr. Stratton's dissertation, and preparation of the material had engaged his spare time

during the spring and early summer months of this year. Revision went on slowly on account of the stress of regular work, and the printing (twice delayed for lack of funds) was not completed until June 1899, four years after he had taken his degree from it. When the copies were finally struck off, he wrote of the work to his father :—

'*July* 19, 1899.

'I got some copies of my article to send to some people I know. I intend to take one with me to Toronto so that you may see what sort of book it is. The printers have done their work very well, but I have found some mistakes in it: they are of very little account, however. I don't know what the reviewers will say of the book. There are so many points of detail that I should not wonder if I have made a slight misstatement here or there. But I have done my best; and if any one stumbles on something which he can show to be an error, he will still make allowance, I think, for the size of the material.'

Mr. Stratton was appointed one of the delegates from the University of Chicago to the Oriental Congress which was to meet in Rome in October, and he arranged to sail at the end of the first summer term. He looked forward to spending some months in study with Professor Deussen at Kiel, and then to a return to Chicago in January. But his recommendation to a position in India, news of which reached him late in July, ultimately turned the direction of his plans and determined his subsequent career. He had been recommended to succeed Dr. Stein as Registrar of the Panjab University and Principal of the Oriental College at

Lahore. After consulting his father's wishes he made application for the place, thinking, however, that there was slight chance of success. His name had been presented by Professor Bloomfield, to whom he owed the opportunity entered on a few months later.

TO MR. HENRY WITTON

'5752 Madison Avenue,
Chicago, *August* 1, 1899.

'Dear Mr. Witton,—I have some unexpected, indeed startling, news. . . . Yesterday came a letter from Dr. Bloomfield enclosing one sent him by Dr. Stein, a friend of his who has recently gone from Lahore Oriental College to the Madrasah College in Calcutta. For some years he was Principal of the Oriental College in Lahore and Registrar of the Panjab University. Dr. Bloomfield recommended me for the combined positions, and before writing me, tried to find what my chances of appointment were. Dr. Stein seems to think that they are good. He thinks my Canadian origin likely to receive special consideration, the candidates recommended in England not being Englishmen.

'It seems to me that better candidates will surely apply, but Dr. Bloomfield has vouched for my scholarship, and if I am appointed I will do all I can. And it would be a glorious chance—a chance such as no American Sanskritist has had.

'I hope I may see you in Hamilton in about two weeks, but I could not refrain from writing now the piece of news, which, by the way, may better be kept from others. You see I do not wish to pose as a defeated candidate some months hence. . . .'

FROM DR. STEIN

'Madrasah College,
Calcutta, *August* 3, 1899.

'Dear Mr. Stratton,—I have received just now your telegram of this morning informing me of your intention to apply for my late post at Lahore, and hasten to let you know of its safe arrival by these hasty lines which are to catch the outgoing mail.

'I have sent on your message to the Vice-Chancellor of the Panjab University, Mr. T. Gordon Walker (Judge of the Lahore Chief Court), who was already informed by me of Professor Bloomfield's recommendation on your behalf. I feel assured that your application will receive due consideration, but no decision is likely to be made till the second half of October, when the Syndicate of the University will meet again.

'As far as I am personally concerned, I should be very much pleased to see a scholar of your training and qualifications as my successor. I think it would be an advantage for American Sanskrit scholarship to come by your mediation into direct touch with modern India. I also believe that your practical experience as a teacher would help you in guiding Oriental studies as carried on under the Panjab University. From the very flattering terms in which my friend, Professor Bloomfield, expressed himself regarding your personal accomplishments and methods of work, I conclude that you would be able to keep the practical work of the University office well in hand. There is a good deal in connection with the post that implies responsibility, and requires steady attention. But I think the affairs of the University

are now in far better order than when I took up the post.

'I shall let you know if I hear anything as to the view likely to be taken by the Vice-Chancellor and Syndicate as regards the filling up of the vacancy.—Believe me, yours sincerely, M. A. STEIN.'

CHAPTER III

Mr. Stratton sailed from Montreal on the steamer *Cambroman* on the 20th of August 1899. His six weeks in England were chiefly given to 'prowling on the outside of things,' what time he was not reading in the libraries.

At Oxford he shared the comfortable quarters of his old friend Mr. Sykes on the High Street. He spent a good deal of time in the Bodleian Library, reading in preparation for a course he expected to give in Chicago for the first time the following spring—a course on the Sanskrit drama and lyric poetry. The charm of Oxford appealed to him powerfully, and he was loth to leave the place, but the approaching meeting of the Oriental Congress in Rome made his stay in England short.

One day he tramped twenty-five miles through Wiltshire, visiting scenes of his father's boyhood at Little Somerford, Brinkworth, Wootton Bassett, and Upper and Lower Wanborough, and making inquiries in these villages about a branch of the Stratton family of the name of Goddard. Although he succeeded in finding no one of this name, he got a good deal of pleasure out of the trip.

Miss Mary Grace was in Oxford just two weeks before he reached there. Having missed meeting her in England, he crossed the Channel on the 14th of September in order to see her, but through some failure in the

carrying out of his plans they did not meet until late in the afternoon while waiting for their steamers at the wharf at Boulogne. The two friends never met again. Miss Grace was about to return to America, and a few weeks later Mr. Stratton sailed for India.

TO MR. HENRY WITTON

'London, *September* 19, 1899.

'I passed some very pleasant hours to-day in the Indian Museum, where I intend to return at least once before I leave the city. Professional interests, no doubt, largely determine my feelings, but nothing that I have seen in London has so much interested me. The exquisite carvings particularly delighted me. You must remember, however, that I have not seen all—none of the jewellery, for instance. The collection is most helpful in making conditions of life in India more real to me.

'This is the first day I have wholly given to sightseeing, and it, you see, was largely more serious than ordinary sightseeing. I usually spend three hours or more in the library of the British Museum, where I can get hold of some books we have not in Chicago which are helpful in the preparation of a course I am to offer next spring for the first time. I wish I might stay here some months, but three weeks seem to be all that is possible now.

'In Oxford I spent eight days with a Toronto friend who lived there five months this summer and intends to return next year. There, too, I had a chance to read in the library, and spent almost all my evenings and some mornings there. Cambridge I saw for only two days.

I was not prepared to find anything so beautiful as the "backs": none of the walks at Oxford compared with them, nor is there any building at Oxford equal to the chapel of King's. . . .

'The meeting of the Congress has been definitely set for the 3rd of October. The change of the time makes it impossible for me to stay in Paris on the way. Dr. Bloomfield is there now, but I believe he is not going on to Rome. He invited me to join him in Paris. I should gladly have gone, but it seemed impossible at the time.

'No news of course from Lahore. Winternitz, whom I expected to be a candidate, has received an appointment at the German University of Prag. I hear that Peterson's post at Bombay is also vacant. Have you seen R. C. Dutt's abridgment of the *Mahābhārata* in the Temple series? In yesterday's paper I noticed that he had just handed in his manuscript of an abridgment of the *Rāmāyana*. He lives in London now, I believe. I shall not fail to send you from the Congress what seems most likely to interest you. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'LONDON, *September* 24, 1899.

'. . . I cannot hope to tell you in letters much of what I have been doing. That must come out from time to time after I return. That it has been exceedingly interesting you will assume: but . . . I shall be very glad when I settle down again in Chicago.

'Oxford was a most delightful place to be in, and I seemed to be quite at home. But there I was with Mr. Sykes who had been living in the place some months. Here I am quite alone, breakfasting in my room and

taking lunch and dinner in restaurants where I happen to be. So my vision of London is very one-sided. . . .

'I think I told you in a card that getting permission to read in the Bodleian I began to think myself an Oxonian, and found myself despising the poor sightseers who were going about, guide-book in hand, determined to make the best of their time. Here, too, I have been reading. It was too good a chance to let slip, and I am much more interested in the library there [the British Museum] than in most of the ordinary sights. I had supposed that in London I should go a good deal to plays and concerts; but the concert season does not open until next month, and the plays they are giving do not attract me. The great successes are *The Belle of New York* and *El Capitan*. Beerbohm Tree began a revival of *King John* on Wednesday night, and his 'Hubert'[1] is an old classmate of mine at Toronto. However, I have been too tired these few nights to go far from the house.

'Now I am in my third week here, it must be my last. Thursday or Friday I expect to go to Paris, and shall probably proceed to Italy two days later. Isn't that appreciation of Paris? Only a few days ago a circular from Rome came to me by way of Chicago, and I learned that the time of meeting of the Congress had been changed again. Now it is definitely fixed for the 3rd of October. I am the more anxious to get into Italy soon since the reduced fares on the railways are good only to the end of October. So my plans are likely to resume something of their former shape, and I may be able to spend a longer time at Kiel than I had thought these few weeks. Besides, I have no assurance that the men I wish to see there will be at Rome.

[1] Mr. Franklin M'Leay.

'We have had remarkably fine weather, clear skies for the most part, and almost no rain. Yet I distrust London, and seldom go out without an umbrella. That reminds me of an advertisement I saw the first day here :

UMBRELLAS RECOVERED
WHILE YOU WAIT.
LADIES' SIZE. GENTS' SIZE.

'Pretty rapid growth, isn't it? There is another which one sees at every turn, and which I saw before anything else in London :

AFTER EVERY MEAL
UNEEDA
CIGAR.

'The interesting words are varied with all the wealth of imagination of the Chicago bis— Pardon me. I must not mention what you dislike, but you may tell Mr. Bechtel of the cigars. One bad man has changed it : "If UNEEDA cigar, why not try our La Liberté?"

'I have seen some paintings, too, but that is scarcely news. The National Portrait Gallery attracts me most. I am surprised to find Van Dyke's work so satisfactory. There are here in England a good many Holbeins and Van Eycks and Halses and Rembrandts. The colleges at both Oxford and Cambridge are rich in excellent portraits. But nature as well as art has done much for them—nature particularly at Cambridge, where no poet could be mute.

'At South Kensington I found myself particularly interested in the Indian section. The carving and inlaid work and weaving and embroideries are wonderfully rich. In the Zoological Gardens, too, it was not long before I was lingering near everything from India and

slighting everything else. So my work has warped me. Yet if my trip fails to draw me out on all sides, I shall have the comfort of knowing that I come back a better specimen of warp. . . .'

On the 29th of September Mr. Stratton went to Paris, and a few days later travelled down to Rome. From the Hotel Avanzi on the 3rd October he wrote to his father:—

'The streets in Paris are magnificent. While I was in London I was not conscious of the dullness that so many people speak of; but as soon as I reached Paris and drove along the streets in the early morning I was conscious of the happy cheerfulness of all—people and trees and shops. The three days there were beyond all comparison the brightest I have known on my journey. And yet I knew no one in the city. I went about on the busses and trams a good deal. For three cents you can ride the whole length of the line. In London for the same distance you would pay three pence. Besides, the London busses give no transfers. I went into only three large buildings: Notre Dame Cathedral, the Musee Guimet (a museum with the most valuable collection in the world of objects illustrating the practices and ideas of the various religions) and the Louvre, where I spent more time than anywhere else.

'I reached Turin yesterday morning at three. I stayed there for between five and six hours, and enjoyed my stay very much. . . . Here in Rome (which I reached this morning) I decided that it would be better to have my meals in the place where I lodge. I have a very comfortable room and good meals at a hotel where the charge is only a dollar and twenty cents a day.

'*Wednesday.*—At this point last night, looking at my watch, I found that I ought to be at the University, where

the opening session of the Congress had already begun. I went down as quickly as I could. In the cloak-room I found Jackson of Columbia, and at the close of the meeting, Breasted of Chicago, and Plattner of Western Reserve, who is to be at the American School of Classical Studies here this year. This morning I went again to the University expecting to attend a meeting; but the regular sessions seem not to begin until to-morrow. Accordingly I went prowling about the city—the Tiber, the Roman Forum, and the Colosseum—then along the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo, and by the hillside back to the hotel. . . .

'No letter from you has reached me here. From the leisurely way in which the Italians seem to do everything, it is fair to suppose that I shall not see it for two days after it arrives.'

TO THE SAME

'Hôtel et Pension Avanzi,
Rome, *Oct.* 8, 1899.

'Rome is full of objects of the greatest interest, and one is sorely tempted to be going about constantly to see them. However, I have been taking things quietly, and have in the six days done little more than prowl about on the outside of things. The Congress has been in session every morning. I went Thursday and Friday, but yesterday accepted the invitation of Mr. Plattner of the American School, and joined the other Chicago men in a little party which he conducted through the Forum. For some time the director of the excavations joined us and showed us several interesting discoveries.

'Mr. Goodspeed, one of the Instructors in Chicago, has been going about with me most of the time, and we are arranging to go together to Naples and some

places in the neighbourhood after the close of the Congress. His work is chiefly in the New Testament, but he still has the interests of a classical man, and I find it very pleasant to be with him.

'This morning we went to St. Peter's (our first time) and heard some excellent singing. Immense as the church is, it does not at first seem so much larger than other churches. That is because it is so well proportioned. There is too much gilding to please me, and some of the work on the tombs of the popes and other memorials in the churches seem to me to be in poor taste. But it is certainly wonderful. One needs to visit Rome to appreciate the grandeur of the Church of Rome and the hold it has on the hearts of people in so many countries. I must confess that I am not more in sympathy with it from the nearer view. Hundreds of churches—it may be a hundred houses of religious orders—you see here. They meet you at almost every turn. Thousands of men in this one city are thus withdrawn from occupations in which they directly contribute to the support of themselves and others, and the contagion spreads. The general idleness so soon observed, and the frequency of begging at church doors, on the streets, everywhere, are not hard to connect with it.

'There are Oriental scholars at the Vatican, but none of them come to the Congress or have anything to do with it. They are expressly forbidden to do so because the Congress is under the patronage of the King of Italy, who, for his father's work in unifying Italy, is counted an enemy of the Church.

'So far we have had two receptions: one from the Mayor of Rome at the Capitoline Museum, Wednesday, and one from the Press Club last night. Tuesday

night a musical is to be given in our honour. This morning, before eight, about four hundred left for an excursion to Tivoli from which they did not return till about seven this evening. The day was all that one could wish, and they seem to have had a most pleasant time. I hope I shall be able to see the place before leaving Rome.

'This afternoon Mr. Goodspeed and I went to the Protestant cemetery to see the grave of Keats. By the way, a daughter of G. W. Allan[1] is buried there. On the way we looked into the Mamertine prison, where Paul and Peter are supposed to have been confined. It is just on the edge of the Forum, at the west end.'

On the 9th of October, Mr. Stratton was informed of his appointment to the position at Lahore. So certainly does an actuality throw probabilities into fresh light, that on receiving the news he for the first time seems to have realised the seriousness of a long separation from his father, whose age and delicate health gave added uncertainty to the future. But his course had been resolved upon, and there was no fresh reason for change.

His words near the close of the second letter below, 'And you, too, will be able ... to believe that if anything should happen to me, all is well,' embody his optimistic philosophy. His faith in things happening 'well' was one of the strongest elements in his character. It underlay the sweet cheerfulness with which he met every change and underwent every hardship.

[1] This is the late Senator Allan, who gave to Toronto the Horticultural Gardens, now called the Allan Gardens.

'PENSION AVANZI,
ROME, *October 10th*, 1899.

'DEAR FATHER, . . . Some news came to me last night which I had never expected to reach me so soon, and had scarcely looked for at all. Dr. Bloomfield's favourable opinion of me seems to have prevailed with the authorities in Lahore, and last night I had a cable message telling me of my selection. The formal appointment is yet to be made, but I understand that the matter is virtually settled now. I was asked to cable my acceptance, and directed to be prepared to start from Europe on receipt of a further cablegram.

'You can understand that I am somewhat excited by the news. You need not be told that I realise the seriousness of this new sphere of work, nor need I say again that I cannot imagine a better opening for me if I am equal to doing what is required.

'It seems to be necessary to go on very soon. That was particularly mentioned in the cablegram. And Mr. Arnold[1] told me that the heaviest part of the year's work [comes] in the early months of the year (January to March), and that if I was not acquainted with it before I should find it much harder. But if I cannot see you for a while I can safely trust that all will be well with you, and you in the same way can be free from fear regarding me. . . . I have many things to tell you, but must wait until I write again. I expect to cable you to-morrow.'

[Three days later.] 'In my last letter I told you of the impossibility of my going to Toronto before taking up my work. We shall be a good many miles from each other for some time, but the distance ought not

[1] Professor Thomas Arnold, now of the India Office Library.

to cause us too great anxiety. I must confess that I have not been free from it at times when your letters did not come regularly, but the actual condition when I heard from you has not been so bad as I had imagined, and I must be wiser. And you, too, will be able to trust my safety, and to believe that if anything should happen to me, all is well. But of these things I can write again. And now good night.'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'Rome, *Oct. 11th*, 1899.

'Dear Dr. Bloomfield,—I can send now only the briefest of notes to thank you again with all my heart for your goodness to me in the Lahore matter, and to add that your recommendation has satisfied the authorities and I am selected.

'Mr. Arnold of the Government College, Lahore, is here. He had a letter for me from Dr. Stein, but did not find me until yesterday after receiving the cablegram. I secured his address and called on him. He gave me the whole afternoon and was very kind. I have many questions to ask him yet. His help will lessen the difficulties of the position, which I feel are very serious. . . . All that is in me will be given to the work, and I shall do my best to maintain the standard set by Dr. Stein and not to bring discredit on your recommendation.

'I shall probably sail very soon for India. With warm regards to Mrs. Bloomfield, I am gratefully and faithfully yours,

A. W. Stratton.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Frascati, *Oct. 17th*, 1899.

'I must let you know at once that I am writing to

you from a palace—a genuine old palace now used as a hotel. Mr. Goodspeed and I came here this afternoon, and if the place suits us think of remaining till Saturday morning. He wishes to consult some manuscripts of the gospels in a monastery near by but did not care much for coming alone. I, too, was glad to find a place more suitable for studying than the hotel in Rome. A Sanskrit book which I ordered last week reached me last night, and I hope to make good use of it. In Hindustani I have done almost nothing. The only book I could get in Rome was merely a grammar. I have ordered two conversation books and expect to receive them on Thursday. In this so-called palace lives a Professor of the University of Rome who, I was told, might be able to tell me of a teacher of Hindustani. It would be helpful if I could get even two or three lessons in pronunciation and some of the most needful phrases. For the rest, I could trust to the voyage. Mr. Goodspeed also wishes to see him regarding an Ethiopic dictionary, and we intend to call on him after dinner.

'You know already how kind Mr. Arnold and Professor Deussen have been to me. Through Mr. Arnold, Dr. Hoernle—whom Dr. Stein succeeds in Calcutta—heard of me and said he would like to see me. I was not successful in my attempt to find him Saturday, but yesterday took lunch with him. He encouraged me very much ; and now my anxiety regarding the possibility of failing in Lahore is largely removed. I have been troubled also, as you know, by the necessity of going to India without seeing you. Five years is a long time, and yet we must both be of good courage and look forward to the time when we shall be together again. It is hard to realise that I am really going East. . . .

'Just now Professor Guidi, who was not expected to

return until half-past seven, came in. He tells me that in the Oriental Institute in Naples there is a professor of Hindustani. That is good news. We intend to go to Naples next Monday, and there will be a week to spare —indeed nine days—before the steamer sails.

'There is enough news of myself, I fancy. And now about you? I fear you are giving yourself an anxiety which can do no good regarding my fears when your letters were not regular. Please do not, and do not say you sinned or anything of the sort. Only write me when you can, and remember how much your letters mean to me, away from home, and sometimes away from every one I know. Of my own health there has been no news to write. In London I was lonely, and when not busy often in low spirits. But Paris was a most happy change. In Rome I have been unusually well. . . .'

'In my letter this morning I forgot to tell you the very thing which prompted my writing, namely, that on Saturday evening came a message telling me definitely of my appointment, and asking me to come at once. This card I bought from a sweet-faced little boy on the street a few minutes ago. The fountain which it represents [Fontana di Trevi] is very beautiful, and the most famous in Rome. It is a common belief that by throwing into it a copper coin one is sure to see the city again.'

TO PROFESSOR KIRK

'Hotel del Sole, *Oct.* 25, 1899.

'My dear Kirk,—I must own that I was a little disappointed on arriving at the del Sole this morning and not finding it on the level of the excavations. Yet it is in the heart of things, not a minute's walk from the

amphitheatre. To-day Goodspeed of Chicago and I walked up Vesuvius: to-morrow we spend in Pompeii. I have only about a week left before sailing for my new post. My address is now to be Lahore Oriental College, and the new life means new experiences, new friends, I hope, but they cannot take the place of friends I have depended on so long. So, to change slightly an inscription here, *Vale, amice; fac me ames.* As for me, I am ever yours,

A. W. STRATTON.'

TO A. B. S.

'HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE,
SALERNO, *Oct. 26th*, 1899.

'When I wrote on Monday I told you nothing of what I had seen: there was so much else to say. . . . Now again I have seen so much that I can only speak of it in brief. It was impossible to leave Rome on Monday as we had planned. No answer had come from Genoa regarding the reduction in my fare. Mr. Goodspeed, too, had further inquiries to make regarding his trip next month to Egypt and Palestine. Tuesday morning, however, we did succeed in leaving. The answers to our inquiries could not reach for another day, and it seemed better to leave them [until] we returned to Naples. Tuesday afternoon in Naples we arranged for the holding over of our mail, and stored most of our belongings with a firm of express agents. Besides that, we secured accommodation for next week in the house where Mr. Buck and Mr. Capps stayed last spring. We walked about a good deal, too, and saw something of the life of the streets.

'The people live out of doors even more than in Rome,

and the streets are very lively. Bright colours, too, add to the attractiveness of the scene. The narrow streets with their high buildings, picturesque as they are, can scarcely be healthy; but people seem to thrive here in the dirt and lack of light.

'Early Wednesday morning we came to Pompeii, riding third class—which is not only cheap, but very interesting. Rome was cheap enough, with good accommodation for six lire a day, but at Pompeii we went to a hotel frequented by students and artists, where, without all the conveniences of a modern house, one is made very comfortable for four and a half lire a day. That is the cheapest rate I ever heard of. In my card yesterday I told you we climbed Vesuvius. Few, I think, try it, and perhaps they are wise. It is a long and difficult walk. We set out at ten o'clock, and it was after three when we reached the point where the Government insists on one's having a guide. I could go no further; and as it was late and it seemed better to return, Mr. Goodspeed, too, did not see the crater. We should have gained little by the final stage. Clouds unfortunately obscured the view. The descent was dirty, but easy, and we reached the hotel again at six. So we had eight hours' good walking and the pleasure of climbing and —until we reached the mists—of seeing the valley of Pompeii and the sea. The roaring of the volcano seemed very near. The unpleasant part of the climbing (where on steep roads the coarse dirt and stones that had come in eruptions from within lay deep) cost us five francs each; but we had the satisfaction of knowing that Cook would have charged us twenty-five. And besides, in a railway train one does not get the pleasure of walking.

'Last night we fell asleep easily. To-day we arose

rather late, and at ten o'clock went into the old city of Pompeii. It is a place of wonderful interest—much superior to a town of modern Italy. The buildings are not in any way so durable as those of Rome, but they were decorated in admirable taste. Much use was made of painting on the walls and ceilings: some of the pictures are fairly distinct even now. Besides, one finds everywhere notices put on the walls facing the streets—election signs especially. Business signs are said to be uncommon: we do not know that we saw any. The streets are narrow, about twenty-four feet wide usually, but sometimes only fourteen. Once this afternoon we stepped easily from side-walk to side-walk. The large paving-stones are still in good repair: in some, however, deep ruts show that there was heavy traffic. The stepping-stones would perhaps surprise any one not acquainted with Baltimore! . . .'

'NAPLES, *October* 30*th*, 1899.

'DEAR FATHER,—Before sending to you the letter I wrote to you last night at Capri I wish to add some account of to-day. . . . We reached Naples about nine o'clock, and I soon had your two letters of the 15th and 17th. I knew that you would not think of making me regret my decision regarding the Indian position by speaking of the hardship of our separation; but your words of gladness were more than I could have looked for, and cheered me much.

'I have not been able to realise that I was going until to-day. I learned that my berth is reserved on the steamer sailing from the port Wednesday afternoon. Now that the time is come so near, there is no room for misconceptions. I am not going in any spirit of

rejoicing or over-confidence. Only I am determined to do my very best, and you may rely on what influence I have being used for good. . . .

'If possible, I shall write before sailing, although the time intervening will be very busy. If I cannot, I shall at least write from the ports we touch at. And now to you and all, as I set out on the longer trip I had not expected to make, good-bye, and all good wishes and hopes for your safety and happiness.'

TO MR. HENRY WITTON

'ss. *Balduino*,
MESSINA, *Nov. 2nd*, 1899.

'DEAR MR. WITTON,—The heading of my letter will tell you my story. Besides, you know already of my appointment. The message I received before sending you the card from Rome simply informed me that I had been selected for recommendation, but I understood that there was no doubt of my being appointed. Of that I had word twelve days ago.

'Few investments could pay so well as the four dollars I spent for membership in the Congress. Half-fares on the railways in France and Italy and invitations to the entertainments in Rome were a good return; but they are little compared with forty-five per cent. reduction in the price of the passage to India. That explains my travelling by the Italian line.

'We have a cosmopolitan (at least a polyglot) company on board. Here in the first cabin one hears constantly English, French, German, and Italian, and there are many who speak other languages. The Italians are excellent linguists: a surprisingly large number of them turn easily

from one to another of three or four languages. Dr. de Cunha, Vice-President of the Bombay branch of the Asiatic Society, and a friend of Mr. Lanman's, is returning to India from the Congress. Mr. M'Auliffe, who is translating the Sikh books, is also on board. I have not met him. Some other men, too, wear the medals of the Congress.

'Our vessel travels slowly, and we are not expected to reach Bombay before the 20th. That will give me the longer time to pick up some Hindustani. The grammar is easy enough: it could scarcely be easier. The Persian and Arabic elements of the vocabulary, however, will probably come slowly to me. If I had supposed that I should be appointed I might easily have done a good deal to prepare for the life in Lahore. As it was, however, I spent my time in London in getting together some materials for lectures to be given at Chicago next spring on the Sanskrit drama and lyric poetry. . . .

'Mr Arnold, of the Government College, was in attendance at the Congress, and told me many things which will be helpful to me in settling down in Lahore. What I heard from him shows that Dr. Stein has left a position which will be difficult to fill. He went to Lahore when the University was sadly disorganised. The selection of the present staff of the Oriental College, the arrangement of the courses, and the standard of the examinations—all excellent—are due to him. And with it all he has been able to do a large amount of original work. How I must suffer from comparison!

'In Rome I met Dr. Hoernle, whose place in Calcutta he has taken. More than that, he [Dr. Stein] is to continue next summer the explorations in Central Asia begun so happily by Dr. Hoernle. That extension of

the known range of Buddhism reminds me of another thing. Dr. Führer told me the day before he left that he was going to see a collection of objects found in Southern Russia (whether European or Asiatic) near the Ural Mountains. The special interest of it lies in its containing a large number of Buddhist remains. Sir Raymond West, too, in speaking of the opportunities for work in Western India, said he thought it would be worth while to seek as far west as Syria for material evidence of the former presence of Buddhism. How valuable that would be for a study of the beginnings of Christianity!

'Another man whom I met at the Congress was Professor Deussen of Kiel. He was very kind to me. He urged me not to distrust the Hindus, as so many Europeans do. That, however, I think, is not one of the things to which I should tend.

'There was much disappointment at Mr. Lanman's not being able to come to Rome. Until a short time before the meeting he had expected to be present. Mr. Jackson of Columbia I saw several times. He is a man of great charm—wonderfully attractive. I met him first in New York in the spring of 1895. In Chicago, where he spent a couple of days the following year, he seemed like an old friend. It was a very great pleasure to meet him again in Rome. He expressed his delight at my appointment, and surprised me by adding that he had been looking for it.

'*Friday Evening.*—The lights in the saloon were suddenly turned off last night, and I accepted the hint and put away my letter. At any rate there is not much to add. I heard, by the way, in Rome, that a Hindu is likely to be appointed to Peterson's post in Bombay. A gentleman on board told me last night that one whose

name he did not remember had been filling the place temporarily.

'You did subscribe, I think, to Bühler's *Grundriss*, and it may interest you to learn that an extra part has appeared containing an account of his life, by Jolly. My copy was sent to Chicago, and I shall not receive it until next month. At Rome I could only glance at the copy presented to the Congress.

'Now, I need only add my best wishes for Mrs. Witton and you, and hope to hear from you often during the five years that I shall not be able to see you.'

TO MISS GRACE

'ss. *Balduino*,
November 12th, 1899.

'Dear Miss Mary,—A birthday letter written a month before the time, and touching the four continents on its way to you—what a distance it tells of! How odd, too, to read beside a fire words written beneath a tropical sun.

'Three o'clock here in the Red Sea. It must be early morning with you, not seven yet. If I were in my old room I should probably be sleeping yet ; but you rise early Sundays as well as other days, and now perhaps you are at church. Remembering me? I cannot doubt it, little as I deserve your goodness to me. And the belief comforts me. I wonder whether you do not feel the burden, for I lean heavily on my friends. . . . Your letter, which I prize—French envelope and all—reached me in Rome. And the clipping from the *Sun*, too, the first scrap of an American paper I had (or have) seen since August. Father sends me none from Toronto.

'I could not help feeling proud of him when I read his

letter written just after the receipt of my cablegram. Not a word of complaint because of my going so far, and for five years, too: only the cheering words that he was very glad of my success. The separation is easier when I know that he does not really need me. He is as happy as a man can be. His religion is everything to him. Happily it even saves him from worrying about me. He is busy all the time going about among people who need the comfort he can bring, helping them, reading, praying with them. And I am very glad, although it sounded strange at first to hear that he had become a Mennonite—which meant I know not what.

'So I am free to turn to the new life which opens before me in India. . . . At Alexandria I had the first view of Oriental life. My chief impressions of it were heat, laziness, and dirt—these in an ascending order. Of the beauty I had looked for there was none. Even the public gardens showed their lack of care; and on every side, where we should have fresh grass and fountains and shade trees, were unsightly heaps of sand. I hear it is the same everywhere in the East. If so, then East and West—our American West—are alike in one characteristic—a dull level.

'This is an Italian steamer. As far as Alexandria we had many Italians, some French, some Egyptians. Now almost all are English. . . . Some few of our company are business men of Calcutta or Bombay. More are members of the Indian service, civil or military. Their happiness and apparent (I feel like saying evident) good health are a welcome indication for me. They love the life in India. I judge it must have many attractions. . . . The great drawback is the almost inevitable separation of families, with which—for the present at least —I am not concerned, having none. Yet having

none I shall feel the more the separation from my friends. . . .

'To Miss Clem give all my best wishes. Do me one favour, tell me when her birthday comes. I mean tell me beforehand, for I should like to send greetings, but do not know the day. Is it in the summer? And once more and always, all the good my heart can wish for you both. A very happy birthday for you, and for myself, I pray to see you again.'

TO HIS FATHER

'ss. *Balduino*,
November 19*th*, 1899.

'I went ashore for a while at Aden where I posted a letter. It is within the jurisdiction of the Governor of Bombay; and Indian stamps and Indian currency are used there. I did not go round to the native town, where I believe forty thousand Hindus and Africans are huddled in close quarters. Nor did I care to go within the fortifications, but simply walked along the shore where the shops and hotels and offices are found. The number of Hindus is considerable. Most of the shops are said to be owned by Parsis, who you probably know are the great merchants of India. But the blacks are most numerous. I think that they must come from many parts of Africa, but most of them are said to be Somalis. The children are very attractive, little black skins almost naked, with nothing even on their heads, bright eyes, smiling faces, and the whitest of teeth—white in the old men who are losing them. I did not see a single native woman, black or brown. At Port Said and Alexandria, on the other hand, they moved about the streets freely. Did I tell you of the odd-

ness of the huge brass or silver cylinders the married Muhammadan women there wear between the eyes to prevent them from straying? For among them a wife is expected to have eyes only for her husband. The cylinder and the veil hanging from her upper lip leave little beauty visible in their faces to attract others. . . .

'I find that there is only one mail a week from India. It leaves Bombay every Saturday and reaches London in fifteen or sixteen days. So from Lahore to Toronto a letter will be about twenty-seven days on the way. I think of posting this in Bombay on Tuesday to make sure of its going, and shall try to send at least a card from Lahore if that is in time for Saturday's steamer. Now good-bye.

Your loving son,

FRED.'

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Stratton reached Lahore on the 24th of November 1899. On account of approaching examinations it is the busiest time of the year in the University office, and he at once set himself to master the details of the work. He did not meet his classes in the College, however, until the 17th of the following January. With characteristic thoroughness he had made what preparation was possible before reaching India. He found a Calendar of the Panjab University in Oxford, and read it with considerable care, although at that time he looked upon his Indian appointment as hardly probable. After receiving news of his election he began making inquiries of Mr. Arnold in Rome; and his quiet and sure grasp of the different lines of work on reaching Lahore was due not more to his keen insight and splendid executive ability than to his faithful habits of industry.

He began the study of Hindustani before leaving Italy. On reaching Lahore he engaged the services of Maulvi Muhammad Shu'aib, Assistant Arabic and Persian teacher in the Oriental College, and continued to study with him through the cold weather of 1899-1900 and the long vacation following, the Maulvi travelling through Kashmir with Mr. Stratton and his companion, Mr. Fleming. The business of the University office, however, was so pressing during the first months of the new Registrar's service that he constantly spoke of his

lack of opportunity for study, and of his slowness in the use of Hindustani. In a remarkably short time, however, he was able to use the language in the ordinary affairs of the office.

Of a most adaptable nature, he quickly fell into the routine of things. As he himself phrases it, he 'became one of the people of the place.' Once a week he breakfasted with the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Gordon Walker, whose unfailing kindness and long experience in University matters were invaluable to him at this time. Dr. Stein, too, was in Lahore for ten days in January, and consented beforehand to be 'plied with endless questions.'

The following series of letters gives a somewhat detailed account of the workings of the University and College :—

'LAHORE, *Nov. 26th*, 1899.

'DEAR FATHER,—Since my arrival here I have been in a perfect whirl of little concerns, and if I do not write now I may have to send a short and unsatisfactory letter when mail-time comes. First of all let me wish you a very happy Christmas season. This cannot reach you on Christmas-day, but you will understand in time how the lateness of our arrival in Bombay interfered with my plans regarding Christmas letters. However, it will reach you before the opening of the new year, which I trust will be very happy for you. To Aunt Lizzie,[1] too, and to Annie's house, and to Aunt Martha's, Uncle Alf's, and Uncle John's, I send best wishes.

'I intended to send you a cablegram announcing my

[1] Mr. Stratton was very fond of 'Aunt Lizzie,' who is often mentioned in his letters. She was Mrs. Robert Dewdney, his father's sister, and the mother of Mrs. Ammon Davis and the members of the well-known business firm of A. H. Dewdney and Bro. of Toronto. She died in June 1904.

arrival here. Yet the first time I thought of it (not the first time I thought of you, for I have been thinking of you all the time) was last night. This is how it happened. I reached Lahore at two o'clock Friday morning. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, and in it I was brought to Mr. Arnold's house. I got to bed at three, being very tired after the long journey. At half-past seven tea was brought in, then I bathed, shaved, and dressed in time for breakfast shortly before nine.

'At half-past nine I went with Mr. Arnold to the Oriental College and was introduced by him to the members of the staff. He told me a few things also about the management of the College. Then I was introduced by Mr. Velte[1] to the Registrar's work. In it there is an immense amount of detail. It will take months to learn it all. He intended to leave the city by the one o'clock train, but it was half-past two before he thought to look at his watch. Time passed so rapidly. I did not get away until half-past three, just reaching the house in time for tea. After dinner we sat up until a little more than half-past ten, but I did not attempt to read. Yesterday morning again I was called at half-past six, was at the office before ten, and busy until half-past twelve, then came to the house to get ready for seeing the Vice-Chancellor. Called on him at half-past one and stayed for lunch, reached the house about tea-time, soon returned to the office, then spent some time looking for Mr. McAuliffe, with whom I travelled from Bombay—and indeed from Naples—to Lahore, and was able to spend an hour reading the regulations of the University before dinner. . . .'

[1] The Reverend H. C. Velte, who was acting as Registrar in the interval between Dr. Stein's service and that of Mr Stratton.

In the following letter to Miss Simms he tells of a gift of coral beads which, after much delay, reached his little friends Emma and Nellie Damon, in the summer of 1900:—

'Lahore, *November 29th*, 1899.

'. . . How I wish I could tell you something of this wonderful place! Another day I shall try: to-night even if I did, I could tell you little of it. I am very busy, and can scarcely snatch five minutes for a letter.

'In the hotel at Capri I bought two little strings of native coral. They are poor enough, although in the dim light where I bought them they seemed good. I should like to send them to Nellie, or if a single string will suit a little girl, to Nellie and Emma. You will gladly take them to the children, will you not? . . . They may be a week later than this letter in reaching you, because there is no arrangement for parcel-post with the United States, and I may need to send them to Bombay in order to put them in the hands of the express company.

'I have been very fortunate in being invited to share the home of the Arnolds, whom you know I met at the Congress at Rome. They have been very kind to me, and I seem to be among old friends. I have pleasant rooms, and share with them the services of several servants. At the University and at the College servants are always waiting to answer my call, and a man in brilliant uniform—red tunic and gilt belt—comes to the house each morning and is available until late at night. There are three of them who take turns. So the outward form changes, but I have still the same clean-shaven face, and smiles have not wholly left it yet. . . .'

FROM DR. STEIN

'MADRASAH, CALCUTTA,
Dec. 9, 1899.

'MY DEAR DR. STRATTON,—I was delighted to get your letter of the 2nd, and to see from it how quickly you had found your way about your new work. I hope you will excuse me for not having greeted you on arrival as I should have liked to. I did not know the exact date, and was also very hard up for time during the last month.

'You may be sure you have my heartiest good wishes for the work which is before you and for your success generally on Indian soil. I am particularly glad that you have found at once a comfortable home with such kind friends as the Arnolds. I know what difference this makes. I did not myself enjoy such pleasant surroundings till after long years at Lahore.

'I also hope you will soon master all details of the work of the office and College. It is fairly uniform year after year, but wants constant attention that nothing may go wrong. It is impossible for me to give detailed advice in a letter, but I shall be very glad indeed to talk any matter over with you about which you should care to have my opinion. . . .

'Sikandar Khan[1] is an excellent man, energetic and most carefûl about details. You will do well by encouraging him as occasion offers. The Assistant-Registrar is known to me as a man of tact and honesty, but of course he cannot at present help you as much as he will later on with a year's experience. You do very

[1] See footnote on p. 102.

well in concentrating your attention on the office. The College cannot go seriously wrong if you give it little of your time at first. It will be well for you not to burden yourself with lectures as I did at first, when I used to take three or four periods daily. Some work with the M.A. class and with the Shastri class will be useful, and also to you instructive later on. I am pleased to think you like the courses on the whole. I found a great deal to change when I came, but there is still much scope for improvement.

'You will probably find Pandit Durgādatta your most satisfactory Pandit. He is very well up in Grammar and Kāvya, etc. Vedanta, I am afraid, is little studied in the Panjab. Also Ganga Vishnu is a good scholar and might assist you. But about all this we shall have time to talk before long, I hope. . . .

'Please remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, and also Mr. Velte when you see him.—With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

M. A. Stein.'

The remaining letters in this series contain something of repeated matter, since in each case Mr. Stratton was writing for the first time from his new field in India. But in spite of this repetition it has seemed best to give each letter almost in full, there being sufficient variation in the presentment of facts to justify printing them.

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'Senate Hall,
Lahore, *Dec.* 24, 1899.

'This is my first breathing spell, if indeed that is not

too large a word for so short an interval. To-day and to-morrow the office is closed, and I can write a few letters, a very luxury to me here.

'We had a smooth voyage out. I do not know but I should have enjoyed it more if we had had a few high winds. As it was I suffered a good deal from headaches, and was unable to do any work worth mentioning. It was just a month this morning since I arrived in Lahore. I should have preferred to stop at two or three places on the way, but at Bombay a note of welcome from the officiating Registrar awaited me, which showed me so clearly his desire to be relieved that I came on at once.

'Indian railways are liberal in their allowance of space: to first-class passengers, I mean, for in the third class people seem to be crowded like cattle. The rate of speed is low: our journey of 1230 miles lasted fifty-three hours. We came by way of Agra and Delhi. The shorter line through Rajputana would have taken considerably more time. In all the country north of Bombay the rains failed this year, and as a consequence everything was dry and the landscape far from interesting. There is, of course, a far more serious consequence in the famine, which is even now felt, and is likely next spring and summer to be terribly severe. Yet even from India money is sent to swell the war fund, and in England there seems to be no thought of the suffering of the poor here.

'My ten days in southern Italy were a fitting introduction to the East. From Naples to Bombay is not far except in miles, and in one way or other I was prepared for conditions and ways of life here so that I have not at any time felt myself in a strange land. Besides, I knew all the while that I was coming here to

live, and that probably helped to make things seem natural.

'We passed, I should say, within two hundred yards of the great Sanchi tope. One other was visible on an elevation near Bhilsa. That whole country is so full of Buddhist remains that I must spend some time in it the first time I have a chance. The work of the office unfortunately makes it impossible for me to spend the ten days of the Christmas vacation there or in Jeypore.

'In all the country within easy reach of Lahore there are no materials of pre-Muhammadan times. The Muhammadans destroyed everything, and the Sikhs, in turn, pulled down their monuments or stripped them of all ornament. Lahore is a great graveyard. The house in which I live is one of the few beneath which none lie buried. One might almost say that every self-respecting resident of Lahore has a tomb in his garden. Sad to tell, we have none—and a tomb would make such a pleasant summer-house! Anarkali's tomb is now an office of the Secretariate. The cross above it, and the stairs outside leading to the gallery, recall the time when it was used as a church. Everywhere in and about the city are buildings that date from the reigns of Shah Jehan and Jehangir. For the most part a few tiles here and there are all that remain to give an idea of their former appearance. Jehangir's great tomb north of the city, and his gardens, Shalimar, to the east, are best preserved. There are three notable mosques in the city: the Golden, the Jama or Shahi, and Wazir Khan's—the decoration of the latter said to surpass the best in Delhi. The Jama Masjid at the fort is the only one I have seen.

'I have scarcely gone within the city; only once any distance. Then I drove to the book-shop of a most

interesting old man,[1] a friend and adviser of the founder of the Ānandāçrama.[2] No books are in sight except a few lying on the floor, but he showed me ever so many I should like to have, and must buy. He was much pleased that I could tell him where to write for copies of the *Kauçika Sūtra.* The third and fourth volumes of Shankar Pandit's *Atharvaveda* I saw there for the first time. He showed me also the edition of the *Vājasaneyī* with the new commentary that is now appearing. He keeps a full stock of the Ānandācrama, Nirṇaya Sāgara, Bombay, Benares, Madras, Mysore, and I don't know how many more series of Sanskrit books and texts published in England, and Germany as well. He is getting out a list of his books, and you will probably receive a copy within a month or two.

'The work of the office has kept me very busy. Preparations for examinations take up a good deal of the time. Indeed, the University is scarcely more than an examining body. The Oriental College and the Law School are essential parts of it. Other colleges are not even affiliated; but there are several specially designated as colleges in which University scholarships are tenable. I came into the office at the time of year when the work is heaviest. Some other circumstances contribute to make it harder for me. . . .

'So far my work has been purely administrative, and almost wholly in the University as distinct from the College. There I have simply gone one hour or so each day to receive petitions and answer letters. Dr. Stein taught twelve hours a week, and I have thought

[1] Lala Mehr Chand of the Said Metha Bazar.

[2] This refers to the Ānandāçrama Sanskrit Series, books printed at the Ānandāçrama Press in the Bombay Presidency, and published through the generosity of Mahādeva Chimaṇaji Apte, who left several lacs of rupees for that purpose.

of having classes six hours a week after Christmas; but my books have not yet come and I have some doubt as to its being wise.

'A few days after my arrival I began to take lessons in Hindustani from one of the Arabic and Persian teachers in the College. Unfortunately I have had little time for preparation: sometimes I have had to let even the lesson hour go unused. So I cannot imagine that I know much yet. My great difficulty is in getting hold of the Arabic and Persian words which form so large a part of the language used by the Muhammadans. It is necessary, however, to learn all this because some of the maulvis and munshis of the College know no English, and would not understand the Hindi which would suit the pandits. The two chief pandits know nothing of English, and have spoken Sanskrit to me. I misunderstood badly, failing to catch words or not noticing some little word that means a great deal. Besides, I have had little time to look at grammar or text. With the new year I had hoped to begin work with a pandit, but I may need to wait until I can speak Hindustani more readily.

'Pandit Sivadatta, the head of the Sanskrit Department of the Oriental College and editor of a good part of the texts in the *Kāvyamālā*, came to me the second day I was here to recommend his son who is at present at his home in Rajputana. The son also seems to be well versed in Kāvya and Alankāra, but that is not what I want particularly to study. I am more inclined to engage a young Vedāntin, professor in one of the other colleges. But I shall not decide until Dr. Stein comes. He is to be here on Friday and expects to remain for ten days.



THE TEACHING STAFF OF THE ORIENTAL COLLEGE.

— Qazi Zafar Uddin — Maulvi Abdul Hakim. Prof. Arnold. Dr. Stratton. Pandit Sivadatta. Pandit Durgadatta. —
— — — Pandit Hirananda. — Maulvi Muhammad Shu'aib. —

of having classes six hours a week after Christmas; but my books have not yet come in. I have some doubt as to its being wise.

A few days after my arrival I began to take lessons [illegible]

[illegible]

'Perhaps you know already how the work of the College is arranged. Some of the students are proceeding to degrees in Oriental Learning. Their classes are conducted in the vernacular ; English is an optional subject. The subjects are generally the same as in the Faculty of Arts, but greater proficiency is demanded in the classical language chosen. Thus the Sanskrit courses are the same for entrance in Oriental and the intermediate examination in Arts, for intermediate in Oriental and B.A., for B.O.L. and M.A. Many more, however, follow courses in the classical languages leading to titles arbitrarily distinguished by Dr. Leitner. Thus in Sanskrit one gains successively, at intervals of two years, the titles—the distinctions if you like—of Prajna, Visharada, and Shastri. The medium of instruction in the first year is Hindi or Urdu : in the later [years] the classical language. All however, throughout the six years, are required to spend two-sevenths of their time in studying English. By an arrangement with Government the teachers of the Oriental College also conduct classes in the classical languages for the students of the Government College, which prepares for examinations in Arts.

'Dr. Stein's courses used to be (1) with the M.A. class three hours in the *Rigveda*, two in the *Nirukta*, and one in *Comparative Grammar* ; (2) with the Shastri class three hours in the *Nirukta* ; and (3) with the B.A. class three hours in the *Rigveda*. Before I can take hold of the second division of this work I must be able to use Sanskrit freely. I wish I might be able to do so by next May, but I am by no means sure of it.

'I have not yet been able to visit the Museum. In London, of course, at the Indian Museum I saw

reproductions of a good many Græco-Buddhist sculptures which it contains, and in my unscientific way was much interested in them. I can imagine that I may yet make some use of my opportunities in India for archæological study. As you know, however, my chief interest now is on the side of the religious writings.

'Lahore is an interesting centre for getting an idea of the various religious divisions. The Muhammadans are numerous. Professed Sikhs (for they seem to be rapidly losing their identity among the Hindus) are found here in greater numbers than in any place but Amritsar. A Jain [1] whom I have met, an assistant professor in the Government College, says that there are two hundred (families, I judged) of his faith in Lahore. The Brahma Samaj includes excellent men, prominent among whom is the Assistant Registrar. Especially strong is the Arya Samaj, which controls the largest college [2] connected with the University. In the commercial life of the place the Parsis play a conspicuous part.

'Little Hindu temples are seen everywhere. During the vacation I am to meet the supporter of two of them, an old-fashioned man who twelve years ago gave over charge of his estate to his son and has since devoted himself chiefly to his sacred books and worship of Krishna. The temple he built to Krishna faces one dedicated by his father to Çiva. I ought to add that Mr. Chatterji, a judge of the Chief Court and an active worker in the University, is a member of the Sanatana Dharma Sabha.

'A few days before my arrival there was a most elaborate sacrifice, the Maha Rudra Yajna. The pandits

[1] Lālā Jiya Rām, M.A. [2] The Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College.

here were assisted by "venerable and profound Vedic scholars, forgathering from the southernmost to the northernmost corners of Aryavarta to celebrate a solemn ceremony on the banks of the very Ravi along whose sacred stream dwelt the Rishi Seers who had fixed the soul-stirring ritual æons ago." So the *Tribune*, the organ of the Aryas, described it. Judged by all I can hear, it appears to have been a most elaborate affair, the only one of the kind that men living here have seen. I can only hope that during my stay here there may sometime be such an occurrence.

'I have thought so long of writing to you that I could well believe I have written since coming here. Your note of congratulation awaited me, and was the first thing I noticed on entering my bedroom. It is very good of you to cheer me with the hope of success. I hope I may realise something of what you believe me capable of doing. If I can, it will be due to your encouragement, as the opportunity also is due to you.

'Dr. Stein has been very good in writing to me, and when he comes here I expect to ply him with endless questions. He has given me leave. He was wonderfully successful here, and leaves behind him a reputation of which any man might be proud. You know, of course, of his coming visit to Khotan. He has leave from next April to June 1901.

'Perhaps I ought not to write more now, many as the things are of which I wish to tell you. Most of all I want to thank you once more for this splendid chance. Dr. Ewing of the Forman College, one of the most prominent members of the Syndicate, tells me that his brother is studying with you. There is another connecting line between Baltimore and Lahore.

'Best wishes to Mrs. Bloomfield and the children and yourself.'

TO MISS GRACE

'LAHORE, *Dec.* 27, 1899.

'. . . After a while the work will probably be easier for me. Heavy as it is, I enjoy it thoroughly. It leads me to see a new side of myself. I am nothing but a man of business now, and while I hope and intend to be something else, I believe that the training I am receiving in quickness as well as justice of decision and in definiteness of expression — for these things are essential in the position—will help me when I can be a student in the narrower sense again. . . .

'Something now regarding my duties. On the one hand I am Registrar of the University, in general charge of an office nominally requiring ten or twelve clerks. On the other hand I am Principal of the Oriental College, in which there are some twenty-five teachers of various grades.

'The University is primarily an examining body, the only institution in the Panjab which is permitted to grant degrees. About four hundred candidates wrote last year for the B.A. The number is increasing constantly. In the lower examinations the numbers are much larger. At the entrance this year there were more than two thousand candidates. That will give you an idea of the size of the institution and the large amount of labour involved in the examinations.

'Connected with the University, but not directly controlled by it, are several colleges in Lahore and elsewhere in the Panjab. Among these the Oriental College

is unique in being supported out of the funds of the University. . . . The teachers of the Oriental College also conduct classes for the Government College, which teaches for the B.A. and M.A., in Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. In these, English is the medium of instruction. . . . About half the instructors, I should think, speak English. Of those who do not some speak Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani (Urdu), others Sanskrit and Hindi, to mention no others. Those who teach Sanskrit prefer to speak Sanskrit, and they do very fluently. With that and Urdu I may hope to communicate with all. But at present I can speak neither. . . . To accustom my ears to the sounds [Sanskrit] so as to enter into a conversation in it requires special training and practice which I have not commenced. I hope to do so early in January. I have had a month's lessons in Hindustani, but the large number of Persian and Arabic words used in it, and the little time—often none at all—that I have been able to give to preparation for my lessons, makes my progress very slow.

'All the men in the University office speak English. The Head Clerk, who has been in the office twelve years, is most helpful. The Assistant Registrar[1] is a very able man, but came into the office only two weeks before me. Both of us have much to learn. Gradually of course we shall become familiar with the decisions made in previous years, and have less hesitation in answering the sometimes puzzling questions we have to settle. . . .'

[1] Lala Sundar Das Suri.

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *Dec.* 31*st*, 1899.

'. . . In the College I have so far spent only about one hour a day, the audience hour. Petitions are sent in written in Sanskrit, Hindi, Panjabi, Urdu, English. I could do very little with them without the clerk, who makes abstracts of all in a book kept for the purpose. When I have learned what each wants, and know fairly well what to say, the applicants come in, and in my stumbling way, or usually with the clerk's help as interpreter, ask what further questions I wish, and give my answer. Inspection of the boarding-houses, Hindu and Muhammadan, is another duty. I have visited them once. The classes, also, I must visit from time to time, and in a few days I shall probably take hold of one class three hours a week. The satisfactoriness of that, however (an introductory course in the *Veda*), depends largely on the time when my books arrive. Two weeks ago I had word from Mr. Lengfeld that they were in charge of the express company, but it may be some time before I see them. This coming month will bring me to the preparation of next year's budget for University and College.

'Don't you wonder where time for study comes in? Virtually it does not come in. An hour or more a day I usually spend with an Urdu teacher trying to read or speak or understand him. I seldom have time for preparation, and sometimes have had to let even the hour with him go. Sanskrit I have scarcely looked at. In May, however, I must be ready to conduct classes where no other language can be used. Within a couple of weeks I hope I shall be able to begin lessons in Sanskrit

conversation or the reading of some text with a pandit, who will give explanations in Sanskrit. It will be better, I have no doubt, to have one who does not know English. A dictionary at my side would be of more value than his English—to me, I mean.

'My letters have just come in. Our one mail in the week from over seas is called the overland mail. I had seven letters, only two of them professional. One of my friends in Hamilton tells me in his letter that he knew nothing of my appointment until he received a letter sent from Alexandria. Yet I wrote him from Rome. So I wonder whether the other cards and letters I sent at the same time to you and to others also went astray. I hope not. . . .

'So much about myself, when there is a whole new world to write of. One of my friends asks me to tell him my first impressions. You know them. I wonder what he will think when he finds how readily, and, as it seems, naturally, I settled down into the life here. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR BUCK

'SENATE HALL,
LAHORE, *Jan.* 14, 1900.

'DEAR MR. BUCK,—This week I begin my teaching, and find the prospect decidedly pleasing. Yet the work I have been giving my whole time to has been full of interest, and while it has made serious study impossible, I have not felt that I could complain. You asked me to write of my work, and will not tire, I fancy, if I write at some length. . . .

'The control of the University is vested in the Senate, consisting of perhaps a hundred "Fellows," natives or Europeans of some prominence in the Province. A

committee of twenty called the Syndicate, however, takes the more active management. They met nine times last year. . . . In the intervals the Vice-Chancellor may authorise important actions, subject to their approval when they meet. But everything has to be considered first by the Registrar. The new Vice-Chancellor[1] will spend six months each year at Simla, and during his absence I shall have to decide for myself matters that cannot be delayed long enough for correspondence.

'The present Vice-Chancellor (the Lieut.-Governor is Chancellor *ex officio*) leaves India this month. He has had ten years of experience of university work. His successor is a man of great ability, but untried in this respect. The Assistant Registrar, who had had charge of the office for many years, died last July, and his successor came only two weeks before me. So you see that the work lies about as heavily as it well could on me. Fortunately the office staff is very good. The Head Clerk is invaluable.[2]

'The funds of the University are used in part for the support of a Law School and the Oriental College. There are also eleven colleges in Arts recognised by the University. This is the only University in India which, recognising the traditional lines of study in India, seeks to raise the standards. So candidates on the Oriental side come from all parts of India, and indeed the students of the College represent a great section of the country.

'The work of the College is threefold: [1] It has . . . classes on the Arts side . . . in Oriental literature for the Master's degree. [2] The course which it offers for the B.O.L. [Bachelor of Oriental Learning] . . . is closely parallel to that for the B.A. The differences are that instruction

[1] Mr. (now Sir) Charles Lewis Tupper, C.S.I. [2] See footnote on p. 102.

is given in Urdu instead of English, which is an optional subject; that there is less work in science; and that the study of Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian literature is carried farther than in the B.A. course by about two years' work. There are not many in this branch, because those who care for Western studies generally prefer to take a good deal of English, which for the B.A. is compulsory throughout the course. Many more follow the old lines of study in Sanskrit, Arabic, or Persian, in each of which a course of six years is provided. Pandits and maulvis in India used to teach all day; they are supposed to have a good deal of leisure in our College, teaching only five periods of fifty minutes each day (except Sunday). The candidates for the native titles throughout the course have five classes a day in their chosen language and two in English. The latter is due to Dr. Stein, who saw that there were openings for men who having an extensive acquaintance with one of the classical literatures could use English in teaching it. [3] The [Oriental] College receives a grant from Government for instructing the students of the Government College in the Oriental studies prescribed for the B.A. For the M.A. the Oriental College alone offers courses in Sanskrit and Arabic.

'So far I have done nothing in the College but attend to the general management, and that in a very unsatisfactory way. I have been too busy in the University office. Next May I hope to begin taking the work Dr. Stein used to have—twelve periods a week, two each day. With the Shastri class, three periods in the *Veda* or *Nirukta*; with the M.A. class, three in the *Veda*, two in Yaska's *Nirukta*, one in lectures on Comparative Philology; with the B.A. class, three in the *Veda*. Until May I shall take only six. Indeed, I

could not take hold of the Shastri class yet, for in it Sanskrit is the medium of instruction. . . .

'Dr. Stein was here at the beginning of the month for several days, and I saw a good deal of him. He is a most likeable man. To me he was very good. Another time I must tell you of the city and of some native gentlemen I have met. I should take too long now. I have not seen much of the country, although I have ridden out a little distance on my wheel. In the spring horses will be cheaper, and I hope to get one then. . . . There is plenty of tennis, cricket, and golf played here. Afternoon lawn parties, with games, are quite common. Dinners, too, are a favourite form of entertainment. . . .

'I have just read over your letter to make sure that I was omitting nothing. You mention the salary. It is a pleasant change to have 700 rupees a month ($224), with an increase of 60 a month until the limit of 1000 (slightly under $4000 dollars a year) is reached. I think I can well spend $300 a year on books, and am first going to get sets of the journals. They are all (except the *Vienna Oriental Journal*, which we have at the College) available through the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but that is very different from having them at one's hand.

'Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and to Capps, Abbott, Hendrickson, Laing, and my other friends. Especially to Mrs. Buck and you I send warm regards. And please remember that I shall look forward to hearing from you whenever you can write.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. Stratton.

'By the way, the bogus university in Chicago is selling medical degrees freely in these parts.'

TO MR. HENRY WITTON

'LAHORE, *Feb.* 26, 1900.

To-morrow is Shrivratri[1] and the next day Ash Wednesday. The University office will be open as usual, but the College will be closed both days, and in this way I shall gain three hours. Otherwise I should have to put off still longer my long-delayed answer.

'This is a very busy place. Indians and Englishmen alike work hard and constantly. I cannot count myself an exception to the rule.

'The system of examinations here is much more complicated than in any other Indian university. The series begins in the first week of December with Law examinations leading (after a preliminary examination) either to an Intermediate and then the LL.B. for graduates in Arts, or to a first certificate and then a Licentiate for those who have passed only the Intermediate in Arts. For the latter, papers are set in the vernacular as well as in English. In all there were 450 candidates last term.

'In the beginning of January comes an examination of High schools conducted by the University for the Department. 8500 candidates were examined at thirty-eight centres. The tabulation of results is still going on, and with it preparations for the Arts examinations the latter half of next month—Entrance, Intermediate, Bachelor's and Master's examinations in Arts, the same in Oriental learning, and Entrance and Intermediate in Science—a recently established course. In April there are examinations for certificates of Proficiency, High Proficiency, and Honours in Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian

[1] It is the festival when Çiva is worshipped the whole night with flowers and with leaves of the Bilva-tree.

literature, and of Proficiency and High Proficiency in Hindi, Panjabi, Pashto, and Urdu. Candidates for degrees write here. There are 417 this year, chiefly for the B.A. (386 of them). For the Intermediate, with between 600 and 700, there are two centres; for Entrance, with some 2000 candidates, eighteen centres —all in the Panjab. For Oriental titles there are twelve centres, as far east as Benares and as far south as Hyderabad in the Deccan. In May come the examinations in Civil Engineering, and in June in Medicine—again a double series of three examinations according as the candidates have passed the Intermediate in Arts and taken the B.A. Only the latter can gain the M.A. Including the preparations for the Law and the tabulation of results of the Medical examinations, eight months of the year are full of work.

'I can assure you that I do follow the method you suggested, and intrust most of the work to others—almost all, perhaps I should say. Besides the Assistant Registrar there are twelve clerks employed all the year, four extra clerks for about six months, and six others also for two months or more. Altogether there are twenty-four of us, besides *daftaries*, messengers, and the like.

'I have only general direction of the work, intrusting the active management of the office to the Assistant Registrar and the Head Clerk. But I see all important letters and all complaints that come, sign all drafts and letters, and attend all meetings of Senate, Syndicate . . . and the Faculties of Arts and Oriental Learning. A good many unofficial letters, too, I must write, including all the correspondence connected with the printing of the examination papers. So much for the office. It requires at any rate about four hours a day in these busy months—sometimes much more. . . .

'You will see that with my double work little time is left for reading. At first I gave what little time I had to Urdu. Now I have not more than two lessons a week in that, but instead I have begun to take frequent lessons in Sanskrit.[1] I am reading the *Çrīharṣacarita*. The pandit explains it, and in this way I pick up phrases and learn the pronunciation current here. Before and after the lesson we talk a little on general topics. . . .

'About three weeks ago I began to read some archæological books, particularly with a view to making a better use of my expected summer in Kashmir. That, however, I could not keep up after the first week.

'*Thursday morning.*—This is mail day, and I have not been able to touch this letter since Monday. It must go as it is. Next time I shall try to tell you something of the more general surroundings of the place. Only let me again thank you with all my heart for your efforts for me and your good wishes. My own best wishes go out to Mrs. Witton and you.—Sincerely yours,

'A. W. STRATTON.

'I must thank you also for the article in the *Spectator*. A couple of my friends have written that here in India I seem to have passed out of their lives. Against that I must protest. What you wrote was gratifying because I could feel that I should not be forgotten by my old associates of days to which I look back with much pleasure. Please remember me particularly to Mr. Alexander.'

[1] Mr. Stratton's teacher in Sanskrit was Pandit Durgādatta.

CHAPTER V

Mr. Stratton was very fortunate in being offered a home with the Thomas Arnolds. He could have had no better introduction to the East, for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had lived for a number of years in India, and they both were in an unusual way interested in the life and literature of the people about them. They gave to the newcomer, too, such a generous share in their family life that it did much to take away his feeling of loneliness. Singularly dependent on his friends, it meant much to him at this time to have pleasant help and sympathy and a nook of his own in a quiet home. These were graciously given him in the bungalow on Lake Road.

There, too, he found a friend in Nancy Arnold, the little daughter of the house, of whom he gives a pretty description which will be found later in this chapter. He commonly spent a little time each day in playing games with her. 'She supposes every house has its Mr. Stratton,' he wrote; 'so you see she likes me. Every one likes her.'

Between Mr. Arnold and the new Registrar there grew up a singularly close friendship. They were much alike in convictions and temperaments. Except during the vacations they met almost every day, even after Mr. Stratton went to the Charing Cross Hotel to live, and they were always genuinely happy together. Mr. Arnold's Oriental scholarship and full experience in India made him an invaluable adviser, and from the first Mr. Stratton freely availed himself of the other's ripe judgment.

November is one of the pleasantest months in the Panjab. The weather is fine, the social life of the station is well going, and there is a general air of liveliness and gaiety. For the time one turns one's back to the heat and faces—not winter, but a 'cold weather.' The days are hot, and flowers bloom freely in the compounds and gardens, but the nights are growing cold. One wraps up warmly if he is out after sundown, and wood fires burn in the open fireplaces. To a stranger in the Panjab this is more homelike than any other season of the year, and Mr. Stratton's first taste of Oriental life was thus flavoured with things friendly and familiar.

Many of the details of daily life which come into his first letters from Lahore will seem trivial to an Anglo-Indian; but to most Americans the East is an unknown world, and to them the commonplaces will sometimes best light up the picture.

TO HIS FATHER

'*Dec.* 10, 1899.

'You will best get an idea of Lahore and my life here if I tell you of only a few things at a time. Afterwards, when my camera comes, I hope I shall be able to send photographs too. They will make what I write more real to you.

'Perhaps I had better tell you something about the appearance of the place. I live perhaps a mile and a half from the old walled city, in what for the size of the grounds about each house might be compared with the outlying parts of Chicago—say Washington Heights or Tracy about Ninety-third Street. Thus this house is built on a piece of ground with a frontage of about two

hundred feet. That is called the compound. A semi-circular carriage-drive leads to the front of the house. The ground is sown with grass, which however does not flourish because of the lack of rain. About the edges are flowering bushes and smaller flowers. Roses and chrysanthemums form the larger number here, but there are oleanders. Back of the house there is a larger garden with flowering trees of which I do not know the names. I shall send you pressed flowers sometimes.

'This house (and virtually every decent [European] house here) has only one story. Along every side is a verandah of moderate width, built in a heavy style with great brick pillars, and arches above. The roof is flat, but of two levels, some of the rooms rising say seventeen feet high, and others twenty-five. So two low, wide towers seem to rise above the outer portions of the roof. People who must remain here during the hot weather sleep in such places, I believe, and the air is so dry that they can do so with perfect safety. The buildings all look low—lower than they would otherwise because they are so broad and deep. . . .

'When I go [to the office at Senate Hall] I commonly go directly along the road on which we live and through the bazar. This road is sixty feet or more in width, and so quite unlike the bazars inside the old city. Yet it is quite Oriental. The little shops are low and narrow, and the opening in front is at the same time door and window. Indeed, it is counter too, for there is scarcely room for a customer to go inside, and the goods are spread out before him on the floor. I have been in none of them, but one day went to a bookseller's in the city. There was nothing to be seen, and yet the man must have had a large stock of books, for whatever I asked for . . he brought out from some boxes that lined the walls.

'The dresses of the people are very different. In the first place, the educated classes have largely adopted a half-European costume. They commonly wear long sack coats reaching nearly to the knees, buttoned closely at the neck—the fronts meeting all the way down. It seemed very odd at first that they should wear their shirts outside instead of inside their trousers. They wear no collars. The Parsis dress for the most part as we do, but have peculiar hats, hard to describe. One kind a hard grey felt, round on top, with a rim curled round to meet the side of the hat, the other a sort of papier-mâché affair with no rim at all, rising straight in front and sloping in a curve behind. They must both be unsuitable to the hot sun of India. Those who wear skull-caps are chiefly from Bengal, I think. All the rest wear turbans—the men, I mean, for the women all have scarfs. The turbans show a great variety of colour, some are most brilliant. Some of the Muhammadans wind them round a little conical cap, the point of which appears. Men of the poorest classes wear only a shirt, but the richer people of the old-fashioned sort have magnificent costumes with flowing robes—brilliant, and richly ornamented. The poorer Muhammadan women whom one sees on the streets wear loose trousers that seem to me very unbecoming; above, a smock—and sometimes over all a sort of white shroud reaching from the head to the feet. . . .

'I was unable to find a book-store in time for Christmas presents, and it seems best now to send them from here about Christmas. Rest assured you are not—and shall not be—forgotten. By the way, whenever one of us is sleeping the other is probably awake. The longitude of Lahore is about seventy-five east and Toronto about eighty west. Our railway time is fixed

by the eighteenth meridian as yours by the seventy-fifth, and here as in America that takes the place of local time. So your time is ten hours and twenty minutes slower than ours. . . .'

A Canadian's first Christmas in Lahore is a novel experience. Heat, a glare of sun, roses in full bloom, a crowd of incoming people from other parts of the Province, a stream of strange servants and equipages up and down the Mall—these things are far way from the Christmas sights of Our Lady of the Snows. So far away are they that one gets a homesick pang—wishing less sun—fewer roses—a little of the frost-bitten air which one has always associated with the midwinter holiday. Mr. Stratton was too truly a lover of things that are homelike not to have a good deal of this feeling, but he had a day of rest, and took special pleasure in some of the 'littles'—some of the very things that were afterwards irksome.

We may instance the Christmas *ḍalīs*—wicker-work baskets of sweets and fruits offered by native gentlemen. He found out at a later time that these beautiful gifts may brew a certain subtle embarrassment. He thought it strange to receive Christmas cards from some young Hindus, but as a matter of fact it is a very common thing for both Hindus and Musalmāns to send such cards to their European friends. After breakfast the house-servants as well as those from the University and College made their salāms to him, and received each his *baṛā din* gift—one, two, or three rupees according to the scale of service. It is a pretty custom, depleting to the purse, but always interesting to one who is new to Oriental ways of doing things.

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *December* 31, 1899.

'. . . Your love of colour would make this place most interesting to you. Not the landscape generally—all I have seen is flat and (in this year of drought and famine) dry and scorched. Grass is almost lacking—only the trees sending their roots deep enough to find moisture. The irrigated fields are beautifully green. But I think rather of the rich colour of the dresses, even of the poor, and of both men and women. Thursday at Convocation I expect to see most gratifying combinations, for Rajahs and Maharajahs and their envoys, and native gentlemen as well as Europeans, will be present. Perhaps the colour of my cheeks will help to enliven the scene, unless my nervousness shows itself in paleness rather than flush. Nervous I certainly shall be, presenting candidates for degrees and medals, introducing some in Urdu formula, which with its Arabic and Persian words sounds so strange and comes to me so unreadily. None the less—at least nevertheless—I am very glad to be able to live in a place so interesting. When I know it better I will tell you more of it. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'LAHORE, *Jan.* 1, 1900.

'It is twenty minutes after ten here, just midnight in Toronto; and as you hear the bells ringing in the New Year, I am sending my best wishes and the hope that it may be a very happy year for you. How little we could have foretold what would happen to us! I should not have hesitated to say a few months ago that

I supposed I should spend the rest of my life in Chicago. Yet I do not for a moment doubt that the change is for the best in spite of the separation from you and my friends and relatives. And it is a great comfort to know that you are so contented and able to do so much for others. . . .

'It is hard to realise that three years have gone by since we saw mother. I could not have believed the past could seem so short. Will you find whether the photographer can pack an enlarged print of her photograph in such a way that it can be sent to India by post without damage? I could have it framed here. I expect to have a few of the photographs I bought in Europe framed so as to relieve the walls a little. A bookcase I have not got yet, for no word has reached me of the arrival of my books in India.

'The New Year opened busily. . . . At three o'clock we went out some distance north of the city to the garden of one of the old Sikh chiefs. Dr. Stein is spending a few days here visiting his friends. He gave some of us—twelve in all—a tea. We sat on the flat roof. It is a very pleasant spot, with more green in sight than one usually sees in this part at least of India. . . . Convocation is to be held at noon to-morrow. That has caused me a good deal of extra work, particularly to-day. This morning I went down to the office before ten and did not get back for lunch till after four. At five I had to be at the hall to meet the Vice-Chancellor and see that all was right, and I got in only a few minutes ago, about half-past six. So I could not get the draft for you to-day as I intended. If it is not enclosed with this, you will understand that it is because I cannot get away from the hall to the bank, but hope to do so. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'LAHORE, *Jan.* 7, 1900.

'It is a comfort to find one day in the week when it is not necessary to spend some hours in the office. To-day, however, Sunday though it is, I could not quite free myself from university work, and had to go to the office at two o'clock and send out some telegrams which would be too late if sent to-morrow morning. They had to do with the Middle School examination which begins to-morrow morning at about thirty-seven centres. The correspondence connected with it recently has caused me a great deal of work. Several applications for the disqualification of candidates have been received and inquired into. The determination of how far each of two men, who gave conflicting evidence, is right, would puzzle one with far greater experience of such matters than I have had.

'My work here has made very clear to me the necessity of being free from worry. Two or three times telegrams that seemed very serious have come at night. Formerly they would have cost me a night's rest, but fortunately now I can wait till the next day and postpone the anxiety till then.

'*Tuesday evening.*—Last Thursday was my first Convocation day. The preparation of the hall was superintended by the Assistant Registrar and the Head Clerk. I had some work to do before, but my part began to be serious on the Wednesday. I think I told you last week how busy I was that day with the examination of the dress of candidates for degrees, seating them on the floor of the hall, drilling them in the way they should come forward to receive their diplomas and prizes. They did very well, and many people con-

gratulated me on the success of the affair, but very little of the credit really belonged to me. I got through the presentation of candidates in Urdu fairly. My pronunciation I know was not as good as it might have been, but I knew what to say and did not need to hesitate. Of course I had practised it a good many times. To-day came my first Syndicate meeting. It was not exciting—I don't know that I had expected it to be, but I had supposed that it would be somewhat more formal than it was. It lasted two hours (from a quarter after five), and some of the items were left over for a meeting to be held Thursday afternoon. Meanwhile the office is to be asked to prepare a number of statistics. One thing you will be pleased to learn is that I was granted my expenses from Rome, excluding of course everything but the mere fare. . . .'

TO THE SAME

January 14, 1900.

'. . . I am not proud of my Hindustani by any means, but the last few days I have been somewhat encouraged. Three days now I have refused to speak or listen to English during the period of my lesson, and there has been a great difference in the amount I have learned. . . .

'You would be surprised, I think, to find how many of the sights here are familiar to you from the Bible. Two women sitting at the mill, a very simple mill, with one handle by which they turn the upper stone as they sit on the ground with the grain in a heap beside them, and their legs spread out on each side of the mill—this you could see any day. Women or children at the well with water-jars are constantly seen; but brass vessels, too, are very common, and in some parts the more

central public hydrants have taken the place of wells. I think I have told you of the water-bags carried about by the men who sprinkle the streets. Then you would see men riding on little asses, side-saddle—if one might use the word where there is only a blanket thrown over the animal. By way of contrast there is the great camel (and there are many of them here) passing through the city gates. Walking through the fields where paths are left is an everyday sight. The gathering of people at the gates of the city, where before the days of British rule one could easily imagine men bringing their disputes to a person of learning, is very noticeable. . . . Another thing that strikes me just now is the practice of taking off the shoes before entering a house. At the mosques, of course, the Muhammadans invariably take off their shoes because it is holy ground. Beggars sitting at the doors of the rich—rather at a little distance before the doors—are seen constantly. The blind led through the streets and begging piteously as they go is all too common. I have even seen the blind led by the blind groping their way along with staves. One gets a more lifelike picture of the pool that was said to be visited by an angel after seeing the great pools here, with steps all round leading to the water, and a colonnade built on every side where people may retire in the heat of the day, or travellers spread their blankets and rest. Then they often bring beds out of the houses during the day and lie down on them or perhaps sit on them : they even find no difficulty in balancing them on their heads and walking. There is no need of mentioning more similarities. The weather is so much alike in the two countries—at least I suppose it is—that the conditions of life are likely to be in many respects the same. Besides, in the East the ways of the people change very slowly.

'The weather has been colder for some days. Several mornings I have had to have a fire in the grate, and always, of course, in the evening. Many times we have had promise of rain. This morning a great storm seemed to be gathering, great drops did fall for perhaps five minutes, then the sky cleared. I hope the rain will really come soon. . . .'

The next letter was written to a little girl in St. Paul, Minnesota, whom Mr. Stratton never saw, but who received a number of letters from him, of which this is the first. A niece of his future wife's, she first came to his notice through giving his name to one of her dolls. This letter was sent from Kashmir while Mr. Stratton was on his vacation, but in subject-matter it belongs here.

TO MISS LOUISE CALDWELL

'MY DEAR LOUISE,—Your Aunt Anna says that I may write you. Will you let me too? And will you sometimes write to me here in India and let me know what you are doing? You see I have heard a good deal about you. . . . Do you think now that I am very unkind in taking some one you care for so far away? It is not really so far, but ships travel slowly, and it takes a month to go from Lahore to Chicago. . . .

'Perhaps your Aunt Anna has told you something of Lahore—of the narrow streets, and the tiny shops that are all open in front, and where the shopkeeper sits on the floor and shows his wares to the customer who stands below him in the street (the bazar), and of the dark-skinned people with their bright eyes and jet-black hair, and of the handsome turbans the men wear, and the pretty transparent veils the ladies throw over their heads and shoulders. But one sees very few ladies. For

the most part they seldom leave their homes, and when they do go out they take closely covered carriages. One day last winter two Indian ladies came to see the ladies in the house where I lived. They were the wife and sister of an Indian gentleman. I was told afterwards that when they reached the house he sent away the driver and the servants who rode behind, and looked about carefully to see that no men were in sight. Then the women got out of the carriage and timidly hurried inside. There they talked chiefly about dresses. The English ladies' dresses they thought very unbecoming and very poor. They themselves wore forty yards of silk about their waists. The furniture, too, surprised them, and the idea of setting dishes for dinner on a table and not on the floor!

'That reminds me of a story I heard of an Indian noble not far from Lahore who thought that by getting some European furniture he would please the ladies of his house. But when the chairs came they complained that they were too small. You see they never thought of letting their feet rest on the floor when they sat in them. What would they think of rocking-chairs?

'The children play much the same games as in America; the girls have dolls dressed in the native fashion; the boys spin tops; and then they have a little game they play with heaps of sand—hiding things in them and letting the others guess what they are. They have a good time: at least one usually sees them smiling, and seldom hears them cry. Their fathers take great pride in carrying them about the streets on one shoulder, one little leg hanging down in front and one behind, the father holding his hand behind the child's back and looking up into its face. The children go about bareheaded in the hot sun. One wonders that they are not sunstruck, but they seem not to be troubled.

'They are very polite, too, even the poorest, and never laugh or make fun of what must seem to them the strange dress of the Europeans. And they make the prettiest salāms. But it is natural to the people here to be polite. They must often think the Europeans very rude. Some of them have strange notions of us. They think we do not love our parents because we do not live with them and give them all we earn as long as we live. One college student—in his fourth year—told a friend of mine in all seriousness that if an English father visited his son, the son charged him for all he ate!

'People here eat with their fingers instead of having knives and forks and spoons. Our using them seems to them very strange. Why should we need them? Some ignorant people in the villages say it is because we have poison in our fingers.

'Rich men here wear handsome clothes with gold and silver embroidery and all sorts of colours. A public meeting has a grandeur about it that we never see at home. When they come into a room they still wear their turbans—it is disrespectful to appear bareheaded in the presence of a superior—but they take off their shoes, which of course are loose fitting and not laced or buttoned.

'I wonder whether you have heard all these things. You see I do not know what you have *not* heard. . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

Jan. 17, 1900.

'. . . There seems now to be more chance of my having time for study, and if all goes well I shall be reading next week with a pandit who cannot speak English or Urdu and must explain difficulties in Sanskrit. That,

you see, will force me to speak Sanskrit, which is indeed the reason for my taking the lessons. I have thought of having a lesson every morning, but at first perhaps I ought to be content with three or four lessons a week, for I ought for some time yet to have three hours' conversation a week in Urdu. In that I can get a general idea of simple talk if it is slow, at least I can to some extent follow my teacher. But it contains too much foreign matter to interest me particularly, for Sanskrit and the things more nearly related to it are what I want, but it is the ordinary medium of conversation among the native gentlemen in these parts, and I must know it fairly if I am to have much to do with them.

'To-day I began to teach. From now on I shall teach every morning for an hour. After April I shall have twelve hours a week instead of six. My work will all be in the *Veda*, and will to some extent be repeated with different classes. I do not expect to find in them the same incentive to thorough study as in graduate students in America: but here I shall have the very great advantage of seeing for myself how their minds act.

'Dr. Stein was here for some days recently, and I hope to see him again in a little more than a week. He is an enthusiast in all that pertains to Kashmir. Every summer these twelve years, except when he was on furlough, he spent there. The editing of a history of the Kings of Kashmir has been the centre of his work. He has been all over the country and has worked constantly with Kashmiri pandits. Every one speaks of them as a manly race, and Sanskrit scholarship is better cultivated among them than in these parts. He told me of some work I should have opportunities of doing there, and I have every expectation of spending my vacation in

Kashmir. It is nominally only two months and a half; but he was able in recent years to get from four and a half to six months for his work there.

'You know what the seventeenth of January means to me, and you know how much it means. The old days seem so near that I can scarcely believe that three years have passed since mother was taken away. Yet my whole life has been changed since then, not more in place of residence than in my hopes and ways of viewing things. I think it has been a time of growth, that at any rate is good. Your birthday letter, written when mine reached you, was a great comfort to me. I hope you will write often and not wait for mine, which must sometimes be sent at too long intervals.

'It would be hard to tell you of my surroundings. In part they are quite European—quite English—for I live in an English family, and most of the people I meet call England home. Yet in the office and the College I see a good deal of the native Indians. I like them, too. This evening as I was driving down from the University I could not help thinking that when I have so good an example of a noble Muhammadan as our Head Clerk,[1] I cannot well say anything against his religion. He has a devotion to duty that I do not believe any one could surpass. The Assistant Registrar, too, is an excellent man; I think I have told you that he is prominent in the

[1] This is the Sikandar Khan mentioned on pages 69 and 82. His efficiency and faithfulness did much to lighten Mr. Stratton's hard work during his term of service in Lahore. Personally he is a striking figure, a Muhammadan of the most vigorous type, strongly-built, black-bearded, with a face alert, yet sad. His duties during all these years have been most laborious and exacting, and so charged with responsibility that the slightest carelessness would have produced serious trouble in the affairs of the University. Yet no failure or leakage has ever come about through him. He is one of the first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave at night. In the months of great heat, when higher officials get away to the hills,

Brahma Samaj here. He is a friend of Mozumdar, who was the exponent of their views in the Chicago Parliament of Religions.

'All sorts of religions are found here. It is one of the strongholds of the Arya Samaj, but the Brahma, too, has a considerable following. The more orthodox Hindus, too, have a society, the Sanatana Dharma Sabha, which comprises some of the best men of the place, and maintains a most worthy activity in educational affairs. There are Jains, too, about two hundred of them I was told by one of their number who is a professor in the Government College. There is perhaps the same number of Parsis, chiefly merchants and clerks in Government service, I believe. Again, this is the second in importance of the Sikh centres: only at Amritsar—which is a smaller place—do they form a larger proportion of the population. Musalmān influence, too, has been felt since the days of Shah Jehan and Jehangir, who built palaces in and about the city: and in the College the Muhammadans are a quite important element. There seems to be a good many native Christians, more than I expected to find, and some of them, at least, people of good birth. One of them, a professor in the Medical College, is a remarkably clever man.[1] . . . There is a Roman Catholic bishop here and two churches. The bishop of the English Church I have met. The cathedral is a very good though not handsome building, and there

Sikandar Khan is still at work in the little office managing the tedious details of a complex and inexorable system. Once every Sunday, which is his only holiday, he visits the graves of his father and mother in the Musalmān cemetery.

He was much attached to Mr. Stratton personally, and after his death he said to Mrs. Stratton, 'If you had only given me the word, I would have travelled up to Gulmarg to help you take care of him.' And on the same day he said, 'Other masters have been hard on others: Mr. Stratton was hard on himself.'

[1] Dr. C. C. Calele.

is another church. The American Presbyterian Mission also has two churches and one of the largest colleges connected with the University. I don't think that many Christians come out of it. Indeed one of the odd things about it and another mission college I know of is, that its graduates are among the strongest opponents of Christianity, and that its having one convert among its students would weaken its influence.[1]

'To turn to something very different—you will be surprised to learn of my early rising. I get up almost every morning before seven, and commonly have a lesson of an hour or more before breakfast. In May I expect to be teaching as early as six o'clock. Then the work of the College is all over by a quarter after eleven, and one has the rest of the day free for work or exercise. Yet I hear that the heat makes one disinclined to spend the time in work. Next time I shall tell you of the city, perhaps, or the style of buildings one sees. The things I have set down here are more significant, I think, and on me they have made more impression. I find it is growing late, and I must not write more. And so Good night, though as I write it is afternoon with you. . . .'

The parcel mentioned in the following letter was a steamer-package sent by some of Mr. Stratton's friends to Montreal, but which, through the carelessness of an expressman, reached there too late for the sailing of the *Cambroman*. It finally followed him to India. Miss Grace Goodman—now Mrs. Charles Mauran—sent a small blank book in which he was asked to write notes

[1] Such students very naturally come in for strong religious influences on the part of their family and friends in order to counteract Christian teaching. Often the first effect is to strengthen them in the faith of their fathers, but this does not mean that ultimate and far-reaching results are illiberal.

of travel and the like. Unfortunately he wrote but a few pages, several of which are given later in this chapter. The book of which he speaks was a copy of Henley's poems.

His first M.A. student was Pandit Hirananda, Shastri, who is now employed in the Government work in archæology. In 1903 Hirananda published a little volume of *Hymns from the Rigveda* for the use of the Shastri candidates, the selection of which was begun by Mr. Stratton in the months preceding his last illness. The little book contains a good portrait of Mr. Stratton and a short biographical article in English. It is inscribed to the memory of 'The Late Principal, Oriental College, Lahore, as a token of gratefulness for many kindnesses and profound respect for his scholarship.'

It may be in place to quote what Pandit Hirananda writes regarding Mr. Stratton's early work in Lahore: 'He did not take title examination classes first, as he thought he would not be able to talk in Sanskrit, but after a very short period he talked in Sanskrit, and very correctly, a thing which is very difficult, especially for a foreigner.'

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *Jan.* 26, 1900.

'. . . This has been a holiday in the College, the last Friday in the Muhammadan month of fasting[1] and one of the great days in their year. We observe religiously (it is a fitting word) Hindu festivals and Muhammadan as well, and find great comfort in the number of religions represented here. Yet that is only in the College where

[1] Ramazan, the month-long fast of the Muhammadans. It is broken by the festival of 'Idu'l-fitr. The latter is sometimes called the Muhammadan Easter.

I spend little more than an hour a day. The work of the office goes on with a sad disregard of religion, so this morning I left the house at half-past eight, and except for a brief rest after lunch, a smoke, and a reading of Henley . . . was busy with University affairs until after six. Even so it has been a holiday. All day the strains of music I love best have been running through my head, my heart beat time, and ever faster it seemed than the music.

'The long-delayed parcel lay on my desk when I reached the office this morning. . . . Think of the joy of finding in it the very book I have twice sent for here in India—and failed to get—and Miss Goodman's beautiful little notebook—almost too good to touch and mar. . . .

'*Sunday Evening.*—To-day I spent almost the whole day in the country at the tomb of Jehangir, where I went also my first Sunday here—nine weeks ago. Even in the wretched note I sent you that day I am sure I told you of the place.

'It has been a very pleasant day. Mr. Stein, my predecessor, is visiting in Lahore, and gave a breakfast there, with tea before we came away. We were there from eleven till half-past four, ten of us in all. How you would have enjoyed the day! A great square building on a high platform, with four high towers, a floor of red and buff-coloured marbles, walls of red (Agra) sandstone with patterns in white marble and black slate, tracery everywhere, and everywhere the flower designs the Muhammadans knew so well how to make. All about a great garden: not far off the Ravi in sight, and the quaint bridge of boats we crossed by. Our table was spread on the floor under one of the arches looking out on the garden. We sat on cushions, and the servants

bent low to serve us. Coming back I had a most enjoyable ride on my bicycle, and made the whole distance in twenty-five minutes. It must be about five miles. A man was in for dinner to-night. It is a quarter after eleven and he is just gone. I was eager to get back to my room to write : now that I am here it is grown cold. . . .

'*Monday Evening.*—You must not fear for me. No doubt the months I have been here are among the pleasantest of the year, yet they are said to be unhealthier than the hot months, the danger being that with the great change of temperature one may catch cold and so expose himself to some low fever. As yet, however, I have had no reason to complain, and cannot call the place unhealthy. The pleasant weather lasts, they say, until May. After that it becomes quite hot, and one is tempted not to take exercise. Yet it is so much the fashion to ride, or play tennis, regularly, that very few, I fancy, suffer for lack of it. It was a pleasant surprise, I told you, to see on the steamer how healthy and happy the old Anglo-Indians were. Really, if one takes care of himself I think he is as well off as in most temperate climates.

'This is a wonderful country, and I have an opportunity such as no American Sanskritist has had, but that does not mean that I want to live here always. What will come of it . . . would only be idle speculation now. First at any rate there is much to do.

'*Tuesday.*—The first thing I had to do last night was to get into the carriage which was waiting and go out to dinner. It was given in honour of Dr. Stein. The Vice-Chancellor, who leaves for a vacation of twenty-one months, was also there. His successor is a nephew of the once popular Martin Tupper. I have merely met him. He is in Lahore only about four months of the

year. What I shall do I scarcely know, for I have had to refer matters to Mr. Walker almost every day, and once a week have breakfasted with him and talked over the business that has arisen. Writing to Simla or the places Mr. Tupper is inspecting will be too slow. . . . At this point I was called away on business. That prevents me giving too much time to what I have always called "work." You may be sure that in that sense I shall not work too hard. I have been teaching these two weeks, and am pleased to be on more familiar ground again. For the business of the office is something quite new to me. It is good for me, of course, for I needed a training in business methods. Besides, in dealing with natives one learns much that is helpful in interpreting the literature of the country, and unknown to scholars who have not lived in India. Now I am helping an M.A. student three hours a week with his Comparative Philology, and giving a third-year class an introduction to the *Veda*. After April I expect to teach twelve periods of fifty minutes a week—all but one in the *Veda*. The work is easier than work in the graduate school in Chicago, yet it will be very hard for me at first to conduct one of the classes three hours a week in Sanskrit. . . .

'The gardener (the *mālī*) at the University brings me every other day roses and violets. They are in flower most of the year, I believe. Before Christmas chrysanthemums were most noticeable. The clerk at the College has one of the best gardens in the city. His special favourites are jonquils, of which he frequently sends me a good bunch. So I fare quite well. . . .

'How little idea I had the day we parted what a long way I should travel! Really, I had not the faintest idea of it. . . . Even on the way out here it did not seem to me that I was coming to new surroundings. Now that I

am here I can only believe that if I do my best good will come of it, and more than if I could not have come. . . . Here is my letter running to postscript, which is not deemed proper for a man. But here begins the fourth sheet. How many sheets must there be to make a book? This, I fancy, is dangerously near that size.

'I must tell you something of Mr. Arnold with whom I am living. He is a most likeable man—amiable I was going to say, but he is more. At school in London he studied Sanskrit for three years, and continued to study it at Cambridge through his course. Then he came out to the Muhammadan College at Aligarh as professor of Philosophy. He is a man of the widest range of sympathy, and in Aligarh, where he was brought into intimate relations with the students and many of the leading Muhammadans, he became deeply interested in the progress of their religion. Nine years' work went into his *Preaching of Islam*. He is an excellent Arabic scholar, and is editing some Arabic historical works. For the great Muhammadan encyclopædia he is editing the Indian section. Hindus, too, are much attached to him, and no wonder. There is not the least touch of insincerity in his nature. He has not had time in recent years to keep up his Sanskrit reading, but his interest is unmistakable. His English style is excellent, too, I think. He translated from the Italian the *Little Flowers of St. Francis* for the Temple Series. I was most fortunate in meeting him and Mrs. Arnold in Rome, and in being asked to share their house. Mrs. Arnold plays the piano very well and loves the best music, so, while there are no concerts here, I have a chance to hear in the house the things I like.

'What of the Thomas Concerts? Do you go often? But I must not begin to ask questions, lest perhaps [I] deter you from answering any. Only remember that everything will be new to me. I have not even heard of the Philippines these ten weeks or more. What is the news of them? The papers here contain little but advertisements. The cable messages are all concerned with the unfortunate war in South Africa. What bungling there has been—as much in the correspondence that preceded the war as in the operations these four months. What effect has it had on the imperial feeling in America? . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *Jan.* 28, 1900.

'. . . [I] am beginning your [letter] a little after half-past seven. That is an early start, isn't it? In the old days you would have thought something wrong if I had been out of bed so early on a Sunday morning, especially in winter. But this is a land of early rising. The Muhammadans are now observing a month of early rising. Between sunrise and sunset they eat nothing. My Urdu teacher was telling me the other day how he spends the time. In the morning he rises at four, reads and prays for an hour and a half, breakfasts, reads again, then comes here at half-past seven. All the year round, I think, he rises at the same time.

'The Muhammadans here are unfailing in the observance of their religious duties. Friday was one of their festivals, and the Arnolds went to the great Mosque. There was a very large number present. A mosque is not closed on all sides like one of our churches, but is rather only a covered platform at one

end of a large open space. At any time a Muhammadan may go there to pray, but Friday at noon and festivals are their particular times. Then, I believe, these great courts are often crowded. The Arnolds were very much impressed with the addresses given the other day. I think you know that for ten years Mr. Arnold was professor in the Muhammadan College at Aligarh. There he came to know some of the most prominent Muhammadans in India, and became so much interested in the people that after nine years of study he wrote a book on the history of their missionary work called *The Preaching of Islam.* His conclusion was that conquest, while it had helped to incorporate many communities with the Muhammadan faith, had never had any such influence as preaching. The Muhammadans have no distinction of clergy and laity, and every one of them is in a way a missionary. So wherever Muhammadan traders went their religion was established. But I did not mean to write all this, though I think it will interest you. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'Lahore, *Feb.* 4, 1900.

'. . . Friday was one of the great festivals of the Muhammadan year—the greatest of all, I think. They call it the 'Idu'l-fitr, or the breaking of the fast. I told you last week how for a month each year they let neither food nor drink—even water—touch their lips between sunrise and sunset. You may be sure that they are glad when the month ends. On the morning of the Friday with which the fast ends they all gather at their mosques. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold who had arranged to be admitted to a tower from which a

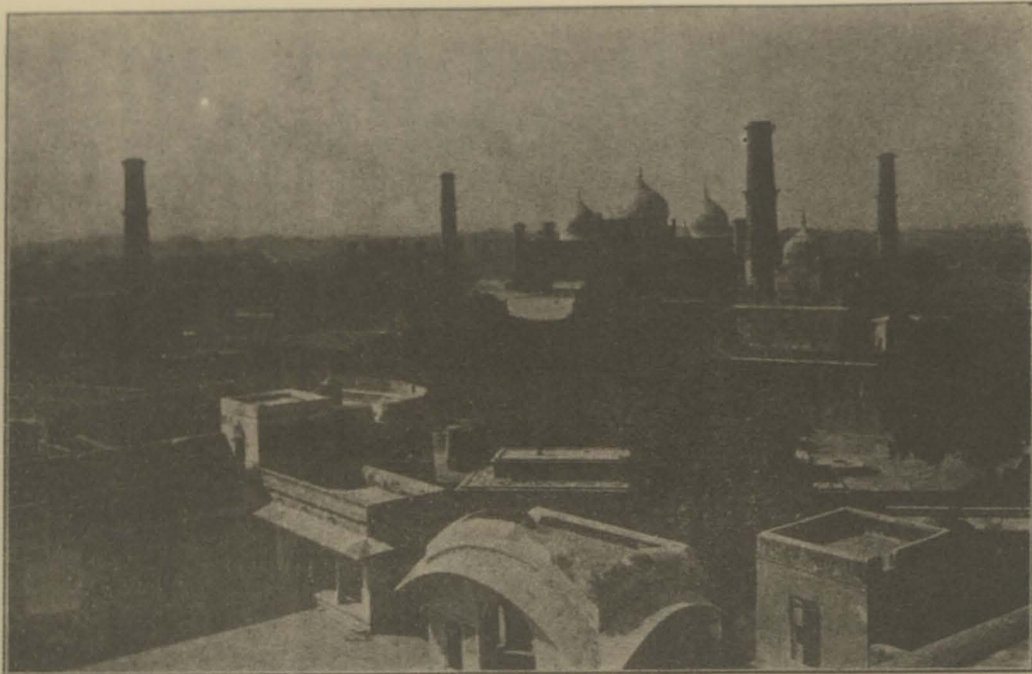
good view of the great Mosque could be had. It was a magnificent sight. The Mosque itself is open across the whole front, and is really only a raised platform with a domed roof. The platform, of course, is filled with people, and in the middle the leader stands, but on the great days only a small part of the people can find room on the platform, and they gather in the great square facing it. Friday at the ten o'clock prayers there must have been ten thousand. It was an impressive sight as they all fell on their knees and bowed their heads to the ground, and all together took part in the prayer. And when the service was over and they greeted each other and hurried away to their homes, the play of colour was most effective, and one could not help feeling a share in the joy. . . .

'There is more intermingling of the several classes of the community than I should have expected. Perhaps it is due to there being so many forms of religion. Those who profess one cannot help seeing that there are most worthy men holding other forms of belief. Besides, the whole Panjab has been for centuries somewhat liberal. Long ago the more orthodox Hindus farther east near Benares thought the people here heretical. The strictest sect of the Muhammadans, too, does not flourish here. . . .'

FROM MISS GOODMAN'S NOTEBOOK

'LAHORE, *Jan.* 26, 1900.

'This afternoon the Head Clerk asked me whether there might be a holiday to-morrow or Friday for the *'Id.* "Certainly, on the *'Id,*" I said, "but that is on Friday." "It may be." "But why do you say that?" "Because," he said, "it depends on the moon. If the



View of the Badshahi Mosque and Tomb of Ranjit Singh, from the Fort (in the foreground), Lahore.

The white marble pavilion, in the midst of the trees on the left, faced the Oriental College Boarding House, a portion of which is shown between the minaret and the left hand margin of the picture.

new moon is seen to-night the *'Īd* will be to-morrow; and if it is seen to-morrow night the *'Īd* will be on the next day." "But you know from the calendar." "No, we Muhammadans never believe predictions of the new moon until we see it, and the Muhammadan clerks wish to know whether they may stay at home to-morrow if the new moon appears to-night." "Certainly," I said.'

'*Jan.* 31.

'The new moon was visible last night. If clouds had obscured it the *'Īdu'l-fitr* (breaking of the fast) would have been postponed, for the injunction of the Prophet to continue fasting until the new moon has been seen, is strictly observed.

'This is the great gala day of the Muhammadans. At the Royal Mosque this morning there must have been ten thousand at the first prayers. As the whole company fell on their knees, bent to the ground, and rose again, something of their own religious feeling was communicated to the mere onlookers. Then in an instant the great square was full of life and joyousness. All wore their best clothes—all who could, new ones. The colours were magnificent. White predominated, but the turbans especially were of every colour. Among these red in various shades was most conspicuous, but blue—yellow—purple—gold—were moving everywhere. Rich and poor were crowded together, so among the simple white cotton garments one saw costly materials—blue velvet trimmed with silver, or red with gold. All were men or children—no women. . . . As we drove out of the grounds we found a group of women in the middle of the road. Their breasts were bare and red with the beating they kept up as they cried, "Haya, Haya!" (alas! alas!). They were mourners, of course

—presumably Hindus, for it was near a ghat—and probably hired, for two other groups of women much like them were resting by the roadside.'

'*Feb. 2.*

'An evening party in honour of the young Maharajah of Mysore. In the gardens the approaches to the hall were bright with lights, little *ćarāgs* arranged in various patterns. At the foot of the staircase the committee received. Each guest was given a garland of delicate white flowers with one large pendant, the central gem of the necklace. So there was pleasing fragrance everywhere. There were perhaps forty Europeans in a company of two hundred. The small number of ladies caused a feeling of strangeness, yet on reflection it seemed more surprising that there should be any native ladies. There were three Christians, but persons of position with whom the best born and most orthodox gentlemen present conversed freely. In purely Hindu gatherings here it is customary for women to be present: they may even take part. At the anniversary of the Arya Samaj here last November, one delivered an address on "the Emancipation of Women," her husband sitting in the audience and showing unmistakably his pride in her attainments. Even among Muhammadans the women have in Lahore a good deal of freedom. They are not orthodox in these parts. The Hindus of the Panjab have from time immemorial been deemed lax in the usages of religion.

'But the costumes. No dull American uniformity among the men—rich materials—colours combined in a way that gives evidence of a colour harmony that we do not possess—and a most pleasing variety of styles. The young Maharajah was very attractive. Twelve

years old they say he is, but he is well-grown, and has a quiet dignity that in the West belongs to a much later time. He conversed freely in good English. The Maharajah and his party were the first to leave. Soon others began to pass out, taking the cardimom seeds and betel-leaves which were the last token of hospitality.

'Again the lights of the garden, then home.'

'*Feb.* 12.

'Six young Muhammadans were here for badminton this afternoon. At sunset three of them spread their prayer-rugs and prayed, then returned to the game. They are very devout, and two hours in the morning and two in the evening they spend in reading the *Koran*. One of the less orthodox, a young instructor, suggested their reading less of it now that the examinations were drawing near. "But God would be angry with us and we should fail." He smiled. "God is not an Afridi or a Pathan to be provoked so easily," he said.'

TO A. B. S.

'*Feb.* 19.

'. . . There is much to repay one for coming here, and perhaps the general happiness of life is naturally greater than in the West — comfort and enjoyment coming so easily, and the sunny sky disposing one's heart to gladness. Yet these things lie on the outside of life : the real centre of it is in the friends on whom we rely . . . and when times of rest come—those not frequent times over a quiet smoke, or last thing at night —I turn to thoughts of the same old friends. Travel is a sifter of one's affections. Some are not fine enough to be drawn off toward one, or if you prefer it some are not

large and full enough to keep above the surface. After all, I think accident has little to do with such things.

'My thoughts turn somehow to the flowers in the pot on my table. Violets and roses, I may have told you, I have always in my study. Indeed the *malī* brings me enough from the University garden to supply the whole house. A hundred roses every other day! Will you not turn socialist and demand a fairer distribution? . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

'LAHORE, *Feb.* 11, 1900.

'. . . I have been reading about it [Kashmir] recently, and am preparing myself to understand and enjoy it. So I am being drawn into a study of the architecture and sculpture of those parts. Of course I must take everything on faith, and read without the discrimination one should have; yet these purely receptive pleasures are most real, and—for a time—satisfactory. It would be a pity not to know anything of such studies when conditions are so favourable. The museum here contains the best collection in the world of the work of the Buddhist sculptors who followed the Greek traditions introduced by Alexander's successors in the east. But in Kashmir I hope to take hold of some work more like what I have been interested in. There is much to do in India, but for one whose vacation comes only in the summer it is most desirable to find work in Kashmir.

'The winter has been a new and pleasant experience for me. No winter snows, but winter roses and violets, everywhere flowering bushes and rich foliage, and the song of birds, and colour everywhere. Have I told you of the sky? A blue such as one finds in Italy, for the most part cloudless, and at sunset covered with a haze—dust, or whatever it may be—that makes the west a mass

of gold. And when there are scattering clouds the varying tones of blue in sky and clouds are entrancing. Then the roses! My *malī* brought me more than a hundred this morning, and some of the brighter, more truly Indian flowers. Every second day he brings them, and they serve to decorate the whole house. The dozen roses in the pot on my table would cost at least two dollars at home, but I give the *malī* only a few annas now and then to encourage him. Of course the garden belongs to the University, and I have first claim to its profits. So many hundred rupees and so many hundred roses per month—it is all my salary, you see. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'SENATE HALL, LAHORE,
Feb. 13, 1900.

'May I ask a favour of you? I should very much like to have a portrait of Whitney for the wall of my study, and do not wish to remove the plate from the memorial volume. If you have left any of those you had made five years ago, will you please send me one, and let me pay for it on receiving it or hearing of the cost? If those that are unsold are in other hands, will you please tell me to whom I am to apply? And could I buy a single number of the *Harvard Graduate's Magazine*, the one that contains a portrait of H. C. Warren?

'I had hoped to see you in Rome, and was much disappointed when I heard that you could not get away for the Congress. Jackson, as you know, was there. It was a very great pleasure to meet him again.

'Here in Lahore I am fairly well settled. It has been necessary for me to give a good deal of attention to getting some acquaintance with Hindustani, in which the

large Arabic and Persian element is wholly strange to me. Besides, twelve hours of teaching a week (although until May I shall have only six) and the heavy work of the University office demand a great part of one's time. Now, however, that I have begun to read and talk an hour each day with a pandit I have a certain feeling of freedom. I need not say that I appreciate the chance of spending some years here in work that allows more real contact with the people of the country than most officials have. If there were nothing else to be gained, the constant use of Sanskrit, which is the medium of instruction in one of the classes I shall take over in May, would be of the greatest importance.

'You know the country and will understand my surroundings. I have felt quite at home in them from the beginning. I came with many misgivings, knowing how ill I was prepared for teaching Sanskrit to Indian students. The actual work, however, has given me greater confidence.

'I am sending you a report of the Viceroy's address before the Asiatic Society last week. It will perhaps interest you. If I can be of any service to you here I hope you will let me know. Please remember me to my friends the Warrens, and to Schofield.'

The following extract is the second part of a letter, the first sheet of which was written on board the *Balduino* on the way to Bombay. The long interval between the two parts (more than three months) shows the stress of work which prevented any considerable private correspondence.

TO MR. A. F. BENTLEY

'LAHORE, *Feb.* 15, 1900.

'Your letter reached me in December. Many thanks

for your congratulations and regrets, and hearty congratulations on your new dignity, and best wishes for your happiness. But tell me more, for your announcement is provokingly slight, and I am interested, or if you like, inquisitive. I beg of you to remember, too, Lamb's essay on a certain condescension in married people: and if I turn up five years hence, do not altogether despise me if I am still a bachelor.

'I do not wonder that Anglo-Indians, when they return to live in England, pass the time in grumbling. One can live here in comfort, almost in luxury, on a small salary. Horses and servants enough to manage a large house can be kept up easily. I have two men to attend me here at the house, five *caprāsīs* at the University to take messages or hold my bicycle or carry my books, two *čaprāsīs* at the College, and in both places watermen and watchmen to do little services for me. . . . I am known to the police, too, I regret to say.[1] Best of all, I have a *mālī* at the University who brings me every other day a basket of roses—a hundred or more—and violets. So I am well pleased with the conditions of life.

'I like the people, too—I mean the Indians—and expect to see more of them than of the Anglo-Indians. I like their looks, and the rich complexions which they set off so well with bright colours. The man with whom I am living knows more of them, perhaps, than any other man in Government service here, so I have had better chances of meeting them in other than business relations. . . .

'You would have liked to hear some choice expressions I have used when I despaired of ever learning

[1] It is customary for the Indian policemen to salute Sahibs. Mr. Stratton did not know what to make of this the first time he was the subject of their attention.

Urdu. . . . There is such a senseless host of Arabic and Persian words used by the educated. My teacher often gave me two or three words for the same thing in the course of an hour. He says I have an excellent vocabulary. Perhaps—on paper . . . but when I speak it is very slowly and uncertainly. Sanskrit is different, and I enjoy the hours I can get for reading and talking with the pandit.

'I am dipping in books on archæology in preparation for a summer in Kashmir. Yet it is about a week since I looked at one of them. Spite of the heat of summer here, we have only two and a half months' vacation. . . . So far the weather has been thoroughly enjoyable. A winter with rich foliage and flowers blooming in the open air is a novelty for which I am grateful, but "wait till June" they say.

'The Assistant Registrar wishes to subscribe for one of the American economic journals. Which of them gives most space to considerations of tariffs and the like? Factories are springing up in India now, and the question of a protective tariff is beginning to be discussed.

'"*Haziri mez par*"—does Kipling mention the call to breakfast?—and I must go.'

TO HIS FATHER

'LAHORE, *March* 4, 1900.

'. . . One box of my books arrived a week ago. I got them on Monday. This morning I had word that the other box had reached Bombay. It is hard to say when they will reach me. Those that came I need less than the others which bear upon the work I am doing in the College. In the College library, however, are some of the books, and Mr. Arnold has lent me two or three others. The cost of bringing the books out is growing.

It is already over forty dollars, and there will be more to pay. . . .

'You are rejoicing, I suppose, over the relief of Ladysmith and the greater likelihood that the war will soon be over. There was great excitement here. Thursday evening the news came in a telegram to the Lieutenant-Governor. I was out at dinner that night and so heard it. About half-past nine a party of five or six broke in upon us thinking that they would let us hear it for the first time. The next day it was known everywhere. There was a holiday in the Government College, and I thought I might as well follow the example in the Oriental College. In the office we had far too much work on hand to think of resting. I was surprised not to hear any reference to the victory in church this morning. The chaplains in India are regular officers of the army, which made it seem more likely that notice would be taken of the week's successes. Both Hindus and Muhammadans here have offered prayers for the British in their public gatherings. In many other Indian cities, too, this has been done, but quite spontaneously, and without any concerted movement; so it is all the more gratifying as an indication of the attachment of the people and the general wisdom of British rule.

'I intended to tell you last Sunday of some fakirs who are encamped near the city. One day on the way to Jehangir's tomb we noticed them from the road. On the way back I rode a little slowly past them, but did not go down, fearing that they would regard it as an intrusion. The Arnolds, however, who were driving some distance behind, did go down, and reported that the fakirs were pleased. So I went back one day to see them. At first I walked about, and then stood at a little distance from the largest group, in which there were seven

or eight men. The leader called out to ask me whether I spoke Hindustani. "A little," I said. "And Sanskrit?" "Yes; and you?" He said he did not speak Sanskrit, but that he could read it. He told me then that he came from Kashmir, that he was the leader and teacher of these six or seven men about him, and that he had been a *yogi* for five years. A *yogi* is one who, counting salvation of more importance than the life of the world, and alone worth seeking, gives up the seeking of money, and making over his property to his family, gives himself over to meditation on eternal things, schooling himself diligently to resist the allurement of the senses, casting aside the vanities of dress and the care of the body, and sometimes inflicting severe tortures upon it, as Christian monks might do. I understood him fairly well. He spoke of the reasons for his becoming a *yogi.* I asked him why he did not go into the forest to meditate. He said that there he could not teach men as he could near the city. Then I asked him why he was so careful of his body as to protect it from the sun by a great umbrella; why he did not let the five fires beat upon it as the books direct—fires north, south, east, and west, and the sun overhead. He said that his books did not direct it. He had five or six books with him, some in Sanskrit, some in Hindi, all of course religious. All these people are somewhat repulsive to us because of the dirt so apparent on them. Some may be impostors, too; yet I have not a doubt that there are many noble souls among them. I talked with only the one group, but I understood from the leader that there were some Muhammadan fakirs in the encampment. This is not so strange. The *yogis* are not bound by the strict laws of caste, and are in no way intolerant. Muhammadans, on the other hand, respect these men, who have

nothing to do with idols or the worship of many gods; sometimes they support such men for years. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *March* 7, 1900.

'Just a little letter to-night, an after-dinner call before I turn to the work I must do; or, from your point of view, since there is more than ten hours of difference in the time, a run in after breakfast to talk about the news—news from the Philippines and what not. Yet here we have no news of the Philippines. Only from a casual remark in an editorial recently I learned that the war was not over, and somehow the other day the news crept into our not newsy paper that a new commission would soon go out.

'Here there is a great deal of interest in the Transvaal war. The Panjab is full of military officers in civil appointments, and besides, there are few families here who have not relatives in the army there—or at least had, for many have lost their lives. The other night (last Thursday night) when the news of the relief of Ladysmith came I was at a dinner which the good news did much to brighten. Afterwards we were playing billiards (English billiards, on a table twice as large as I had been accustomed to, and I played badly) when another dinner-party burst in on us to tell us the news. It was a merry time, for all of us were glad that relief had come and the war seemed to be sensibly nearer the end. That surely cannot come too soon.

'I must tell you something Mrs. —— said the other day. She had been driving with a friend of hers whom I know, an Inspector of girls' schools, who was going off for a week in Gujranwala, and Mrs. —— was lamenting the lonely time her friend would have in a

place where there was not a single European—"a native deputy-commissioner, a native judge," and so on—when I remarked, "But there is a mission there." "Oh yes," she said, "but they are Americans." To-day she repeated her lamentations, but I said nothing of the Americans!'

TO MISS GRACE

'Lahore, *March* 14, 1900.

'This must be only a brief letter. More I hope to write in two weeks, when I expect to go for several days to a place near the foot of the Himalayas. Work is very heavy; enough office and college work to do, and last week six meetings as well. Next week come examinations—the most important of the year. Until they are over I must be prepared for little rest. But all preparations are now made, and I hope everything will go well. The budget for the year that begins with April is now passed, and the end of the heaviest work seems to be within sight.

'Do you remember how I used to congratulate myself that I should never be a college president? I have the experience now, and know what it is not to grant requests for increased pay. Out of twelve applications only four were granted, yet the four most worthy, I feel sure. And at any rate I have not grown hard-hearted.

'I must tell you of a letter I had yesterday from a schoolmaster down country whose style I cannot hope to rival. It began "Hail cherisher! Sympathetic fosterer of hearty desires! Source of bounty to mankind! May your dignity endure!"—then a request set forth in two pages or more, and the end—"I further request that I have no patron to help me in this case but your kind honour, whose justice and philanthropy are sung by

every one as the daniel angels ones." How different from "Dear Sir . . . yours truly," which means the same.

'A year ago I should have told you of the heat, but seeing that the temperature was only a hundred and forty-seven [yesterday] I need say little about it. Soon it will be much warmer—really hot when May comes. Ever so many new kinds of birds have come these last few days. They are a great delight, colours I cannot describe, and names that would be useless if I could give them, for I doubt whether they are found in the West. Wherever there are gardens it is fragrant, too, and the flowers seem never to fail.

'Next time I promise to tell more, but I can only snatch a moment now. Even the moments one can snatch come rarely these days. There is so much to do, and so much I should like to do if there were time. Mr. Sykes wrote me a letter that came a week ago. It was whole-souled and did me good. He is evidently happy in his work, nor can I complain of mine. . . .'

From this time on Mr. Stratton's letters to his future wife, the A. B. S. of the Letters, took on the form of a journal, as he commonly wrote to her every day, posting of course weekly. Hastily written, at all sorts of times and in all sorts of places, they are far too fragmentary and broken, yet they preserve a certain sequence of incident, and carry along the thread of his experiences at this time.

'LAHORE, *March* 20, 1900.

'We have a new arrangement of our meals now. At half-past six we have a light breakfast, toast and tea and fruit on the verandah if it is not too cold, as it was this

morning; a very substantial breakfast at eleven; a cup of tea at half-past three; dinner at eight. From now until the end of April there will be very little teaching in the Oriental College. In May the hours will be changed. . . .

'The English here are surprisingly healthy, but they earn their good health, riding a good deal, and playing tennis or badminton almost every day, both men and women. I do not play regularly, but at any rate I take much more exercise than I took in Chicago. . . . Some English women hate Lahore and all India. Away from their old friends, uninterested in the people about them (the "natives" as they call them), separated from their children—no wonder they have little good to say of the place. But there is no need for their living aimless lives if they would only forget somewhat that they belong to another country. And after all when they leave India it is said that they cannot cease praising it by way of contrast with England, and often show their real feelings by returning to spend their old age here. I wonder how long I shall remain here? It will be well for me (the Sanskrit me) to spend the five years of my appointment: then I may hope to do what seems best. . . .'

'*March* 21, 1900.

'. . . This evening an "at home" in Anglo-Indian style, with tennis and badminton. I had three games of badminton and lost all, yet they were pleasant and good exercise. I feel a little tired after it. The shuttlecock does not give such time as the ball in tennis, and one must be constantly moving. I came home at seven. Before dinner there was time to bathe and dress and read some Arnold. I read our favourites: first, *The Buried Life*, then *Dover Beach*, then *The Forsaken*

Merman. After dinner Mrs. Arnold sang some German songs.

'This morning I was up before six. The early ride to the University was most enjoyable. The summer light was coming from the east, but in no great volume, and the deep-green foliage and grass to the west were for that reason a deeper green. The colours here certainly seem richer than in the West. It may be merely that one sees so much bare ground and the contrast strikes one more, but I think it is because of the mass of light.

'I had only to give out a paper for translation, then rode back. Breakfast on the verandah at half-past six—a little cool, but most enjoyable—the freedom of the open air, and the air filled with the scent of orange blossoms and the song of birds. So many birds there are now. Many newcomers. How strange it was at first to see the parrots flying freely. I had only known them caged, and never thought their wings strong. Yet they move swiftly from tree to tree—a brighter green. The little birds, too—wrens, I fancy—swinging on the very tips of the branches this morning were most charming.

'Can you walk in the park now, or is winter lingering? Tell me about the waves breaking along the shore and the long line of spray. When will you go to Wildwood? Do you remember how last summer we said that we should go again? But that cannot be yet. . . .

'*Friday.*—To-day I have had a headache which has not altogether left me yet. One thing just now has helped to drive it away. The Arabic and Persian side of the College staff is honeycombed with rivalries. All sorts of devices are resorted to. I refuse to take sides, and only try to see that one does not get an unfair advantage

of another. One of the two head maulvis is away now. The other handed in this afternoon a letter to be sent on to the Vice-Chancellor, thinking that in this way he might gain precedence. The applications of both were refused a while ago. There is a long list of extracts from resolutions of these twelve years and more. One little sentence which he quotes, too, spoils his whole case. I have asked whether he considers it wise to push matters. . . .

'The Hindu side is quite harmonious so far as I can judge. The difference is surely due to the religions. You know I am much more interested in the Hindus, it is only natural; yet I confess I am interested in watching the disputes of the Muhammadans. They are capital politicians, and whatever they do, one must consider whether there is not some reason for their action that does not appear on the surface. Fortunately I can take my own time to decide. How Browning would have searched them out—in that they are so like the Italians. They can agree among themselves, too, against the Hindus. It is said that religious disturbances might easily break out here in Lahore, where in numbers the two sides are so nearly equal. None, however, have occurred for many years, and between individuals on either side what seems to be firm friendships may exist. . . .

'*Sunday night.*—There is a fair now at Shalimar,[1] the garden of Shah Jehan. It opened yesterday and lasts until Wednesday. I went out to-day. The place was terribly crowded, and the sun (I went at noon, the only time that I could get away) was very hot. I had heard that yesterday there were snake-charmers and jugglers, but saw none of them. Yet the people were well worth

[1] This fair is called Chirāgōn kā Melā, or the Fair of Lamps.

seeing; their costumes first of all—the gayest of colours—and the children sporting in the water and the little family groups in the shade. The cook-shops were scarcely inviting to a westerner. Perhaps the taste for such things might be acquired and then the odour might seem pleasant. The music surely was not Indian music at its best. My pandit tells me that the fair is attended almost wholly by Muhammadans. I think there must have been many Hindus too. My *ćaprāsī* brought me two little figures of Krishna and Durga—curious little things. They are on the mantel in my study among the carvings Pandit Sivadatta brought me from Jaypur at Christmas.

'Nellie would be greatly pleased with a little toy cart such as Mr. Arnold brought Nancy from the fair. I had never seen one before, but one of the best-known Sanskrit dramas bears the name "The Clay Cart." The little wheels are of clay, and the box of the wagon too. Over it is a tight skin on which two sticks play as the wheels move. So as it goes along it makes a clatter that children delight in (I do, too). The whole cart costs a cent. Arnold, being a European, was overcharged, and had to pay two cents—I mean a penny. The two are the same in Chicago.

'*Monday.*—Two of my letters this week were from Chicago. One from Mr. Buck with news of the department and the money the University has been getting, the other from Dr. Harper. Both were pleasant letters. Mr. Buck always writes well, and this time he tells me Mrs. Buck will write and give me some "real gossip." You see he knows me. . . . Two committee meetings this afternoon, and then a meeting of the Senate. At four o'clock to-morrow I hope that we shall get away. We shall take some novels with us, and I shall have

with me my Browning, and hope to find some shady spots for reading. I shall try to learn a little Urdu, too, but I shall *not work hard.*

'Indian railways are liberal in allowance of space, and every first or second-class passenger may claim a berth at night. But one must take his own bedding: indeed visitors at houses are expected to do the same. Isn't it odd? But Indian hospitality is liberal: perhaps I ought to add that it is inexpensive, too. One takes his own servant, and the only additional charge entailed on the host is for food. If the house is not large enough the men can well sleep in tents pitched in the compound, where there is always room. Servants called *ćaukidars* watch all night to see that no thieves come.

'At the house north of ours lives a Hindu whose wife and sister lost some valuable jewels a few years ago. Since then he has insisted that the *ćaukidars* should give evidence of being awake by shouting all night. How any one in the house can sleep I cannot imagine, yet there is one of the family, the image of the fat boy in *Pickwick*, who perhaps could sleep through anything. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *March* 21, 1900.

'. . . It seemed very odd to receive from you a paper edited by people who live two doors from us.[1] I don't know much about them—only what they look like. So

[1] An American missionary society called the 'Frontier Faith Mission.' It seems a curious name, and one time in passing the place Mr. Stratton asked, 'What *is* frontier faith?' However, the title has a natural origin, as the society first began its work on the north-west frontier in Peshawar. Its members believe in faith-healing and refuse the aid of medicines and doctors. At the time of this letter the mission occupied a bungalow just two doors from where the Arnolds were living on Lake Road. Since then they have

far as I know they have little or nothing to do with any one else here. In fact, they think it a sin, I believe, for the other missionaries to have settled incomes, small as they are, and to have the support of an organisation. They have a funny name, "The Frontier Faith Mission and Orphanage." They go out into the famine districts, hundreds of miles away, and pick up the poor little children whose parents have died or cannot give them food. Then they bring them here to the Orphanage where no relatives can interfere with their teaching. It is a beautifully simple plan, and very effective I should think. The things they print in their paper about the direness of the famine sound as strange to me as they must sound to you. You see in this part of the Panjab everything is green, and if rain comes moderately and not too heavily the spring crops which the poor people use themselves promise fairly well. The grass is more abundant now, and horses and cattle do not need to eat the dry stuff that had to be brought in to the city for them two months ago. But five and eight hundred miles south of here there is said to be no such promise. In Rajputana and the Central Provinces very great suffering is reported.

'But of parents eating their children I never heard. Don't believe it. Whatever may be said against them, they cannot be charged with lack of love for parents and children. That is most evident. And don't believe that their cattle are their gods. The people who write these things don't understand. "Learned Idolators,"

secured quarters outside the Civil Station, between Lahore and Mian Mir, and have erected several good buildings. The writer visited this little community in the spring of 1903. It seemed active and prosperous, and the Indian children that had been acquired by the mission during the famine were being taught various useful industries, as well as letters, and the peculiar religious views held by the founders of the society.

too, is most inappropriate, unless most Christians, too, are to be called idolators. The trouble is that when people take this unappreciative attitude and do not try to understand those they have to deal with, they alienate them instead of bringing them to their own way of thinking. Have I written too much about this?

'Examinations are going on now. Some little difficulties have arisen, but not more than usual, I think. There is a little rest in the pressure of office work. When the returns from the examiners begin to come in we shall have all that we can do, yet I expect to get away for perhaps ten days. The Arnolds and I are to meet the Nawab Muhammad Hayat in Rawal Pindi on the 4th of April, and to spend four days with him at his home at Wah. Before that we shall probably go to Peshawar for two or three days at least.'

TO THE SAME

'Lahore, *March* 27, 1900.

'. . . This is the last day of the examination. There has been no leakage of papers so far as I have heard, but there are serious complaints regarding the character of the questions set. In one paper four or five questions were beyond the range of the course, and a new paper had to be prepared. In another a piece of antiquated and very difficult Urdu was given to translate into English, the object intended (by the University) being to test the candidate's power of expression in English. The man (an M.A.) who translated it into Hindi did not understand it, and his version makes nonsense. The poor Hindi candidates had to puzzle over it. In other cases the questions appear to be too difficult. Both the native English papers have had letters and editorials

about these things. Fortunately I am in no way to blame: next year I hope we shall do better.

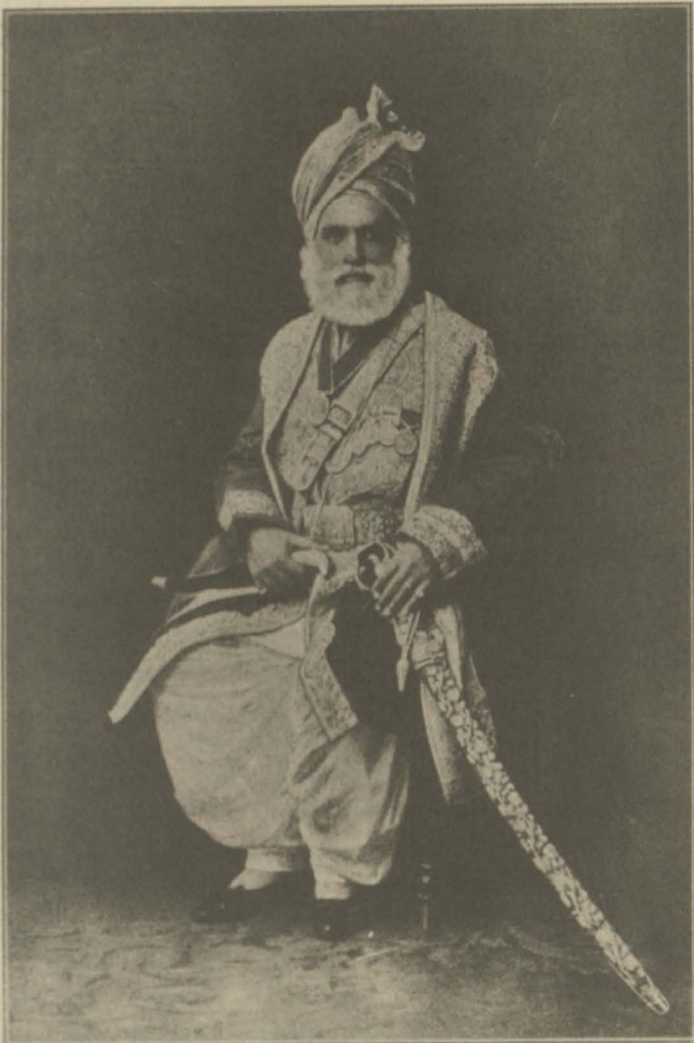
'The week has been full of cares about little things, and I am tired. I hope that I shall come back from the trip better able to work. . . .'

CHAPTER VI

The visit to Wah at this holiday-time was one of the pleasantest incidents in Mr. Stratton's life in the East. It was delightful in itself, and delightful in that it came at a time when he was very impressionable to local colour.

Wah was once a place of great beauty, and is said to have been so named from the cry of admiration extorted from the Emperor Akbar by its lovely appearance. At the time of this visit it was the home of the Nawab Muhammad Hayat Khan, who for many years was a picturesque figure in the Panjab. Tall, erect, white hair and beard, strong, keen eyes—he was a picture out of an Eastern tale, our ideal of a Muhammadan nobleman of the military type.

He was a young man at the time of the Mutiny, and fought on the English side under Nicholson. Indeed, it was he who carried the great soldier out of the streets of Delhi after he had been mortally wounded. During his life the Nawab held several positions of high honour and trust under the Government of India. In 1879-80 he accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the Afghan war as Political Officer, was afterwards Divisional Judge at Multan, and was successively a Member of the Council in Kashmir, of the Panjab Legislative Council, and of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. In 1867 he wrote a history of Afghanistan. He retired two or three years before his death, which occurred in June



Nawab Muhammad Hayat Khan, C.S.I.

1901, a little more than a year after this visit of the Arnolds and Mr. Stratton to Wah.

There is a pleasant page given to the old Nawab in Herbert Compton's book, *Facts and Phantasies of a Folio Grub*, written in 1903. Since then poor Compton himself has met a sad death, and thus the Dark Beyond quickly claims each of us. But his tribute to Muhammad Hayat Khan is tender and full of feeling and well worth a place here.

'I am informed that this old and loyal servant of the Empire is thinking of finding occupation for his declining years—may Allah make them many!—in writing his autobiography. Nicholson died in his arms, and that would justify the book. But there are a thousand other incidents to do so. A life so full of adventure—a hundred times it has been exposed on the field of battle—would under any circumstances be profitable to record, but in the Sirdar's case it would be more than merely personally interesting. There are several blanks in Nicholson's life recently published which the Sirdar can fill in from his own knowledge, and tales of the N.W. Frontier and Kabul (some of which I have been privileged to listen to) which will, I feel sure, thrill as well as instruct. . . . There will be some champagne flavour in Sirdar Mahomed Hyat Khan's reminiscences of a long and eventful life, I venture to predict: and when I come to read them, as I hope to do at no distant date, I shall settle myself in my favourite armchair (the one they have to pull me out of after dinner) and give strict orders for no one to interrupt me till I call for my seventh whisky and soda!'

In the next lines Mr. Compton wrote of his sorrow on hearing of the death of Hayat Khan, and expressed

a wish that he himself might shape the Nawab's biography for the press. And then he wrote—

'There never lived a man who was a more thorough, dearer gentleman by the light of Nature than Nawab Mahomed Hyat Khan. Green grow the grass forever over his grave, and the blessing of the Prophet follow him to the Dark Beyond.'

TO A. B. S.

'In the Himalayas,
Murree, *March* 29, 1900.

'Our plans are changed, you see. Yesterday afternoon, just before we started, Mrs. Arnold suggested our coming here, so we put a few heavier things into our packages, and came away with the satisfaction that follows a change of purpose that one feels is for the better.

'Peshawar is down in the plains and is probably as hot as Lahore. The ride to the Khyber and back, some fifty miles, is tiring enough without the heat we should surely encounter now. Tramping among Buddhist monuments would have great interest for Arnold and me, but none, I fear, for Mrs. Arnold, and leaving her alone in the hotel would depress us all. I fancy she was influenced, too, by an unfortunate affair not far from Peshawar the other day. The District Judge,[1] to whom I was to take a letter of introduction, was murdered without the least excuse by a Muhammadan fanatic who thought to gain heaven by cutting off an infidel. He did cut off three. The affair has no significance of dissatisfaction with British rule,

[1] Mr. H. A. Gunter, District Judge of Kohat, who was at Peshawar on leave when he was murdered.

but it certainly did not tend to our pleasure in anticipation of the trip. So Mrs. Arnold claimed a woman's privilege. . . .

'From Pindi we came by tonga, a curious sort of cart designed for mountain roads. The driver and one person sit in front and two passengers behind. The two seats are back to back. Above is a stout canvas awning, while beneath the seats one can stow away a good number of small parcels. The bedding and heavier packages and boxes are roped on the sides. The horses make easily eight miles an hour. We had about forty miles to come, and on the way we rested for an hour and breakfasted at a dak-bungalow. It was my first dak-bungalow, not a large building, only three or four suites of rooms. That is why one cannot claim accommodation for more than a day if new arrivals seek admission. All over India these bungalows were built for the post (dak) runners in the old days. Everywhere there is a man who keeps the house clean and prepares one's food. In the remote parts, I hear, one must take his own food. We paid a rupee for mutton-chops, chicken-curry, cheese, and tea, and our rooms cost eight annas each. But these prices are said to be extravagant. . . .

'We are in the best hotel in Murree, set high on a ridge from which one gets an excellent view on either side. The Arnolds and I have adjoining suites. . . . We pay only the standard Indian rate of five rupees a day for everything. Lunch yesterday we took in my sitting-room. We dined with the other guests, only two, an English woman and her daughter—globe-trotters. They told us ever so much about the place. We learned afterwards that they had come one day before us!

'Our servant has just brought in two armfuls of wood for the fire beside which I am sitting. We need it. Yesterday I had my first sight of snow since last summer when I passed through Wales. Only a little remains in the sheltered spots. I was a boy again as I made a snowball to hit Arnold with. After lunch yesterday we all slept and did not go out until after tea, then we walked an hour or more. The little violet on the first sheet is the first flower I saw, afterwards I gathered a little bunch of larger ones which Mrs. Arnold has. The hepaticas are not in flower yet. The fruit trees are beautiful, a mass of blossom, white and pink, down in the valley there are many flowers in bloom. If to-morrow is fine we are to make an all-day excursion to one of the gulleys, a thousand feet higher than this. . . .

'*Saturday.*—We did not go to the gulley. We did take a walk to the other side of the valley, three or four miles each way; or rather Arnold and I walked, Mrs. Arnold most of the way was carried in a dandy—a chair suspended from four men's shoulders. On the way back I lingered behind, stopping from time to time to take in the wonderful colouring of the valley. The soil is a rich, reddish brown, and in the distance in certain lights it is almost purple. Mountain-like, the land is terraced, and up the sides is seen a wonderful succession of colours, from the pale green of the young grain and the trees in new leaf to the dark green of the evergreen oaks and the pines. . . .

'*Sunday.*—I had a lesson in Urdu this evening. The servant brought in one of the lamps. I saw that something was wrong and was going to ask him, but could not remember the word for "broken." I said nothing, but almost at once he brought it over to me and said,

"Yih lamp broken hai,"—which is an illustration of Urdu. There was a meeting of Hindus and Muhammadans lately in Lahore to celebrate the relief of Ladysmith. Poems in Sanskrit, Persian, and Urdu were read, and several speeches were made. One of the speakers pictured the time "jab British flag Pretoria ke citadel ke upar wave hoga"; and again he said, "Lord Dufferin Sahib ne ek dafa kaha; yih uska very words hain." You would be surprised to know with how much of the language you are familiar already!

'This morning I went with the Arnolds to a point from which we could look out on to a part of the valley I had not seen before. After lunch Arnold and I went off into the woods. It was glorious—leaping over the rocks, making huge stones roll downhill, searching for flowers, and talking of all sorts of things. We saw almost no one, and there was no indication that we were not in some American mountain country. The same trees, the same flowers as one might see there. Besides the flowers we saw at first, we have found wild crocuses, and four or five varieties that look familiar though we cannot name them. Did I tell you of the dandelions? All that I have seen are indented at the end of the petals, and have fewer petals than ours—in both ways prettier.

Besides that, I have read to-day some Browning; Ivan Ivanovitch, Ferushtah's Fancies—which I think I never before read through—and a good part of Balaustion's Adventure. I tried reading the translation of the Agamemnon to Arnold after tea, but it was too difficult and we gave it up. . . .

'*Monday.*—The morning was bright and warm, but now the rain is pouring down and the wind roaring. As I wrote the sky was growing darker, and I thought I

must go out to see the storm. The rain was pouring in on our verandah, but an overcoat protected me sufficiently.

'A little way down the hillside every object was quite distinct, then suddenly the line of mist broke in and let one see nothing but an unending mass of grey. . . . Strangely, some snow has fallen with the rain, the servant tells me.

'Although it was only a few minutes after four when I came in, it was too dark to read. Cards were our refuge. . . . Piquet is a favourite game of Arnold's, and he wanted me to learn. I played with him and had beginner's luck, beating him badly. Mrs. Arnold says I am an old gambler. . . . Some more Browning (Christmas Eve) was a worthier occupation.'

TO NELLIE DAMON

'MURREE, *March* 31, 1900.

'DEAR NELLIE,—What a dear good girl you are to send me your little letter! I have not made it all out yet, but one thing I could read very plainly—that you have not forgotten me.

'Almost five years, Nellie, before I see you again. What a big girl you will be! As big as Katy. But you will not be ashamed to kiss me when I come, will you? And if you wish me to carry Mabel or Susie[1] when we take our little walks I shall be as glad as can be. There will be a new Mabel and a new Susie then, but you must be the same dear Nellie, and I shall be the same old Mr. Stratton.

'I am up in the mountains here, ever so high. The snow is not all gone yet. The other day I made some

[1] Nellie's dolls.

snowballs and threw them at a professor. He was shocked, but it was fun.

'There are no fair little girls in the city where I live now. Their hair is black and their skin is a deep brown. How you would laugh to see them! You would think they were little negroes. And they talk so funnily—not at all like you and me.

'I want to hear about all of you—Mary, and Katy, and Maggie, and Emma, and Caroline, and little George Washington, and father, and mother—and as soon as I can I am going to come and see you. Do you still live at 4734? If you have moved this letter might not find you out, so I shall send it where you wrote yours, and Miss Simms will give it to you. Does Mr. Bechtel often play with you? He must not grow too big for that. [While] I am writing now in the broad daylight you are not playing "go heep," but really sleeping: and when you are having dinner to-day I shall be fast asleep. I am a long—long—way off, and it takes the day so many hours to go from me to you. But some day I am coming back, and you must all remember me until I do. Then we shall go to the park and play all day, and when Nellie pretends to sleep, who will wake her? "MR. STACKON."'

TO HIS FATHER

'MURREE, *April* 2, 1900.

'I have been leading a very idle life here, not rising before eight o'clock, going to bed before eleven, spending most of the day in the woods or on the points of look-out over the valleys. I owe letters to about twenty people, and thought that I should write them here, but have written only one and part of another.

The restfulness of the place is a welcome change. I thoroughly enjoy it, and am sure that I shall be stronger for it. . . .

'Murree is only seven thousand feet above the sea, yet it is on the top of a ridge from which one can look across the valleys and see many others, some lower, some higher. Here the snow remains only in crevices where the sun cannot shine; but in many of the heights within view there are great masses of it. From these, however, I suppose it will soon disappear. We are surely far below the line of perpetual snow.

'The air is delightfully bracing. One's breath comes quicker, and it seems possible to make any effort however great. If one comes in from a long walk, tired, in a few minutes he is refreshed.

'This is essentially an English station, and one may roam about for a long time with scarcely anything to remind him that he is not in American mountains. Pines, oaks, chestnuts seem to be the commonest trees, though there are many others. Most of the flowers are familiar. Violets are everywhere — dandelions, hepaticas, crocuses, saxifrage, and many more. . . . Bank after bank of stone has been built to retain the soil, and the flat-roofed houses of the natives, here and there—a lighter colour than the soil—are most picturesquely set.

'The people look very different from those in Lahore. They are largely Muhammadans, although in the mountains generally one finds only Hindus, for the Muhammadans when they entered India spread rather over the rich plains. There are many of the fair-skinned and sometimes fair-haired Kashmiris, for the most part dressed in pale blue. Thibetans, too, one may see often enough—curious men with faces half-Mongolian

(they are Mongolians, I suppose), and with short, thick bodies that receive their form, one might believe, from the heavy loads they bear. Their little skull-caps that seem to offer no protection, their long hair, their flour-sack-coloured clothes, their heavy packs and long staves, above all, their curious prying glances as one passes, are wholly new and strange.

'My letters are not to be sent on, so it will be another week before I see them. I hope I shall then find two from you. . . . Please send my Wordsworth (the larger green one) and my Matthew Arnold, by book-post (registered).'

TO MISS GRACE

'Murree, *April* 3, 1900.

'. . . Here in the Himalayas one finds a glorious change from the plains. . . .

'I, however, do not forget that I have come for a rest, so I go to bed early and rise late, do nothing violent, and am content with walking out to the places, where, seated on the rock, one can see far over the valley. There are more valleys close about us than I could tell. We are set high on a ridge in a situation almost ideal, about us are great pine woods, with oaks and chestnuts and some pale-leafed trees to vary the colour, flowers at our feet in great profusion. . . . The soil is a deep, reddish brown, and in some lights in the distance it is almost purple. That with the varying green of crops and trees and the fruit blossoms—white and pink—gives one enough to feast one's eyes on without thought of time. . . .

'This is the last day, and yet I am just beginning to write letters. . . . In such cases there is so much to say that it is difficult to begin; besides, when one has told

much the same things in two or three letters there is little incentive to take up others in the same strain. So those that have had letters, get more, and those that have had none, get none. Quite Biblical, isn't it? . . .

'This would be an ideal place with one's friends. Even as it is I find it most enjoyable, for if my senses are full of the beauty around me, my thoughts are off with my friends. Don't grieve for me or think me unhappy. If I were not busy, and if the place had not such interest for me, I might be, but these things save me. But it is a very different sort of satisfaction from the life in Baltimore or Chicago. I was always a creature of the heart, and much more dependent on others than I dared tell. You know, however. And I live in the old atmosphere as much as ever—my true life, I mean. . . .

'Yesterday at noon a storm which had held off longer than we expected broke at last, and since then there has been little else to do than read and hug the fire. I brought my Browning with me (the one-volume edition) and have read several of his later poems which I had shrunk from before. I find myself very indolent in such matters. The pieces I first read I read over and over again. But then I think that in those I found what would in any case have more attractions for me. I have no other books of poetry with me except a volume of Henley. . . .

'Intellectually—in intellectual things, I mean—the English in India do not seem to be very active. They have heavy work in their offices, of course, and the remaining hours are largely given over to riding and tennis-playing and dining. Every afternoon and every evening is for some people filled with such engagements. The women under such circumstances of course are busy enough without much reading. What seems to me most

unwise in their life is that when they go away for the summer they take their social entanglements with them, and all these hill stations reproduce for the summer the life of the cities in the winter. A little change of scenery —less of climate—none of occupation all the year round. Of course you will understand that my behaviour is free from reproach. Perhaps you prefer not to believe that I have been playing piquet almost all day, and *losing!* . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'RAWAL PINDI, *April* 4, 1900.

'. . . We had a very pleasant ride from Murree. Early this morning the sky began to clear, and before ten when we set out all fear of rain had vanished. The view of the valley from the mountains was wonderfully good—even the Campagna could not compare with it in richness of colour. No words of mine could give you any idea of the beauty of the plains stretching off toward Rawal Pindi. After all, I may not need to disown that phrase, 'the world's enchanted garden.' And what must Kashmir be!

'The heavy rain of these two days left the sky clear except for a few light, drifting clouds. I have told you before how blue the sky here can be, but I think I never saw it so deep a blue as it appeared this evening in the east as the sun set. Even the sky of Capri would be pale beside it.

'Rawal Pindi is a very pretty place. The mountains are in full view, and the place itself, while generally level, is so set that looking to east or west you see after a little distance only the sky, and can well imagine that an ocean lies just beyond the height of land. Besides, there are

trees everywhere and in great variety. The Mall would be worthy of any city.

'All of the roads I have seen are surprisingly good. They are said to be good throughout India--one of the achievements of British rule. I don't know where a bicyclist would find their equal for such distances. . . .

'WAH, *Thursday.*—This morning I got my things together and drove into the city to look at some of the buildings so as to see for myself which would be best for University examinations. At nine we breakfasted with the Nawab, our host here, and at a quarter of ten came on here by a slow train. This is in the midst of the old Buddhist country, and is full, too, of memories of fifty years ago when the British gained possession. So the slowness of the train and the many stops were an advantage to us, and gave the Nawab a chance to tell us many things we wished to hear. . . .

'He lives here in a quiet valley. His house, which we are to visit to-morrow morning, is in a valley half a mile away. We are established in a house in his garden built for the Emperor Jehangir. It is not large—one great, central room (drawing and dining-room) with a suite of rooms at each end. Four staircases lead to the roof, which is a charming place to catch the cool breeze and enjoy the view of sky and mountain. Close beside the house is a tank which passes over a little fall down through the garden. There it is still called the "Stream of the Two Wives," because two wives of Jehangir used to quarrel over the possession of it, and when the Emperor apportioned each her part they continued to quarrel, each claiming that the other had overstepped the mark.

'The garden is full of flowers and flowering trees. There are so many kinds it would be idle to name them

if I knew the names of all. Up the hill where we climbed this afternoon I found a great many wild-flowers, most of which I never saw before. . . .

'*Friday.*—This is a glorious place for resting. I slept well last night, and when Arnold came this morning at half-past eight to see whether I was ready to go to the Nawab's house, I was still sleeping. I was soon ready, and with the others went through the garden or grove of plantains, formerly a second tank, and all that the Sikhs have left of the old zenana. Spite of their barbarous treatment and of the three hundred years since it was built, enough remains to show how well it was built and how excellent the decoration was. Then we came to the village, and stopped first to see the mosque which is still building. Gleaming white, it can be seen from quite a distance, and its simple carving and the Arabic inscription in black give it a very pleasing appearance on nearer view. The "Stream of the Two Wives" passes beneath it, and an arched way over it makes a deliciously cool retreat. A great tank—the invariable accompaniment of a mosque—is to [be] built outside. The house, which also is still unfinished, is quite near. It is really a succession of houses and courtyards, quite different from anything in the west, but admirably suited for a place where one desires to shift his dwelling with the coming of heat or cold. Perhaps we shall see it together some day.

'At ten we came back to breakfast (and such a breakfast!) in a tent beside the tank. Corn-meal porridge, fish, beefsteak and potatoes, mutton cooked Kabul style with buttered rice and curry, jam, fruit, tea. I did not take all the courses, but shall surely want no lunch. It is the native way to have only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner. They think it healthier than

the frequent eating of the English. Meanwhile the English here keep to their own ways.

'In a little stream beyond the tank women are washing clothes, and the regular beating of their sticks is very pleasant. They use no washing compound—no boiling water—simply main force—yet they make the linen remarkably white, and perhaps do not wear it out more rapidly than the chemicals of an American laundry. While they work their children run about with nothing to protect them from the sun; perhaps their little clothes are washing, or spread out on the grass to dry. . . .

'*Saturday.*—Yesterday the Nawab gave me two pieces of Græco-Buddhist sculpture. Knowing that I was interested in such things, he had asked a man who lives on the site of the old Taxila to see whether he could not turn up something for me. They are both fragments. The smaller one contains in a panel what seems to be a figure of Buddha, with a five-headed serpent above his head, beside it the figure of a woman under a tree—probably one of the many representations of the Buddha's birth. The larger stone is much disfigured, but some of the figures in the Lahore museum may help me to identify it. . . .

'But I have not told you of a little trip we made before breakfast. In the neighbouring village of Hasan Abdal is a tank of flowing water about which they tell this story: a Sikh saint one day, being thirsty, asked a Muhammadan fakir for a drink. The fakir, angry at being asked by an infidel, threw a great rock at him, which he caught, leaving on it the impression of his hand. Then from the stone where it lay began to flow a stream of clear water which has been running ever since. The mark of the hand is clear enough. From there we went to the tomb near by where Lallah Rookh

was buried alive—and upright—by Shah Jehan (or was it Jehangir?), and from there again walked to the sites of two old Buddhist temples, of which the foundations can very well be made out. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *April* 10, 1900.

'Last Wednesday we left Murree about ten o'clock. The rain cleared just in time, and the air after its two days' clearing was all that one could wish. Some places the road was blocked (not by the rain, but by the repairs they are making), and we lost some time, reaching Rawal Pindi, however, not long after three. There I posted your letter.

'Rawal Pindi is a very pleasant station, situated on a slightly raised ground. There are trees and flowering shrubs everywhere. The buildings are not so good as in Lahore, but the grounds are much more attractive. The city, too, is quite unusual, I should judge. The bazars are wide and straight, and the buildings, usually of two stories, have a very good appearance. All are painted white. Perhaps both city and station owe a good deal to the military government, for Rawal Pindi is the principal station of the Army of the Panjab. Properly speaking, it is a cantonment, as distinct from a civil station. No building may be erected that does not satisfy the military authorities, and if they wish to make use of any building it must be vacated for them. Lahore, on the other hand, and most cities in India, are governed by municipal committees corresponding in some measure to city councils at home.

'We spent the night there. The hotel charges were as usual at the rate of five rupees (a dollar and sixty

cents) a day. For that one gets a good deal : first, a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a bathroom, and then toast and tea, with an egg, . . . a breakfast with several courses, a good lunch, afternoon tea, and an excellent dinner. We were well pleased.

'The next morning we took breakfast with the Nawab and his son at the railway station, and immediately left for Wah. There we had a delightful visit. Wah is situated in a pleasant valley, with hills quite close and the snow-capped mountains in full view. All the year long, it is said, there is a breeze, usually from the north, and always cool. Wild-flowers grow in profusion on the hillsides and in the valley. The Nawab's house is in the village, but its garden extends for half a mile beyond its eastern limits.

'The Nawab himself is a most lovable man, as kind as a man can be, a devoted father (his son was with us at Lahore for some weeks) and a devoted husband. He was dangerously ill once and not expected to live. His wife prayed that her life might be taken to save his, and he did recover, while she was taken with the same disease and died. Then he almost died of grief. Every day he goes to her grave to pray. He is a distinguished man, whose services to the Empire have been recognised, but one who knows him must think of him first as a good man. He has a mosque in the courtyard of his own house, and has built a larger one for the village, and often preaches there. The people are evidently devoted to him. . . .

[Lahore.]—'We came back yesterday. I did not do much at the office. Everything seems to have gone well in my absence. To-day was busier ; however, I have had some time to myself. I was pleased to find three letters from you and good news of your health.

'I shall be very glad to do as Uncle Alf and you wish regarding the famine children, and shall send the money to-day; but do you think it right to change a little girl's name when she has no choice in the matter, and to give her one that marks her as being supported by money that you give? Why not let her retain the name that her parents gave her?

'Here, as I have told you, we see about as little of the famine as you do. The rains that have fallen since Christmas have done much good, yet it will be a poor year for crops in some parts of the Panjab. The famine, however, is worst further south, in Rajputana and the Central Provinces. Government is doing all it can to relieve the distress and to provide against its recurrence by employing the sufferers in the building of railways in remote districts and the construction of canals for irrigation. Native societies and foreign missions are taking their part, and people, both Indian and European, are contributing freely to the funds raised in the several provinces. But there is need of all that can be given.

'You say the *Vanguard* does not mince things. I think that it is not accurate. I mentioned once before some things that make it clear that the writer of some remarks about India knows very little of his subject. I should not believe without proof what is said in "Famine Facts" about the utterly heartless Muhammadans and some Hindus gathering up the little starving girls for evil purposes. The Muhammadans, so far as I can see, are no more utterly heartless than other people—the people we know, for instance. There are bad Muhammadans as there are bad Christians, but the form of vice that is spoken of is rather western than Indian. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'LAHORE, *April* 24, 1900.

'Four weeks ago I got away for ten days. I had been falling behind in writing letters, and hoped during my holiday to send off some twenty I owed. I did write two; this is the third of the list. . . .

'It would be idle to attempt to describe the Himalayas. I have heard since coming back that Murree is one of the least interesting of the hill stations. I am glad I saw it first. The rich colouring of the valleys, where the soil was a reddish brown that in some lights seemed almost purple, was what, I think, attracted me most. The hillsides are terraced, and the little flat-roofed houses are placed most picturesquely. The greens of the grain and trees are quite varied. It was great pleasure to move idly through the pine-woods (there were magnificent deodar-trees) and gather wild-flowers. . . .

'Four days we spent with Muhammad Hayat Khan, an old friend of Mr. Arnold's. He is Nawab of Wah, a reward for his services to Government. . . . Hasan Abdal, close by, was, according to Cunningham, a suburb of the old Taxila.[1] Twice we rode out to the places where foundations of old *vihāras* remain. Our last day we spent in Taxila. With Cunningham's reports one could make out pretty well the position and extent of the old city. Much, however, has disappeared since his visits. His Ionic temple is a ploughed field, and pillars and portions of the walls have disappeared from the places he records.

'Either he had not a good ear, or some of the names have changed; the former, I fancy. What he calls Bir

[1] Taxila was the ancient capital once visited by Alexander the Great, and now in the district of Hazāra.

or Phir is clearly Bhir; Dibia as clearly Thibia; his Tabra or Tamrâ is the intelligible Dharm Rāh.

'There had been heavy rain the day before our visit, and a large number of coins, almost all of no value, turned up. I got a little head that shows unmistakable signs of Greek influence for two annas. The Nawab Sahib secured for me two fragments,[1] one of which seems to be from the frequently carved scene of the Buddha's birth. These two were dug up by the nephew of Cunningham's man, Nur. By the way, one old man went round with us—his beard as red as the prophet's—who was present when General Ventura cut into the great tope. He says that a chair, a bed, and the figure of a horse, all of gold, were found in it and taken away. The Sikhs had not instituted archæological reports!

'There is little that is recognisable of the old city. There, as in all these parts, the same stones were used by a long succession of builders. The little houses of Shah Dheri are noticeably better than those of most villages one sees, and with good reason. The foundations of some of the larger buildings can still be traced. The line of the walls at the eastern gate of Hatial, and the position of the towers that guarded it, are very evident. Underground there must be a rich store for the man who works there systematically. Why is it that no one has ever done so? Permission could easily be obtained from the owners.

'Since coming back I have been very busy, often being detained in the office till five or six o'clock, although I regularly go there at half-past nine. That has given me little chance for work. In fact, except

[1] These will eventually be placed in the Museum of the Johns Hopkins University.

in [preparation] I have made for classes I have done nothing. Only a few days have I been able to spend an hour with the pandit. We are reading the *Harṣacarita*. He explains much after the manner of a *ṭīkā*, but a very elaborate *ṭīkā*. His lessons are excellent for learning synonyms, and I am gradually extending my vocabulary as well as gaining a little freedom in speaking ; in understanding others I have certainly made some progress.

'The pronunciation of the pandits here has certain Prākrit features : -hy- is pronounced as -jjh-, -jñ- as ññ, when one wishes to be very precise, but commonly as -gy- (even the transliterations *Prāgya*, *Gyāni*, are used in writing of college classes), -kṣ- is -kkh- ; -ṣ- too is scarcely distinguishable from -kh- as at the time of the translation of the *Oupnekhat* (Dr. Stein says even two thousand years ago). Pandit Durgādatta says that this pronunciation holds only after the alterant vowels : both he and Sivadatta certainly pronounce *bhāsā* with a clear *sh̲*. The prominence and almost syllabic value of the *visarga* was disconcerting at first : I scarcely notice it now. Any consonant at the end of a *çloka* or a sentence becomes in the drawl almost another syllable : thus, *krtavān*[a].

'I had not forgot Arthur's interest in stamps. He will get some with this, and whatever other varieties I come across I will send him. Genuine native stamps are now seldom seen, because they can be used only within the limits of the state. I have only one—a quarter-anna from Alwar.

'There are many other things I want to say, but I am wofully dull. Hard work and no play. If it were not for the hard work I should fare badly, for I miss my friends very much. I need your letters. It is not simply that I am eager to hear what you are doing, but

your confidence in me helps to give me confidence in myself. . . .'

FROM PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, *June* 18, 1900.

'Dear Mr. Stratton,—Your letter—the second one from Lahore, I believe—has been in my hands for some days, and I have read it more than once. You say that you feel dull, but the letter certainly is not. Because I have not been in India there is a romantic hue over it all for me, probably of the usual relation to the realities involved. It is so pleasant to hear you chat about the Pandits, Nawabs, bungalows, and historic towns and cities: I almost feel that I am there myself.

'The detailed description of the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold is very picturesque, and shows how much pleasure and profit you have derived from it. Now you are in Lahore, doubtless, and whew! how I sympathise with you. But you are a young man, and I hope that you are bearing the onslaughts of the summer climate as well as possible. That is, as you know, the price one has to pay for being admitted to the fairy-land, and the reward is manifold. When once you get over the stages of the tyro you will gather in so much that you will not feel that you have risked too much in playing for the great stake.

'I am looking forward to the time when you begin to develop some special interest that will tie you with a thousand chains to your environment. What that interest will be depends upon yourself. Probably archæological and antiquarian in the narrower sense, but perhaps the exploitation of some special field of Hindu literature.

At this distance advice and even suggestion would be impertinent; you will go through some process of organic evolution which will decide for you peremptorily. As an aside, a good aside, you might in any case continue on the *Upanishads*, and perhaps make a collection almost bibliophile in character of all accessible things in print and manuscript bearing upon the *Upanishads*. I don't know whether I told you that I discovered about a year ago the Skt. original of the Pranou of the *Oupnekhat*, printed twenty-five years ago in Gopatha-Brāhmaṇa ii. 16 ff. Deussen in his translation still used Anquetil's Perso-Latin version. Ewing, the brother of your Ewing, is studying with me: he has a good dissertation in hand on the theory of the life breaths (prāṇa, etc.) in Vedic literature, and especially in the *Upanishads*.

'My own work is going on not badly. The Concordance materials are now in manuscript, and the revise—great labour—is well under way, though far from complete. New material will persist in coming through, as, *e.g.*, the *Kāṭhaka Saṁhitā*, of which I have just received 250 pages in Schroeder's advance sheets. It will all have to go in, no matter what time it takes, the consolation being that that, if anything at all, will not have to be done over again or supplemented.

'Are you getting in touch with any new manuscript materials? I am always interested in that, because they are portable, and even a Frank may catch a glimpse of them in far-off America.

'You caused joy and great excitement in Arthur's small but compact bosom when you sent him the stamps. It was close to his birthday: I kept them for that auspicious occasion, so that he might remember you then. He begs me to convey his great and abiding gratitude, and he will not be averse to being the recipient

of future benefits. We are all in the throes of departure. I am going to the summer-school at Cambridge to deliver a few lectures, and afterwards, later in the summer, to Chicago. Ness has been there a term: he likes it, but I do not know how much they will do for him in future.

'With the best regards of my entire family and myself, I hope you take my special wishes for your well-being these trying summer days.—Sincerely yours,

'MAURICE BLOOMFIELD.'

One who has not experienced it can scarcely imagine the depressing effect of coming back to the plains at the end of the April holiday. In a fortnight the heat seems to have grown by leaps and bounds, insects swarm, and even the pankhas—comfort-makers as they are—have changed pleasant places to 'hot weather' rooms. If it is one's first hot weather it is almost certain to be a time of homesickness, though an experienced Anglo-Indian will not allow you the word. He will tell you that your liver is out of order. Liver or *heimweh*, Mr. Stratton fought bravely against the depression which he felt on coming back from Wah to Lahore; but in many a letter he showed a great longing for his old surroundings.

Dr. J. Ph. Vogel, who is first mentioned in the next letter, was in India at this time for the purpose of reading Sanskrit with native scholars. Later in the same year the Panjab Government appointed him Archæological Surveyor in this province, a position which he still holds. Early in 1901 he joined his post at Lahore and took up his residence at the Charing Cross Hotel, where Mr. Stratton was then living. The two men were much together, and were very fond of each other.

TO A. B. S.

'*Monday* [*April* 9].—Lahore again, and the familiar rooms and your letter. . . . Without doubt Lahore is hot. Worse than that, the sky is dull like clay, and the sun shines through faint and blue. I have heard of such skies here in summer, but had not thought of seeing them yet. . . . The appearance of things is somewhat depressing, too. Pankhas have been put up in our absence. They come so low that one cannot walk under them without bending the head, and they seem to make the furnishings of the room heavy. Besides they are full of suggestions of coming heat. Three months we must have them going day and night. . . .

'*Wednesday*.—The office was closed to-day, but as usual on holidays I spent some hours there. To-morrow when another festival occurs I hope to do better. I intended to go into the city to-day, but had not a good chance. The Muhammadans, I believe, make it a day of great rejoicing.[1] The principal feature of their celebration is the slaughter of a sheep in memory of Abraham's offering of a sheep in place of Ishmael (not Isaac, they say). To-morrow almost the whole Hindu population will turn out to bathe in the Ravi.[2] I must go early in the morning to see the gathering. I fear

[1] This festival is called 'Id-ul-Zuha, or the festival in honour of the great Pilgrimage to Mecca, where, after the performance of other ceremonies, the sheep-sacrificing ceremony is to be done. Every Muhammadan, whether in Mecca or any other part of the world, should sacrifice as many sheep or goats or cows or camels as he likes. Poor Muhammadans are not bound to do any sort of sacrifice. In India this festival is called 'Id-i-Qurbān, or sacrifice festival, and is also known by the name of Baqrā-'Id, for the poor Muhammadans in this country generally sacrifice cows (Arabic *baqar*). One cow can be purchased cheaper than seven sheep or goats, and one cow can be sacrificed for seven Muhammadans.

[2] This festival is called Baisākhi.

that my writing shows that I am tired. Yesterday and to-day I could scarcely keep my eyes open during my Sanskrit lesson. Coming back to work is hard, you see. . . .'

'*April* 12.

'. . . I went down to the river this morning shortly after seven. The bicycle served me well until I came within a short distance of the place where most of the people [were]. Then it was impossible to go with it through the crowd. I went on then to the bridge of boats of which I told you in my first letter from Lahore. There were not many bathers, but one could get a good impression of the colours, of the throngs who lined the banks, and of the enjoyment they found in the festival. So far as I could see, they simply splashed about in the water, as bathers anywhere would do, but I believe that as they bathe, perhaps at the first dip, they utter a verse in praise of Vishnu—god of the sun. The roads were filled with the people going or returning. The unusual number of women gave one the impression that they were quite in the majority. Children, too, were out in large numbers, and many of them brought back bouquets like ours, or little sticks entwined with leaves and flowers. Most of those on foot seemed to carry a brass vessel with water of the Ravi. Sad to say, the Ravi was very muddy from the recent rains.

'I like the Hindus, their looks and their ways and their simple good-heartedness.

'Dr. Stein is come. I fancy he is likely to stay for several days, for the road into Kashmir is blocked, and he will not care to wait at Rawal Pindi. He is on his way to Chinese Turkestan, where he is going to study the ancient Buddhist monuments. Altogether he is to

be away for fourteen months, but part of that time he will spend in Europe. Not many men would care to go to such a place. He must speak Turki, live in a tent, and as far as possible adopt the native way of living. Some of his food he takes in concentrated pellets. He is admirably fitted for the work, which promises well.

'*Good Friday.*— . . . No doubt you have suspected it, even if I do write cheerfully. I was dreadfully homesick this afternoon—so lonely that life did not seem worth living. Not a soul in the place to whom I can be my real self: acquaintances enough, but not one real friend. Arnold might be, I think, but he is married. Utterly alone in the house, and tired of working, I was just starting out for a ride when Nawab Muhammad Hayat (our host last week) came, and I went into the drawing-room to talk with him. There were other callers. Two of them stayed for badminton, and we had a very good game—three on a side. After they left Arnold and I played until seven.

'This evening the Arnolds and Dr. Stein went out to dinner. Miss Wiltshire and I since our dinner have been playing picquet. She is just learning. . . .

'*Saturday.*—Night again, and after ten, late for one who must be up at six or earlier. It has been a very busy day, more of the style of three months ago than of these easier days. From seven until six I had scarcely a moment to spare. When at last I was free from the office I had a lounging-chair put out in the garden, and sat there smoking and reading Emerson until after seven, then took a walk and came in just in time to dress for dinner.

'We spent the evening in the drawing-room, and had music. Only for that it would have been a pity to miss

the pleasure of the open air of an Indian moonlight night. The softness of the night, the stillness of the air, the outlines of the trees and shrubs, the perfume of the flowers, unite to form an impression which one does not stop to analyse but simply enjoys.

'A curious letter came to-day. A good Muhammadan youth writes that the paper in geography in the recent examination came on Friday, the day of the great gathering for prayer. He could not omit praying to God, and so came late for the examination and was not admitted. He says he hopes that God will give him enough marks in history to pass in the combined subjects: yet he thinks it well to write to me. . . .

'*Sunday.*—I have just been walking up and down the verandah, reading over the work of to-morrow's class and sometimes stopping to consider some point more carefully, or to look at the delicate colours of the western sky, or the marvellously clear outline of the trees. It is seven, and the sun has just set. Now the most enjoyable time of the day is coming on, though the mornings are all that one could wish. The early breakfasts on the verandah have lost none of their charm.

'To-day I had intended to go to church at a quarter after eight (the ordinary hour these months), but I had suggested to Dr. Vogel, a young Dutch Sanskritist who is spending a fortnight in Lahore, that we should go to the city early some morning, and he suggested to-day.

'One part of the city I know fairly well—the streets that lead to the Sanskrit book-shop—and that was what I wished him particularly to see. Lala Mehr Chand, the bookseller, is an interesting old man, a bookseller who is interested in books, and to some extent a publisher. He is quite chatty, too; and ready to talk of books and Indian scholars, and eager in his questions

about editors and publishers of Sanskrit books in Europe and America. I think Vogel liked him, spite of his surprise that there were actually so many Sanskritists in Holland! The old man's enthusiasm over the British cause in South Africa, however, could hardly awaken like enthusiasm in a Hollander. It was fortunate, perhaps, that I occupy middle ground, having no sympathy with Chamberlain's "new diplomacy," and yet in no way believing that the English people are planning—or have planned—to deprive the Dutch in South Africa of their liberty. Whatever the issue of the war (I presume that it will hasten a South African federation), both sides will come out of it with a respect for each other that they have never known before. That is some consolation.

'It is very peaceful here, even the birds are quiet for the night. No cable-cars—no newsboys calling "Extra," only the tinkling of bells comes from the road. . . .

'*Tuesday.*—Last night when I came in, as soon as I could get a cup of tea I dressed and drove out to Shahdara to a dinner-party of Dr. Stein's. The moon arose about half-past eight, and the sky was cloudless. Our dinner-party was on the centre of the roof of Jehangir's tomb. The table-cloth was spread on the roof, and we sat on cushions, three on each side. At some distance from us on the roof was another party with table and chairs. I doubt whether they were more comfortable, and we were certainly more in harmony with the traditions of the place; for no doubt the Mogul days, when the palace was not yet a tomb, saw many a gay dinner-party there. And we were gay. The lamps perhaps added depth of colour to the roses scattered everywhere over the large cloth, and made us conscious of the palms and lilies, and screened us from the other party. Yet even without them the moon was bright enough, I fancy,

and gave a softer light than any shaded candles. I sat between Mrs. Arnold and a very pretty girl who talked well of superstitions, and books, and camels, and elephants, and India, and Norway.

'After dinner we went to the top of one of the minarets. The depth of colour that we saw in the blossoms, white, and yellow, blue, and the shades of pink and red, easily distinguishable as we walked through the garden to our carriages, was surprising. There is a far greater mass of light here by day than in the west, but by night the light is simply glorious. It seems to me that the moon is less of a silver and more of a golden moon than at home: yet for the Sanskrit poets, too, it is the "silver moon."

'No letter from you yesterday. None from Chicago, except a request from Schenck to buy coal. How seasonable! Lanman's did me good. . . . Years ago he came to India for a honeymoon of fifteen months. He hopes to come back twice for seven months, and perhaps go up to Kashmir to one of Stein's resorts and stay there for six or eight months with a pandit and "talk a regular blue streak."'

'*April* 19.

'. . . Sad to tell, it is after eleven o'clock—less than seven hours to sleep, even if the mosquitoes do not insist on their rights—their pound of flesh. Really, I think the swellings they have made in my poor body must weigh almost a pound. The weather these few days has rapidly been growing warm; perhaps it would be better—Scotch fashion—not to say hot, as yet. If men grow inactive in the heat, the mosquitoes surely imbibe its fierceness. An Indian wise man might find an example, not in the ant or the bee, but in—let me not

repeat the name. . . . All this about them, and yet my thoughts are far oftener of the wonderful new birds that have come. I don't know their names. Flowers, too, of all sorts, new and old. To-day for the first time the *mālī* brought with the roses a number of carnations, and there are charming roses no larger, growing half a dozen on a stem. . . .

'*Tuesday.*—While Dr. Stein was here the Arnolds mapped out pretty well their summer trip in Kashmir. Mine is still very indefinite. I shall probably camp on the Mohand Marg (about twelve thousand feet high) during August, and then return to the neighbourhood of Srinagar where I can have a pandit to put Sanskrit on the tip of my tongue. Probably, too, I shall go with one of the teachers in the Mission College, a man from Wooster University in Ohio.[1] He is an interesting fellow, very orthodox (he does not see how a Unitarian can be called a Christian), but perfectly natural and sincere, fond of Browning, and very evidently unselfish —the very sort of man one wants for a companion. The plan I told you of seems to suit him. We shall take a Browning, a Matthew Arnold, and of course a *Lalla Rookh*. We expect to go in as the Mogul emperors went, by the Pir Panjal pass, which is now neglected for the Murree route. And we are going to walk, as Dr. Stein recommends, so we may hope to see something. But I have not mentioned that we may take a young Hindustani, a student from the Oriental College, perhaps, who cannot speak English, in the hope of learning to speak Urdu decently. A few books will be necessary for that, and a few more for my Sanskrit, but

[1] Mr. D. J. Fleming, who since this letter was written has studied in the University of Chicago and received his Doctor's degree from that institution.

we don't intend to take what seems needless. Everything, of course, must be carried by coolies, who charge eight cents a day! . . .

'What glorious days these must be with you now that spring is fully come! One loses here that happy sense of unloosening and lightening and freedom that the beginning of warm weather brings at home. Of course there is no such wrapping up here to guard against the cold, no day that is not warm at noon. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

LAHORE, *April* 23, 1900.

'. . . You must not be distressed because I do not write you letters saying that I am doing missionary work. If you know how much I have to do every day you must surely be of [the] opinion that anything else would be more than enough. At any rate I find little time for reading of any sort, even Sanskrit, or for writing letters, in which I am hopelessly behind. Even so I cannot do justice to the university and college work. There are all sorts of things to do. Yesterday I had to spend more than two hours in driving about and seeing men connected with the hospital and the city medical service. One of the students in the boarding-house had been taken ill with small-pox; and as there is a great deal of it in the city there was no room for him in the hospital. I did all I could for him, but without success. He had to remain in the boarding-house, carefully kept away from the other section. Fortunately his case seems to be light.

'Here was my programme to-day. Up a little after six, then toast and tea on the lawn; after it, preparation for my class. Before nine an interview with the superintendent of the Muhammadan boarding-house,

immediately after with a hospital official—both of these with reference to the vaccination of the students. From a quarter of ten to eleven work in the office, then an hour's teaching in the Oriental College. About twelve I got back for breakfast. At half-past twelve I went back to the College and attended to the business, then to the University office where I was busy until about half-past three. Then I got away for a cup of tea, and immediately rode off to the railway station to see Dr. Stein leave for Central Asia. From there I returned to the office for a meeting, after which some correspondence kept me busy till six o'clock. Coming to the house I found time at last for shaving, and now for writing. And this has not been a more busy day than many I have had recently.

'The heavy work I fear is telling on me. However, I shall do what I can to keep well. My work, of course, is the first concern. That I must do if I draw pay for it. It is not so much the long hours, as the anxiety connected with some of the work, that I find hard. Particularly in the College there are many troublesome matters. The Muhammadan teachers are for the most part members of one or the other of two parties which are very decidedly opposed. One represents the more orthodox [section] and at the same time the natives of the Panjab and the people, who, through the National Congress, are working for greater political recognition for the people of the country. The combination is due to the fact that their opponents consist of the supporters of Aligarh College, which represents liberality in theology and pronounced loyalty to Great Britain. Many of such men come from the North-West Provinces. The head of the Persian department belongs to the first, the head of the Arabic department to the second of these parties, and both men are prominent. So college disagreements

are carried outside college circles. I am sometimes ready to despair. But I shall do my best, and if I can manage fairly well this year, I may hope to become each year better able to carry on the work. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'Lahore, *April* 27, 1900.

'. . . This is said to be an altogether unusual year. The highest temperature in the shade recorded in to-day's paper is 92°, and in our dry climate that is not uncomfortably hot. . . . Soon, perhaps suddenly, we shall have heat night and day. One comfort is in store. They say that the mosquitoes disappear about the middle of May because of the hot winds: and yet I fear that, as Miss Grace wrote last time, "*on dit est un menteur.*" . . .

'Stevenson's *Letters* have come, and last night I read here and there, I need not tell you with what pleasure. How charmingly natural he is! And his phrases—aren't you full of them? I don't know a better than this—"Children are certainly too good to be true." And the little "strokes." How Bentley must revel in them—the happy, married Bentley! He is too happy to write to me. Only one brief letter since I came away, congratulations, and then "In my lot, too, there have been changes. One of them marriage." . . .

'*Sunday.*—Did you ever play at making time-table? It is a solitaire, of course, but better than any other that I know. Enough possibility of success to make the trouble seem worth taking, especially when you know that you *must* take it. One plays with live cards, too, as one may become aware if he places them wrongly. Yesterday I thought I had devised a beautifully simple shifting in the time-table we have had, and ordered that it should be followed to-morrow and for a whole two

weeks, when an altogether new arrangement would be made. Every one accepted it: but in the afternoon the head pandit (shades of Chicago! We use such terms here, but there are no associate pandits, or assistant pandits, or——). Well, the head pandit came to say that it was hard for a Brahman to have to bathe as often as the new time-table required. I agreed, and promised to do what I could. When I looked into it, I found that almost every man had to spend two hours in the middle of the day doing nothing. Two men profited by it. So another solitaire. It also came out simply, and I fear that to-morrow will show some grave misplay. . . .

'*Tuesday.*—I got away shortly after eleven and am free for the day. Roses without work! But there are few roses now. The hotter weather is coming on. The temperature rose on Sunday to 102·7 in the shade, 159·5 in the sun's rays: yesterday was hotter. Lilies, however, are in full bloom, yellow, white, and red. The white Easter lilies even in the blazing sun look cool.

'Arnold brought from the University library yesterday a most interesting book—Royle's *Plants of the Himalayas*. The plates are magnificent. If Miss Harris could only have such books to consult for the part of India where Kalidasa lived, she would get ever so much help. You know what she is working on—Kalidasa's lyrics—the subject he chooses, his ways of treating them, his use of metres, but particularly his feeling for nature: what he sees, what human feeling he reads into it, his love of colour and sound. I should like to see several other Sanskrit poets taken up in the same way. Some few flowers and trees and birds I have been able to connect here with what were mere names before. Of the flowers I hope I may be able to get a little collection. Still warped, you see! . . .

'How glad I am that the little violet reached you at the right time. If others only might have gone and kept their freshness! On the way down from the mountains four weeks ago we saw violets spread out in the sunlight for the making of perfumes, they said. I heard, too, that in Kashmir a fair proportion of the royal revenue is collected in violets. . . .

'I think myself fortunate in having been able to come here [Lake Road]. . . . Nancy is a bright little girl. She is a general favourite. You cannot judge much from the photograph of our little group at Teja Singh's garden. A little fair-haired girl of three, most keen in seeing little things, able to tell the colour of your eyes if she has seen you once, knowing when you are wearing a new tie, remembering words she has barely heard once, and bringing them out when you least expect them, not a little chance of spoiling, I fear, and of growing up old-fashioned, now you know something of her. Her mother gives her unmeasured care, and is constantly reading what books she can get hold of on the education of children. Nancy's own books are of the best: the dainty Banbury Cross series, Japanese picture-books, *Alice*, of course, and the *Looking Glass*, and the Jungle books, and the story of *Violet* and the *Journey round the World*. Bright little children's songs she sings with her mother or Miss Wiltshire every evening before bedtime. . . .

'Now I must get to work. A pile of papers from the office . . . then I shall need to write to father. I have not missed sending him a fair-sized letter every week.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *April* 29, 1900.

'. . . I hope that the cough will soon trouble

you less. I wish the news of Aunt Lizzie were as encouraging. How is she now? Why does she fear the coming of the summer? I should think that she would be glad that the winter is over, and warmer weather coming in which she can go about more freely and without fear of catching cold.

'Tell me what she says when she hears that here, where it is considered remarkably cool for this time of year, the temperature rises to 105 degrees in the shade (it must be higher to-day), and more than 160 in the sun's rays. As I ride back from the office at noon the air blowing in my face seems like the heat that comes when the furnace door in a glass factory is opened: but here it blows all about and all the way. I have just come in shortly after five, and it is just the same. We still have cool nights—I mean cool enough to sleep. Soon they say it will be hot night and day, and we must have recourse to pankhas if we wish to rest. This afternoon when I was out I could not help thinking that the intense heat was just the thing for a lion: its fierce growl (howl, should I say?) seems just in keeping with it. Dr. de Cunha, who came out in our steamer, used to say that India was a magnificent country for plants and animals, but a poor place for man. I am not so sure of that. Plenty of talk about the weather, but we talk about it a good deal here. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *May* 3, 1900.

'. . . Tuesday's paper announced that the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Young would be at home to their friends yesterday afternoon. That reminded me that I had not called since Lady Young's return to India some

four weeks ago. To-day at one o'clock I set out to do my duty. One's whole duty consists in leaving cards and entering one's name in the huge registers that are placed in the verandah. After that I called on one of the missionaries, the head of a theological school for the training of native preachers. We talked of—what many people talk of here—the weather. The paper every day publishes a precise account of the weather of —two days before! As I have said, we do not boast of our *news*papers here. On Tuesday it appears that the temperature rose to 108·6 in the shade. . . .

'Most of the mem-sahibs, I believe, have gone off to the hills. Their husbands, if they are heads of departments, will follow within two weeks. Otherwise they must stay here all summer long. Some of the ladies sometimes stay down. I think they must find it very dull.

'Now the University adopts the vacation of the government educational service: that, in turn, is controlled by the civilians who get no vacation. So ours is short—only two months and a half. Stein used to manage excellently, for several years getting away to Kashmir for nearly six months. . . .

'The report of the Delhi Mission came yesterday. To-day there are some extracts from it in the *Gazette*. Twenty-five baptisms for the year will not seem many, I fancy, to the society that supports the Mission. One of the men, head of St. Stephen's College, was here at Christmas. He is full of sound good sense, a capital story-teller, fond of company, often dines at the military mess, yet sober-minded. I like him thoroughly. —— is another whose head is as level as any one's. I know him pretty well, see him often and like him. I fear he is an expansionist—most missionaries are—but

I have never ventured to bring up the question of the war. It would be a pity to bring in the apple of discord.

'They have some Christians in their college, but all come from Christian families, and "all" are not many. I think —— appreciates what Wright's predecessor at St. Stephen's said, that if they had a conversion among their students they might as well close the college. As a matter of fact, the students in the Mission colleges are stronger in their own religions because of the training they get at home to counteract the college influence. . . .

'I made one of the students happy yesterday. He had failed in one subject in his examination. There were reasons for having his papers re-read, and he was found worthy to pass. . . . They take examinations so seriously here. An altogether undue value is assigned to the possession of a degree, and students undergo all sorts of privations to secure one. In their eagerness many go up for the examinations before they are fit, and a large percentage fails. Such men applying for positions write "I am a failed B.A." . . .

'*Sunday.*—When one is alone I think he tends to laziness. The Arnolds left yesterday, and to-day for the first time in more than two weeks the pandit came. We read for an hour. Then until eleven I read some chapters of a most ingenious book on the *Rigveda*—a real delight, the evidence is so well arranged, the style so clear. French, of course. . . . After tea I picked up that book about the Burmese that was so much reviewed two years ago, *The Soul of a People.* Have you read it? I went through about a hundred pages, and shall probably finish it to-morrow. The account it gives of the influence of Buddhism on the lives of the

people is most interesting. I was going off for some exercise when my eyes fell on Romanes' *Life and Letters*. That detained me for an hour or so. The "Life" seemed to me pretty poor, but the Letters gave an admirable picture of him. We claim him proudly as a Canadian. I did not know until to-day that he left Canada within his first year. Yet I don't think that like Grant Allen he ever disclaimed his birthplace. . . .

'Eight letters—one from Chicago ran: "We are advised that you might consider the purchase of a high-grade apartment building at a bargain." The agent must have seen the Chicago salary list, and judged that I must be well off to get so little and live. Another from London told me of the shipment by some slow steamer of the second box of books, sent from Chicago last November. "Express service!" . . .

'*Tuesday*.—I must tell you of my visit to the city yesterday evening. The Muharram festival which gives us these welcome holidays commemorates the killing of Husain, the prophet's grandson, by command of the caliph Yazid, who cut off from his [Husain's] band all the water-supply. The sufferings of Husain are viewed by most (perhaps all) Muhammadans as vicarious, and in the month of his death, every year, they are commemorated.

'Like every gathering here, this, mournful as it is, abounds in colour. The colour of mourning among the Muhammadans is bright green, and very many wear it. Men, women, and children fill the streets. Yesterday every available house-top along the streets where the procession passed was crowded.

'The commemoration of Husain's death is a sort of passion-play. Yesterday's part represented a wedding-procession. Carriages with banners flying, mounted

horses, in many parts of the procession a riderless horse in memory of the death, camels in long lines with boys on them beating kettledrums, elephants, brass bands, groups of drummers, chairs of state suspended from poles on men's shoulders—such was the procession. Many sections, all much alike. We walked about the city for an hour, and then went to the house of one of the leading Muhammadans [1] in whose courtyard about a thousand people were gathered. Every section of the procession as it passed his house sent part of its members in, and each time some of the men (usually three) sang one of the songs that commemorate the death of Husain's followers. They sang with spirit. The songs were full of sadness, and some men had to wipe away their tears. At a number of other places along the line of march the sections of the procession stopped for a few minutes. At frequent intervals, too, booths were erected from which water and lemonade were given freely in memory of the men who died of thirst.

'To-morrow night is one of the important times in the commemoration. Elaborate tombs of paper representing the tombs of the two brothers, Husan and Husain, are carried about the city with lights and fireworks. I do not intend to go. In the crooked, crowded streets it would be difficult not to lose one's way, and the smell of burning powder combined with the normal smells of the city would at least not be pleasant. Thursday, the greatest day of all, I am to see the procession from the top of the Sanskrit bookseller's house. . . .'

'*May* 13.

'. . . I went to the city Thursday morning for the

[1] Nawab Fath Ali Khan, Kizilbash, the leader of the Shiah community of Lahore.

procession. The old bookseller had asked the pandit with whom I read to come so as to explain things to me. Another of the College teachers was there, too, and there were two men who spoke English. We sat in a room in the upper story, and had a good view of the procession and the people who thronged the streets and the housetops. In the intervals we talked, and afterwards I had a cup of tea prepared with spices, after the native custom, and Indian cakes, both of which I found to my taste. It was not so some four months ago when I first tried them.

'The procession was disappointing. Mr. —— could not restrain his tears last year because of the sorrow the people showed in mourning for Husain. Perhaps a company of Hindus was not favourable for appreciating it; but whatever was the reason, it seemed to me to be a very hollow show of grief. Respectable men did not take part in it. The mourners were hired—boys and men of the lower class, who were present for the two or four annas a day which some one paid them. The onlookers seemed to view it merely as a holiday. As for the violence of some of the performers in beating their naked breasts and covering their backs with wounds from iron chains—it was simply disgusting.

'One of the men at Mehr Chand's was very interesting. He spoke of himself as a "Catholic Hindu"—a fitting term by way of contrast to the "Protestant" Samājes. He wanted to know what I thought of the resurrection, adding that to him it was in no way strange. Jesus, he thought, was a *yogi*, not a pure *yogi* whose sole thought was absorption in God, but one who taught others, as many have at all times done in India. He fancied, too, that the eighteen years of which we hear nothing were spent in India. He reads anthropological

books, and has a theory that one of the lower worlds, called Patala, is indeed South America, the appearance of the people and their customs being to him clear proof. These things will show you what a curious mixture of east and west he is.'

'*May* 20.

'. . . All morning I have had callers. The first came about eight. He could speak English, the next two spoke Sanskrit, the last Hindustani, and I have had to strain (stretch, if you like) my ears and rack my brain to carry on the conversation. It is some comfort that they seem to understand my Sanskrit. On Tuesday I am to begin my long delayed attempt to teach in it. If only Sarasvati would reveal all of the divine language to me as she has done for others! But I doubtless must labour for the long term of years that are necessary unless one gains the favour of the gods. To me the gods have shown their favour in other ways. . . .

'These days are all that one could wish: a pleasant breeze even at noon, and in the evening and the morning delicious cool. This comes of the two or three showers of rain that we have had. They ought not to have come until July. Now that we have had relief so early, it may be that there will be little rain at the proper time, and the crops again will suffer. I have not heard how it is in the famine districts. If they are suffering now from drought, there is hope of sufficient rain before the sowing of the autumn crops.

'I do not understand at all what the conditions are. Mr. Klopsch, who is sending grain from America, has just come to Bombay, and it is said that there is no need of bringing grain into the country, which has plenty of it. Yet if so, why can it not reach the poor who need

it? Government spends its money for the most part in providing work for those who are in distress, and especially in building railways in the remoter parts, and canals where there has been no irrigation. Here the provisions of the poorer classes are still said to be dear, but one sees no sign of the famine, nor is there any display of notices calling for assistance. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'LAHORE, *May* 9, 1900.

'DEAR MR. LANMAN,—Yesterday came the programme of the meeting in Philadelphia. I was particularly glad to see Freeman Michelson's name in the list. Is he reading with you? I have one or two things I should like to send for next year's meeting, but there is so much to do every day that I don't know when I can get them into shape. Office work has occupied me on an average, I should say, more than four hours a day. Now it will be fairly light until the end of October; at least I hope so. Meanwhile the teaching will be heavier, twelve hours a week, three of the twelve in a class in which I must use Sanskrit only. That will be the best incentive I could have for getting a speaking acquaintance with Sanskrit instead of a mere knowing by sight. In Kashmir this summer I expect to have one of the College maulvis and a pandit, and almost to forswear the use of English.

'The work I have to do is very hard. Sometimes I am much discouraged, particularly with the management of the Muhammadan side of the College. I still despair of them, or rather of myself. Is it their religion that makes them so quarrelsome?

'Thibaut, by the way, once held this position, and

left it after, I believe, eight days. I had supposed that Winternitz would be chosen last summer. When I mentioned this to Dr. Stein he laughed, and said that after an hour of it Winternitz would have been in despair. Yet with all the work that occupies one's time when he would gladly be doing things he cares more for, there are many advantages connected with it, and I shall not complain if I can only do the work with some satisfaction. . . .

'Mehr Chand's publications are either school-books, grammars, and the like, or little texts treating of marriages, *çrāddhas*, and the like. He received recently from Ceylon a copy of the *Viçvaprakāça* prepared for publication by a Buddhist priest. He thought of publishing it, but I doubt whether he will. It seems to me quite unequal to the edition which Pandit Sivadatta is bringing out in the third part of the *Abhidhānasaṁgraha*.

'The old man is enlarging his premises, and intends soon to travel in search of Vedic texts (printed). It is his ambition to have on hand everything that can be got. He is a member of the Ārya Samāj here: of which section I don't know. The College (Dayanand Anglo-Vedic) is in the hands of the "meat-eating" section; and their opponents, the conservatives, who, strange to say, are the younger men, announce their intention of founding a *guru-pathaçālā* in which the old studies (and "object lessons"!) will be taught in the old ways, and the boys, away from the city, will not suffer from evil influences. Particular emphasis is laid on their learning not to believe the modern dates ascribed by prejudiced Europeans to the ancient Indian writings.

'I handed your lists of sculptures over to Brown, the Principal of the School of Art, who did not understand them, but said that he would ask an assistant who had

been in the Museum several years. Afterwards he told me that he had sent you clear indications. I hope they are clear. He sent me again the lists and letters you enclosed, and I now return them.

'I shall be glad indeed to have your photograph, and I shall prize Whitney's and Warren's portraits doubly, coming from you. I have none of myself, but as soon as I have, will send you.—Very sincerely yours,

'A. W. Stratton.

'By the way, is it news to you that Deussen used to pass for Devasena here in India?'

FROM PROFESSOR LANMAN

'Harvard University, *July* 30, 1900.

'Dear Mr. Stratton,—Many thanks for your kind favour of the 9th May. The identification of the photos of the Gandhāra sculptures is, I think, now made quite feasible (the printed list duly rec'd) from the pen of John Lockwood Kipling. Well, I can only say I wish I had had your chance in India when I was a युवन्. It's got to be a *sine qua non* now for the future professor. A few days ago I sent you three pictures, the best I could do: one of Whitney, one of Warren, one of Lanman. Let me have one of you गच्छत्सु दिनेषु or गतेषु. They'll all be gone "demnition soon." Better still, if you're in camp, I'd like a Kodak of yourself *in your camp*. Stein sent me six from his camp Mohand Marg, 11,000 above the sea, and I have them mounted and labelled on a large card—very interesting. I am still sweltering in the Bengal heat of Cambridge, but hope to leave in a couple of days to join my family and experience the joys of a shiver. I hope soon to send you *Karpūra mañjarī*, and you

will then be at liberty to compare it for general excellence with the काव्यमाला edition.

'Good night—bless my heart, the sun 's just visible with you! Send something to the American Oriental Society for Christmas.—Cordially yours,

'C. R. Lanman.'

TO A. B. S.

'Lahore, *May* 25, 1900.

'. . . To-day again I have been busy all day with college and university affairs, and it was seven o'clock before I got away from the Syndicate meeting. Then for a little while I rode about with Dr. Ewing, coming home against a heavy wind, and reaching the house just as the darkness became so great that it was hard to see the way. For a great dust-storm came up suddenly, the worst that I have seen, and the longest, for even now—more than an hour and a half later—it has not spent its force. Perhaps the air will be cooler for it. These two days have been very hot. . . . It is these damp days that breed fever.

'We University people feel depressed because of two cases within our own circle. Mrs. Hemmy, the young wife of one of the Government College men, is ill with what to-day was recognised as typhoid. To-morrow she is to be taken to Simla, where the cool air is more favourable. She came to India only four months ago. Then Arnold has been in bed these three days with a fever which is gradually rising: 103·4 is the highest point it has reached. The Dr. says it is not serious, but the steady rise gives us concern. Mrs. Arnold is coming to-morrow morning. Dr. Ewing, as we talked of these things this evening, said, "Well, this is not a white

man's country." Yet . . . his heart is wholly in the work here, and I think he will not leave unless his physician urges him. . . .

'The proper thing for me to do, from one point of view, would be for me to take official work as lightly as possible, and put all my energies into gaining familiarity with the language and gathering materials for study when I return to America. But I could not justify myself in doing so. Whatever attractions life in India may have had for me (and has), I was appointed to perform certain duties—not light or easy—and my first care must be to see that I perform them as well as I can. That leaves little time now; but when business becomes more a matter of routine, I may hope (you see I still hope) for more.

'I must tell you of two of my latest plans. They ought not to be new, but I cannot find that they have been tried before. One is to issue a prospectus of the College, as distinct from the University, in Urdu and Hindi. If these are sent to the vernacular schools of the province and to local officers, it seems to me (and every one I have spoken to agrees) that a fair increase in the number of students should result. We could easily teach many more with our present staff. The other is to interest well-to-do Hindus and Muhammadans in the students of the College, particularly in getting them to assist the poorer students of their own faith. This, I fear, will be difficult; for the men who can afford to give are either disposed not to favour the College because of its departure from traditional ways, or—much more largely—they think lightly of the learning of their own country, and feel that only Western learning should be encouraged.'

Mr. P. S. Allen, who reminded Mr. Stratton of the M'Goggin story, was himself an indefatigable worker, Professor of History in the Government College, Lahore. Mr. Stratton's attack of fever at this time was the occasion of his spending a few days with the Allens, whose friendly kindness and home attentions soon brought him into a better state of health. Elsewhere there will be found the fragment of a letter from Mr. Allen which relates to his recollections of the Registrar.

TO A. B. S.

'*May* 31.

'. . . Much of the extra work should cease after a few more days. Allen the other evening reminded me of Kipling's M'Goggin. I did not remember the story, so he explained that M'Goggin worked eighteen annas to the rupee, and added that I was working at least twenty. . . .

'Some most beautiful flowering trees and shrubs are in full bloom now. A great tree in our garden[1] is decked with masses of yellow in varying shades, the clusters drooping two feet or more from the branches. One plant[2] that is sometimes a bush and sometimes climbs the highest trees, has densely packed balls of deep rich pink. It is most pleasant to pass through the gardens. I go almost every evening after dinner. I wonder whether the things I write convey much impression of the place to one who has not seen it? I wish I might give you such an idea of it that you would feel . . . familiar with it. The books are usually written by people who have come here for a winter—one winter on a continent! But the photographic reproductions at any rate are true. I should have sent you some photographs of the place

[1] The amaltas, or Indian laburnum.

[2] The bougainvillæa.

long ago, but none of them are made here, and ordering from catalogues is very unsatisfactory.'

'*June* 8.

'. . . Allen was in this afternoon and insisted on sending me his thermometer. When he went home he told Mrs. Allen that I had fever, and with the thermometer came the kindest of notes from Mrs. Allen urging me to come over to their house and let them look after me. I thanked her heartily, but told her I had no fever. This morning they both came to see me, and to-morrow I am to go to stay with them. My only hesitation was due to my not caring that they should have the trouble, but I know that they really want me to come. Mrs. Allen says that the change of air will surely cure the cold. At any rate the good company will do me good. Here, quite alone day after day, I am not at my best.

'They are very kind: I am sure that you will like them. They go home for the vacation, and Fleming and I are going to take one of their servants to cook for us in Kashmir.

'Our plans are becoming somewhat more definite. We have virtually decided on our Urdu teacher—a teacher in the College.[1] . . . We have determined (degenerates, you see) to take the easy way into Kashmir, driving over an easy road. We shall probably be pretty well played out by the first of August, and it will do us good not to make any particular exertion at first. . . .

'*Sunday*.—Yesterday morning I came over here to the Allens. The coolies brought my bedding and enough clothes for a few days. The bearer, who did everything

[1] Maulvi Muhammad Shu'aib.

for me, is a great comfort. . . . Without him I think I should not have had enough energy to come. This cold has left me very weak. I brought only four books with me, even those I have scarcely looked at, and to-morrow I think I shall not attempt to teach. Instead of serious reading I have taken to stories. Yesterday *The Professor's Children*—a delicious book. Do you know it? The one I picked up to-day and have half-read—*On Account of Sarah*—Mrs. Allen says is a silly book, but I confess it pleases me. But it is not heavy! . . .

'My books came [from America] yesterday. In the evening I drove over to the house and set them in order on the shelves. It was good to see them, although some of the bindings had suffered from the long journey and my poor packing. But when I packed them I was worn out, and did not really believe that they would stir from where I left them until I returned at Christmas. . . .

'*Wednesday.*—I drove Dr. Ewing home from the meeting, and went in with him to talk over the preparations for the Kashmir trip. It is very funny. Fleming and I are going to take cups and saucers, plates, soup-plates, and vegetable-dishes, all these of granite-ware, and three large and three small spoons. It is good form in Kashmir camps to take your own dishes if you are invited out to lunch or dinner. We shall have no tablecloth, but Fleming insists on napkins. He is particular, you see. . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

LAHORE, *June* 11, 1900.

'Two dainty little books in this morning's mail. No names in them, yet I am sure they came from you. They are the first tokens of my coming birthday. I

wonder whether there will be others. How old I shall soon be!

'How are you, Miss Mary? Will you not soon go out of town for the summer? Why not seek some cool and pretty spot—some mountain valley, Miss Mary—then we can compare notes. I promise not to begin with "Oh, who has not heard of the vale of Kashmir!" Sad to tell, Fleming and I have given up our plan of going in over the Pir Panjal, as Lalla Rookh and the Moghul emperors went. We shall take the less attractive but easier and less feverish (not at all feverish) Murree route, perhaps riding our bicycles instead of walking. "Over the Himalayas on a bicycle." How is that? . . .

'My letter must be very brief to-day. There is much to do, and if I must tell the truth, I am in poor shape. A cold I caught from the pankha last week leaves me wretchedly weak. So I am taking things lightly. "I have left undone those things which I ought to have done," but my regret is rather that "there is no health in me." And yet not that. I hope there is much health in me—latent, at least. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'*June* 15, 1900.

'Friday night again. Has Miss Noble been with you? And when you go up to the woods will you be near one of the little lakes? . . . Do you remember there are no lakes in India? Up in the Himalayas there are some, and in Kashmir, still they are small, and the temples set on the shores must give them a very different aspect from our little lakes "far from towns and men." But then the men at these lakes are pagans, "suckled in a

creed outworn," but not forsaken by the spirits of the woods and streams. So you might find with them something Chicago cannot give.

'Think how I am fallen ; almost every day from two to three I let work go and sleep. It is the fashion in the summer here, perhaps in all southern countries. *Siesta* always seemed to me a pretty word. What do you think of the Urdu *kailūla*? Perhaps the charm is in the thought it brings. I remember that in Chicago when we read of taking no sleep between sunrise and sunset as an austerity it did not seem to mean much. Here and now it does. . . .'

TO MASTER KENNETH CALDWELL

'LAHORE, *June* 17, 1900.

'First of all I want to thank you for the little pictures you gave to your Aunt Anna to send to me. Why do you say they are not good? They are good. What a lucky boy you are to live where there are so many birds! I know that you are fond of them—so am I, but I could never paint them as you can. If I tried to draw one it would be such a clumsy thing that no one would know what it was meant for. So I can only look on idly, and cannot give any one the pleasure your little pictures have given me.

'We have ever so many birds and flowers here that I never saw before. Beautiful colours, too, in both, and what is still better, many of them are here all winter. What you would call winter we have none at all. Seventeen years ago, I think, some snow fell. So there is no snow-balling and no skating, only the nights are cold. In daytime we could never wear overcoats. All year round we must have broad-rimmed hats of cork or pith,

with good ventilation, to protect us from the sun. Up in the mountains plenty of snow falls. I saw some there in March, and could not resist making snow-balls and pelting the man who was with me. The sting the snow left in my fingers was a real luxury.

'Will you write me sometimes and tell me what you are doing? Have you many stamps? I am sending you some with this. A few of them are not very common, I think. If you have others perhaps you can trade these. I had Indian stamps as high as five rupees this winter, but sent them to a boy in Baltimore. When I get others I shall remember you.'

TO A. B. S.

'LAHORE, *June* 21, 1900.

'. . . The temperature yesterday in the shade rose to 115°, and the average for the day was 102°. Last night must have been pretty hot, but with the pankha I slept well. . . . To-day must have been hotter. Fortunately I did not need to go out. To-night at half-past nine as I was driving the air was as if it came from an oven. . . .

'These are not the days when one lives in the open air. About seven o'clock in the morning the house is closed and may not be opened again until late in the evening. For the nights can be—well, warm at least. After eight last night the temperature was 103°, and at no time did it fall below 93°. Taking that with the temperature in the shade by day, the average for day and night was 104°. This good news I got by going to the Hall this evening after seven. It was a fairly warm drive, but well worth taking. It acts like a tonic to learn that things are much worse than one would have supposed, and that the worst is not so bad.

'At the Hall, too, I saw the news of the Republican nomination. Isn't it surprising that Roosevelt should consent to run for the Vice-Presidency? Is he planning reforms in the Senate? In little more than a week the New York *Nation* should begin to come to me. Then I shall be in better touch with affairs at home. You see I use the Anglo-Indian phrase, and have not learned to look on India as home. . . .

'*Saturday*. . . . The sun did not once come in sight to-day nor give any indication of where he was. There was no variation in the clay colour of the sky. . . . These dust-storms are most penetrating. They seem to make their way into one's brain, and then the brain conniving, they bid one think of nothing else. This evening I did not go for the usual drive before dinner; but after dinner the air seemed clearer and I went. The light in the Hall library attracted me, and going in I brought with me Louis Becke's last book, *Rīdan the Devil*. I have just laid [it] aside. The stories are of the same style as the *Pacific Tales*. He must have a great store of them. In Unwin's Colonial Library I see there are eight volumes of his. Here, too, one who knew the people might surely get an inexhaustible supply of plot and incident. From the Panjab alone Temple has collected three volumes of popular tales. Kipling, they say, used to consort with people of all sorts, and drew from them what he could. "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"—perhaps he pleaded that in self-defence. His Anglo-Indian tales come largely, people say, from the mess-room at Mian Mir, the military station just east of Lahore. Every ball, too, he attended, and never failed to spend the whole evening in the smoking-room listening to stories. And it has paid. . . .

'This letter will surely carry you something of the

Panjab—something more tangible than any "atmosphere." For the third dust-storm since I began to write is blowing, and everything is covered with dust. How the wind roars—and no lake. The great plains are our sea, and their foam is dust. . . .

'You remember how in Evanston if a theological student wishes for once to be really vicious he rides in the smoking-car. Well, these days in India if one gets a holiday he celebrates it by lying in bed another hour or two. Going off to spend the day in a grove is possible only in winter. One needs the sleep, too, and can take almost an endless amount of it. . . . Fleming says he can understand how unending sleep might seem the highest happiness.'

'*June* 29.

'. . . Lahore is more Muhammadan than Hindu. Old Hindu temples have been destroyed to form materials for Moslem mosques and tombs. Arabic and Persian for centuries almost drove out the study of Sanskrit. But the study is reviving : in the College last year the whole increase was on the Sanskrit side.

'This morning at half-past six I was at one of the city gates seeking money for college prizes. Not sitting at the gate as beggars do, but calling on one of the leading Muhammadan gentlemen whose house is near. For some years through Dr. Stein's absence (almost six months a year) the public distribution of prizes was given up ; but Arnold revived it last year, and I believe in maintaining it. We shall have very little making of speeches, but according to the custom of the country there will probably be original poems in Sanskrit, Urdu, Persian, and Panjabi. Verse writing is an accomplishment more general here than in

the West. Rhymes are not needed, and poetical diction seems to come naturally to the people. The other day two copies of an Urdu poem on the entry into Pretoria were sent me, in letters of gold, again *à la mode*. . . .

'*Saturday.*—Many of the students are now asking for leave on account of the heat. Some have presented telegrams and letters from their fathers. I sympathise with them, although I do not believe in keeping the teachers here for half-empty classes. I shall do what I can for closing in June, but it will be hard, I fear, to secure any change. We might easily re-open the colleges earlier in October.

'This at any rate is a holiday. If one could only go off to the woods and gather wild-flowers, or sit beside a big lake, or sail, or row, or paddle! But above all things in this weather one must keep indoors when the sun is high. So one must seek other pleasures. Reading, of course. But the Nagari character still taxes my eyes, and for reading they seem weak to-day. The strong light is trying. . . .

'I had to turn aside from my letter this morning to attend to some business. Then Fleming came to have breakfast with me and try our cook's pillau—rice cooked with meat and spices. Now that I know how well Muhammad Husain can make it, I shall often have it. Fleming liked it, too, and liked yet more the little things from Henley (some of the best) that he read while I sat smoking.

'After he went I took up a little book of C. W. Doyle's, *The Taming of the Jungle*, and read a good deal of it, then slept from half-past one to three, and over a cup of tea finished the book. Then a couple of hours of study—the best I have had recently—and

a drive to the Hall, where I got Ford's *Story of an Untold Love*. I know the story in a way, Goode told it to me once; yet it was only a glance at the end after I had read the first three chapters (a daily letter that *did* make a book) that I connected the story and the name. . . . Something like distant thunder, but that can scarcely be. The Muhammadans offered prayers for rain this morning, and the pandit told me of a Hindu near the boarding-house going about with blackened face in hope of attracting the attention of the rain-god. . . .'

'*July* 5, 1900.

'. . . This letter represents more unsuccessful attempts to write than any other I have sent you. Now, too, there will be only a few minutes before I go out.

'*Hamlet* is to be played in Urdu at a native theatre to-night. Sunder Das Suri, the Assistant-Registrar, is going with me and will explain where I do not understand. I saw the play-bill for a minute this morning. The names are all changed, and Shakspeare would be surprised at the plot, I fancy. If the theatre, which is open at the sides and nowhere "too, too solid" (being made of canvas stretched on bamboo poles with a roof of straw), is not too hot, there will surely be a good deal of interest in seeing the arrangements of a native theatre and observing what pleases a native audience. Of course it may be that I shall be so interested in the play itself as scarcely to be conscious of the surroundings. You shall see when I write of it.

'*Sunday*.—I am sending you the play-bill. That will tell you more of the performance than anything I can add. Our seats were in the front row close to the

orchestra. Most prominent in it was an organ of about three octaves compass. A drum also, alternating with cymbals, made itself distinctly heard. The lute, with about fifteen strings, could only now and then be heard. Almost half the play consisted of singing, so the orchestra had enough to do. . . .

'A succession of song and dialogue not much more life-like, according to Western notions, than an Italian opera of the old style. . . . The principal charm of singing to people here is its expression of varying moods. Skill it certainly requires. The singing of this company was said to be very good. It must have been almost ten when the play began. At the end of the second act—shortly before one—it was announced that the play was over (!) and that there remained only a farce. We did not wait for that.

'This morning a man called to see me before I was out of bed, and for two hours—until nine—my time was taken up with talking first Sanskrit then Urdu. . . . Dr. Stein used to refuse to see any one at the house on university affairs, and in that he was probably wise. I, however, have been ready to see people at any hour.

'This afternoon a student came to complain of the treatment he received from another, both Muhammadans, of course. His story, if one could believe it, left no doubt of the other man's evil doings, but after two hours' questioning I got from him a story which is very different. . . . Parts of the story will seem to you very funny.—Is it consistent with religion for a man to shave? The complainant believes it is not. Again, he is of the old-fashioned class that believes that in studying English one becomes an infidel. The rules of the College require him to attend English classes two

hours a day, and he gets even with the authorities and satisfies his conscience by attending but not trying to learn. One of the differences between the two men involved (for the quarrel is wholly religious) is that this one believes that in praying one's feet should be kept well apart. . . . Isn't it interesting psychologically? and religiously, too, for such an affair could not occur among pious Hindus? The men who said "See how these Christians love one another," might have made the irony of their remark tenfold if they had said "these Moslems."'

The young Hindu reader mentioned in the following letter was Ram Tirath, who afterwards went to America. It is interesting to know what was said of him there. An interview with him was published in a curious New York periodical in 1906. The journal proclaims itself to be the American Edition of the Vira Sadhana, External Issue, vol. v., No. 1, International Journal, Tantrik Order. In addition to the reported interview there is the following account of the Swami :—

'Out of the jungles of Upper India has come a man of astonishing wisdom, a prophet, a philosopher, and priest. He is a Brahmin of Brahmins, a Go-Swami of the highest caste, and he is known among his brethren as Swami Ram (Ram Tirath, M.A.). That he will have something interesting to say may be readily imagined: for he hails from the secret haunts of the miracle-working Mahatmas in the mystic Himalayas; that he will say it well is insured by his record as Professor of Sanskrit Literature, Science, and Mathematics in the University of Lahore, Punjab, India. Swami Ram is a young man, having just passed his thirtieth year, but he is a veritable torch of philosophic knowledge.

Practically his entire life has been devoted to the study of the Vedic Scriptures, as well as the languages and literature of the Orient. He has also served a priestly apprenticeship under a qualified Master, spending his vacations from University duties in the primitive jungles preparing for the beatific translation to Nirvana-hood. The Swami arrived here from India on the 25th ultimo, and intends delivering a series of lectures in this city on the philosophy of the Vedas.'

After this was written the Swami returned to India and devoted himself to preaching. At one time he lectured in the office of a newspaper in Lucknow. He was really a very good man and was much beloved. He met death in the holy waters of the Ganges in one of the early months of the present year, and it is reported that when his body came ashore it was found to be in the devout posture of a Samadhi.

TO A. B. S.

'Lahore, *July* 12, 1900.

'I must tell you of something that occurred this afternoon. This is a holiday, you know. It is called *Vyāsa-pūjā*. *Vyāsa* is the reputed revealer to men of the Vedas and the great epic, the *Mahābhārata*, and so the greatest of teachers; and the adoration (*pūjā*) takes the form of visits to teachers, to whom gifts of flowers and fruits are made. I did not know of this until I was sitting at tea, when the bearer announced that the pandit had come. I wondered what the reason was. When I saw him he told me that the students of the Shastri class wished to do me *pūjā* and had asked him to come with them. They were led in. Each brought a garland of white flowers and placed

it on my neck. A servant who came with them set on the floor a huge basket of grapes, green and red, mangoes, and peaches, and native sweetmeats. I thanked them in a little speech (a very little speech) in Sanskrit, then they withdrew. The pandit stayed with me for some time. Isn't it a pretty custom? . . .

'It is so pleasant in the verandah that I asked the *masalchi*, who was in the drawing-room, to bring me out a chair. He brought of course the wrong one: then as I told him again what I wanted, I noticed an unusual fragrance about him—dirty wretch as he is. One of my garlands was round his neck! I had given them to the bearer for his children (two of the timidest, sweetest little girls that one could see), but the *masalchi* —it may be that he is fond of flowers, and so has one good quality.

'I never saw before peaches of the sort the students brought to-day. "Wheel peaches" they are called. They are not much more than half an inch from stem to tip, but lie flat like little cakes.

'Every day now I seem to have a good many callers, at least half a dozen, which is many for a mere man. Most of them want something—that is why they come.[1] I intend to insist that all petitions from students shall be presented at the College. Isn't that hard-hearted? Three of the calls to-day, besides the one I told you of first, were very pleasant. One from the old Sanskrit bookseller, who is always bright, one from a professor in Amritsar,

[1] Once in the spring or summer of 1902 a Hindu came to see him at his home—a handsome person with a beautiful turban and a fine presence. When he had gone Mr. Stratton came out of the drawing-room laughing. 'The man wanted a *chit* [letter of recommendation]. I said to him, "You are an utter stranger to me—I know nothing about you or your work. Why should I give you a *chit*?" "Oh," the man said, "but I have heard that you are a very kind gentleman."'

one from Fleming. His coming made me lay aside my letter. We talked first of our arrangements for Kashmir, then somehow our conversation turned to American news. He said it made his blood boil to read of the deeds of violence, lynchings for no cause, misdeeds of strikers and the like, reported in our papers, and then perhaps alongside these talk of our mission in the Philippines and Puerto Rico. That is a subject I had always avoided in talking with him, fearing that we differed utterly. I knew that McKinley's picture hung on his wall. And yet on all these questions he feels much as I do. I am very glad, and to tell the truth think more of him for his good sense. . . .

'The readership in mathematics was held by a young Hindu, a very bright man and in every way attractive. To-day he retires from the world, gives up all thought of providing for the support of life, and gives his whole thought to religious meditation and teaching. These things have long been uppermost in his mind. He is a thoroughgoing Vedantist. In March when the examinations were going on he had some rather heavy extra work. When it was over I said to him, "You are glad the strain is over?" and was not prepared for his answer. "It makes no difference in my happiness," he said, "I am always perfectly happy." In his letter of resignation he styles himself, "Your eternal brother." . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

'LAHORE, *July* 14, 1900.

'. . . These two months have been hot. Sometimes the average temperature in the shade, day and night, has been a hundred and four; for many days together over

a hundred. Such continued heat there has not been here in many years. Now, however, it is as pleasant as one could wish. We have had three small showers and yesterday a glorious rain. The sky is clear again, after weeks when the sun was almost hidden and the wind brought only clouds of dust. Delicious coolness, too, has come: this evening the thermometer marked only eighty-one. Everything is beautifully green and fresh, and the birds—gladdened as men are—sing most happily.

'There has been much fever in the city, not a little cholera, too. I have avoided it for weeks. Here we are almost in the country. . . . Next year I expect to live at one of the hotels. Housekeeping here without some knowledge of Hindustani would be a heavy burden: after the first year we shall perhaps have our own house.

'Arnold, who is attacked by fever every year, has been at Murree since May. He is now regaining his strength, and after ten days more will probably come down to rejoin his College. Two servants went to Murree, but there are still fourteen here to look after me. Isn't it ridiculous? and I a democrat, but democracy in India is yet a long way off. . . .'

TO A. B. S.

'Lahore, *July* 19, 1900.

'. . . This has been a most happy day. All day I have been one of those who in their hearts "feel the gladness of the May." . . . I could not help feeling that it was a holiday. It was seven when I got up, and a quarter after eight before I reached the College. There I shortened the work and got away at half-past nine. The work at the office that I could not finish by eleven

I ordered the Head Clerk to send to the house. Meanwhile on the way here I laid in supplies for our trip.

'Fleming was waiting for me here, and while I took breakfast we talked about the servants we should take. Afterwards, together, we interviewed two servants, and decided that neither of them would suit. The trouble these few days is that Mr. Allen's cook has asked for what seems an unreasonable allowance, and Fleming thought we should not take him. Then Dr. Ewing's man, whom Fleming was to have, and who could cook, caught fever, and Fleming's own servant could only wait at table and look after our clothes. This evening all turned out well. We have made a satisfactory arrangement with Allen's cook, and are very glad that he is going with us.

'At one o'clock I went to the railway station to see the Allens off. They are going to England, you know, and are getting off more than a week before the close of the term. The extra week is the most precious of all. They are as visibly happy as two children. . . .

'*Saturday.*—There has been no chance yet to begin packing my books. Many things, too, for the Kashmir trip must still be bought. Almost all the food we take with us is in Fleming's room, perhaps packed now. He leaves on Monday. My room is ornamented with six aluminium cooking-pots, two large spoons, a pair of tongs, a chopper, a heavy brass pestle and mortar for grinding spices, a frying-pan—I know not what else, but many things. We want to take as little as possible, and hope that we shall not need more than eight coolies. We shall be modest, indeed, if we can move about with only eleven servants. Doesn't it sound odd? I have got a new trunk, too, one of the kind they strap on a mule's

back. A two-dollar-and-sixteen-cent trunk. Doesn't that sound like a bargain-store announcement? . . .

'*Wednesday.*—I received word this morning of the reserving of a seat for me in one [a tonga] leaving Pindi at half-past two Saturday morning. I should see the sun rise among the hills.

'And the heavy work of the office is done now, I think. I expect to have two easy days now, and opportunity for getting my belongings here in order. Since tea to-day I have been busy at them, but they look now as if they had rather been put in fresh disorder. Most of my books are packed. I find the books I wish to take unexpectedly bulky and heavy, but I must have them. Four dictionaries (Urdu and Sanskrit), two Sanskrit books to read, a history of Indian architecture, two maps, a large guide-book, and then Browning, Arnold, and Henley. I almost forgot to add Van Dyke's *Nature for Its Own Sake*.

'The stores are mounting up and are going to be tremendously heavy. Moving about as we intend to move will be expensive, but there is something in living well. The cook is even taking mint for the lamb we are to have, and all sorts of spices. High living as well as high mountains! . . .'

This little series may close with a letter from Mr. Allen, written long after Mr. Stratton's death in Gulmarg, and yet closely connected with his early work in Lahore and with his farewells to the Allens at the railway station in July 1900. It is one of the many letters of sympathy and encouragement which came to Mrs. Stratton from Longwall Cottage. The book which Mr. Stratton presented to Mrs. Allen for reading on the home voyage was a volume of Archibald Lampman's poems.

'Longwall Cottage,
Oxford, 20 *August* 1905.

'Dear Mrs. Stratton,—My recollections of your husband carry me at once to the University at Lahore. It was a continual surprise and admiration to me to see how readily and with what determination he put his shoulder under that Atlas-load of work. The intricacy and responsibility of it all were enough to tax the energies of the strongest; its machinery seemed never to stop, and yet he climbed into his seat and controlled everything at once without any difficulty. It cost him, of course, incessant labour; but he never let one see this without looking for it. He was always ready with a smile and a pleasant word; until it was difficult to realise that he was a newcomer grappling with obligations which might have made any one anxious and worried within a very short time.

'The University was in those days still very young, and there were many of us eager to help it to grow. In consequence the air was full of projects for reform, some doubtless good, others perhaps immature. Most men in his position would have pleaded for time before being asked to assist in changing the constitution he had just begun to understand; but he raised no obstacles, and his part in the work was always done.

'I remember once being cross with him because, as it seemed to me, he had not supported me as fully as I had wished in some matter under discussion, and at the end of an evening walk I called upon him at home in order to expostulate. But his frank and smiling defence of himself at once convinced me that he could not have acted otherwise than he had done. One felt that with

him duty was paramount, and that he tested all his actions by very high standards, though without any show.

'On another occasion I remember urging him to allow himself time for his own work as a scholar; but he showed very plainly that he felt his duty to his position to require all his energies until he should have mastered the initial difficulties, and only then would he allow himself to turn to what by comparison was relaxation.

'A scene which dwells with me is the Lahore Railway Station in 1900, when we were going home for the summer vacation. The Bombay mail left at 1.30, but he took the trouble to come down through the July sun to wish us good speed, bringing with him a volume of poems by a Canadian writer, which he presented to my wife, with a pretty inscription. The book stands upstairs in the room you occupied, its cover showing marks of a douche from a wave which came on board in the Red Sea whilst my wife was lying on deck with it in her hands. We spoke, as you may imagine, much of you and of his hopes for the autumn.

'These are but scanty notes, but you know well how busy a place India is; and his hours of ease were only occasional. He was with us once for a few days during the hot weather of 1900, to try to shake off an attack of fever which clung to him obstinately in his solitude after he had sent Arnold up to the hills. I well remember his goodness in tending the sick man on that occasion.'

CHAPTER VII

TO A. B. S.

'MURREE, *July* 28, 1900.

'. . . We reached Pindi shortly after two, and before three I was off in the second mail tonga, in which I had secured a seat. There was no other passenger. It was very pleasant travelling up hill and down, with frequent windings, and all the while the stars above. Before daylight came, however, clouds obscured the stars: in the early morning we came within range of the mists. The last hour of the journey we drove through a pelting rain, which in turn drove through my clothes. It had ceased when I walked up the hill to the hotel. Now the sky is quite clear except for a few light clouds gleaming white against the blue.

'. . . Abdullah, the Arnolds' servant, took away the only pair of shoes I brought, wet and muddy, soon after breakfast, and though it is after twelve he has not brought them back. Else I should now be visiting again the places where last spring . . . everything was so beautiful. There seems to be a deeper green now than before, yet that may be because my eyes have so long looked out on "khaki."[1] The air, however, pleasantly cool as it is, has given me no such sense of contrast with the hot air of the plains as it did in March.

[1] Dust-colour. The colour of the roads and unirrigated parts in and about Lahore.

'Fleming came over about half-past ten. He is visiting some friends at the other end of the station, a good half-hour's walk from here. I think I shall go over about three. He has arranged for ekkas ("*yakas*" our Urdu teacher always says) to set out on Monday for Kashmir. His servant with his goods reached Murree a full day later than he. I hope mine will not be so late: he should be here this evening. So far as my clothes go I have enough here, and all my bedding; but there are many things that he could do. You see how helpless I have become: yet remember that this is a straggling hotel, many buildings and no bells to summon servants. I am in the bachelors' row, farthest from the main building and highest on the hill. Next door is Henriques, who used to live with the Allens, and who after recovering from the fever in Simla was given an appointment here for the summer. I did not know that he was at the hotel until I saw him come into the dining-room. After breakfast we smoked and talked for some time here in the verandah where I am writing.

'Here comes Abdullah with the shoes.

'I went out with Henriques for a two-hours walk, one of my favourites in the spring. It is still very pretty: the colours not quite so fresh, I should say, but richer. We had good appetites when we came in to lunch three-quarters of an hour late. Indeed the longing one has for food seems to be one feature—perhaps not of the landscape, but of the place.

'After lunch I read for a while in Van Dyke's chapter on mountains. I wonder whether you would agree with all he says? For instance, he does not believe that mountain-climbing in any fitting way repays the labour it involves. It is not a landscape but a map one gets, and not the sense of beauty that is satisfied so much as

curiosity. We naturally look out on a level or upward, not downward. Again, seen from above, objects have no shadows, and the result is an indistinguishable mass of light—no sense of form: finally the imagination breaks down. All this I cannot believe. Do you? You will hear much, I fancy, these coming weeks of mountains and valleys and skies. . . .

'*Sunday*.—Last night I had a glorious sleep and did not wake till seven, when the servant brought the toast and tea. Sad to tell, it was almost half-past nine when I got up. The sunlight was dazzling in its brightness then, but after breakfast, while I was taking a little walk that was one of my favourites last spring, the mists gathered and rain seemed certain. After a while the sky cleared, while the valleys were still full of clouds. Then I went out again, walking leisurely and picking here and there a little flower. Almost all the flowers now are little, but some are quite intense in colour: little points, they seem, of red or blue or yellow among the green.

'With all the servants that one sees about now, the place makes the same impression as before of home likeness. The flowers are all such as one might find at home. The little flowers I have gathered I must send you another time. On the first sheet I have just now placed one, the largest, unless it be a buttercup too large and showy to be pretty. How ineffective to send little flowers to let you see what the Himalayas are like! . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'SHAHDIPUR, KASHMIR,
August 6, 1900.

'Last Monday morning we left Murree. At first our course ran almost continuously down hill for twenty-eight miles, then for ninety-nine the road lay as continuously close to the river Jhelam. Shut in by mountains, we found those days rather hot: but all the while there was the charm of the river, its swift current much like the Niagara above the Falls, its high banks rising six hundred to a thousand feet, while not far behind were the high mountains.

'Trees and wild-flowers which are strangers to the plains are found everywhere; but of all the greens the most charming was the pale green of the rice-fields, if one can use the word *pale* of a green in which there is a good deal of yellow. This constantly brightened the view. Then the clouds clinging to the mountain-sides, or drifting in the deep blue sky above, and constantly changing form and colour, were glorious.

'It was half-past two on Thursday when at Baramula we reached the end of our ekka ride. I was indeed thankful. The first day went not badly; but riding in a springless cart is not easy, and the constant shaking . . . made the last three days full of pain. It was a great relief for us to find ourselves established in our boats.

'We had four ekkas. They are very lightly built, springless carts, one-horsed. On the axle rest two long, straight limbs, meeting about three feet behind, and from there spreading out like the arms of a V to form the shafts. The meeting-point behind is low, and serves as a prop for the ekka when the horse is unhitched. In

front the shafts rise as high as the horse's head. It is a cumbrous arrangement, but seems to have the merit of balancing the load evenly. The load all comes directly above the axle. There is a space about two feet deep in front, and more than three behind, between it and the flat square of boards on which the passengers sit cross-legged or as best they can.

'As far as Islamabad perhaps (fifty miles from here) we expect to go in dungas. These are flat-bottomed boats with roof and sides formed of coarse reed matting. The screens at the sides can be rolled up, and the roof can be raised by means of poles eighteen inches or two feet above the frame-work. Screens mark off the deck in front, the dining-room, the bedroom, the bathroom, and the quarters of the boatmen behind. Our principal boat is seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide. The other in which our Urdu teacher and the servants (we have three now) sleep, and where the cooking is done, is a little shorter and narrower.

'The Ewings and some friends of theirs, the Newtons (American Presbyterian missionaries at Ferozpur) are here, and we are staying near them. We came Friday evening. Saturday morning we went into Srinagar, twelve miles away, in a little boat called a *shikāra*. Srinagar is a curious city. The river and the canals form the principal streets: one cannot go about freely unless he has a boat. I got my letters there.

'Yesterday there was a pilgrimage to the shrine of a Muhammadan saint four miles from here. Dr. Ewing, Dr. Newton, Fleming and I went in the morning. All that was said was in Kashmiri, and we could not make out the meaning. It seemed to be in part a confession of faith in the one God. Many of the responses were chanted. Relics of the saint were also shown. Altogether

one felt that there was not much difference between this and Roman Catholic worship. At six o'clock there was a Presbyterian service conducted by Dr. Ewing at one of the camps. Twenty-five of us were present, and after dinner there was singing until ten o'clock.

'This morning the sky is quite cloudy. I hope no rain will come to interfere with the excursion to Lake Manasbal which we have planned. Early to-morrow morning we intend to leave for Srinagar. There we have some business to do, but shall probably get away Wednesday morning. From Islamabad we shall walk. It will be at least five weeks, I fancy, before we return to Srinagar, and only the first two weeks—at Islamabad and Pahalgam—shall we be near post-offices. That must explain any irregularity in the arrival of my letters. . . .

'I find that I have not spoken of the beauty of the valley of Kashmir. The reason is simply that it is so far beyond description that no words of mine could give any idea of the wonderful charm of valley, mountain, sky, and water, and best of all its peace and quiet.'

TO A. B. S.

'KASHMIR, *August* 9, 1900.

'. . . We are moving on lazily. A picnic Monday afternoon at Lake Manasbal, and a little boat ride in the canal that night, with singing, brought our stay with the Ewings and the Newtons to an end. When we awoke on Tuesday morning we were some distance on the way to Srinagar. After finishing our business we got away at about five that evening from the city. A moonlit walk to an old temple[1] half buried in the tank

[1] Pandrathan.

that surrounds it gave the busy (and at times perplexing) day a quiet end.

'Yesterday we poked into all sorts of corners in a village on the way—Pampur—while one of the servants made the best terms he could for some bread we wanted, seeing that from this point on till we return to Srinagar, after five weeks, we can get no fresh bread. In the evening we walked for five hours over what the guide-book very questionably calls "a good road" to see the little temple at Payech. This morning we spent an hour or more among the ruins of two temples[1] that a thousand years ago must have been splendid. . . .

'Ashmakam, *August* 12. . . . Fleming and I became much attached to our boat and the life on the river. We delayed a whole day in Islamabad, and thought as we came away yesterday morning that our discomforts would begin. However, when we reached here last night our camp was pitched and everything in order, and within a few minutes we were sitting at dinner. And such a dinner! Our cook certainly knows how to satisfy us, and more than satisfy. Every day we congratulate ourselves on having him; and the other servant, whose will we thought at first would be too strong for him, works with him as well as one could wish.

'Friday afternoon we had a pleasant walk to Achibal, six miles from Islamabad. There is a garden there built for Jehangir in the usual Mogul style, a square tank with an arbour in the centre, another of the same sort higher, again a third—very formal—yet gaining from the constant flow of water no little charm.

'Yesterday's pleasures were rich and varied. The

[1] At Avantipur.

landscape as one walks along the roads constantly changes. It may be a snow-capped peak, or the sunlight falling as through a netting on the mountain-sides and yielding the most beautiful shades of green, perhaps the greens and browns of the cultivated fields, or the glorious shade of great chenar and walnut trees, but everywhere there [are] peculiar charms. The running water is always present, and always in harmony with the surroundings.

'We visited the temple at Martand, worthy surely of a place among the great buildings of antiquity. Breakfasted in a beautiful grove two miles beyond, and when we left two hours later, lingered to examine an old cave temple. Very different from our zeal in this regard was the eagerness with which we filled ourselves with mulberries and bramble-berries.

'*Tuesday night.*—Two days have passed since I wrote. Yesterday we walked here [to Pahalgam], and are encamped now in a pine grove among I do not know how many camps. We hope to leave to-morrow morning for our trip to Amarnath, the place where every August Hindus from all parts, even the south of India, come in thousands to see for once in their lives what they believe to be the manifestation of Çiva in the ice within the cave. We are now seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea: before reaching Amarnath we must ascend to fifteen thousand feet. There we shall surely find the cold of a Canadian winter, and in August!

'The little trip, which we shall make with as few encumbrances as possible (there will be only ten coolies), requires a good deal of preparation. You will understand then my writing little. I want to make sure of the letter going in time, and when we return it might be too late for this week's mail. . . . A heavy rain fell

yesterday just after we arrived. Fortunately we found shelter while our tent was going up. Again this evening it came on as we were sitting before our tent—a pleasant rain which you, too, from under cover would enjoy. You would enjoy the mountains, too, that seem to rise close before us, and the roaring river that intervenes. . . .'

There is a break in the following letter to Prof. Broomfield, the fragment beginning 'From Amarnath we went to Pahalgam' belonging to that part of it which was written in Srinagar on the 9th of September. It is given place here, however, in order that the details of the journey toward Amarnath may come in their natural order.

'ASHMAKAM, KASHMIR, *Aug.* 12, 1900.

'DEAR DR. BLOOMFIELD,—Even here papers from the office follow me, yet not many, and in my heart I can "keep holiday." You have read many descriptions of Kashmir: I am not going to add one to them. In Lahore I thought I should tell my friends of the beauties of the valley, but the first sight of it drove away any such thought. It is so far beyond any words I could find to describe it, that, try as I might, I could give no idea of it. The charm of the place is so varied, so unfailing, that one can scarcely say what feature gives him most pleasure.

'My companion on the trip is a Forman College man. He is not a Sanskritist, but is very much interested in the things we see, and is a most agreeable companion. We came by ekka from Murree to Baramula, and there took dungas to Islamabad, which we left yesterday morning. We expect to reach Pahalgam to-morrow, and from there to make a run up to Amarnath, where unfortunately we shall be too late for

the great pilgrimage: to-morrow we are likely to meet the crowds returning to the valley. From Pahalgam again we shall go north over Kolahoi and down into the Sindh valley, spending a few days on Sonamarg if the rains hold off. After that we shall settle down in the neighbourhood of Srinagar.

'Our way has led us to the neighbourhood of several ancient buildings. First came the temple at Bhuniyar, dedicated to Bhavani but containing (I am pretty sure of this) only lingas, and said by the people we met there to be for the worship of Çiva. At Bij Behara, linga and yoni are in some instances combined, but I saw offerings only on the lingas. On the other hand, in the cave temple near Bawan (if I may believe the pandit with whom I talked) worshippers first offer flowers on the linga in the innermost part of the temple, and then put green leaves on the yoni in the large hall.

'This cave temple was most interesting: a doorway in the face of the rock, well cut, and having above it the usual trefoil within the triangle, and figured panels at the sides; the cave inside with a roof inclining very much like the roof of a Gothic cathedral, for the seams of rock run at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and then break off suddenly; higher up, approached by a flight of steps, what seems at first to be a high altar, but on closer view is seen to be the front of a little temple, not cut out with care on the other side, nor elaborate inside, although the lotus flower crowns the dome—if one might use the word "dome" of what is really four-sided. I did not think at the time of looking carefully at the structure of this miniature temple. My impression afterwards was that it was cut out of solid rock; Fleming, however, says that it was built of separate stones.

'We went out to the little temple at Payech, saw the ruins of the grander buildings at Avantipur, and yesterday spent some time at Martand. The little temple at Pandrathan (*Purāṇādhiṣṭhāna*[1]) we could view only from the edge of the tank. Much of the building is covered by the water. [Of the temple] at Lake Manasbal only the roof is in sight.

'In all these things I am the veriest tiro; yet the actual sight of the monuments is of great service to me. The pandits one meets near them cannot help one either in learning the age of the buildings ("*bahut purāṇa*"[2] is all that they can say), nor in determining the significance of the details. A curious instance of this was when a pandit at Bij Behara said that the waving line on the linga was the *yajñopavīta*.[3] There and at Payech the line was cut into the stone. At Bawan, however, it was distinctly a swelling above the surface, which could leave no doubt that a more realistic representation of the linga was made. The pandit, however, said it was a *nāga* [serpent], and when I said "*Çesa?*"[4] he answered "Yes." So far I have noticed the line on only three—the largest I have seen—but I should not like to say that it is not found on the others: my impression only is that it is not. In not a few instances the lower part of the linga has been eight-sided. Has this anything to do with the eight forms of Çiva? And why, on one, were there in this part some thirty-five upright lines cut through, not deeply, into the stone? Here Fleming thinks that there were thirty-five planes: my impression is that the surfaces were curved. In either case the intention may have been only ornamental. When I get

[1] The old capital. [2] Very old. [3] Holy cord.

[4] 'The king of the snakes that inhabit the infernal regions. He is couch and canopy of Vishnu, who reposes on him, and on one of his thousand heads the world rests.'

back to books (I have with me only Ferguson) I must try to learn something about these things.

'Fleming and I both want to learn this summer a good deal more Urdu than we can now use. We have with us one of the teachers of the Oriental College, but travelling is not favourable to the hard work involved in the task. When we settle down in Srinagar I hope to have regular hours for both Urdu and Sanskrit. . . .

'From Ashmakam we went to Pahalgam, a most attractive place, with a roaring river, and with mountains towering all round, and stayed there two days. Then taking only the things we needed (no books of any sort), we set out with coolies for Amarnath. Heavy rains (which we learned afterward caused the river at Srinagar to rise twenty feet) came on us. Indeed it was raining when we started. In the higher ranges there was fresh snow. We could not, on account of the rain, make the second stage, as we had hoped, the first day. Next day the rain poured down, and we could not leave our tents. The coolies refused to go on, declaring that they would surely die from exposure. (Kashmiris are quite willing to call themselves cowards—and liars, which is rather strong.) The third day we gave up hope of seeing Amarnath, but after taking tea and toast, set out without provisions or bedding, determined to see Shesh Nag. We reached it—a beautiful lake, with steep sides, and water of a green so mixed with white as to suggest the snows from which the streams flow. . . . Encouraged, we pushed on six miles, until at 14,000 feet we reached the ridge dividing the Sindh valley from the Jhelam. There facing us, five miles away, was the Amarnath mountain. It was impossible to go on. The road—eleven miles—was difficult, and we returned to our camp two thousand feet below. Twenty-one miles' climbing before breakfast tired us but we were thoroughly glad we made the march.'

The next letter was begun in Bij Behara and finished in the beautiful Nasim Bagh, a grove of chinar-trees which lies on the edge of the Dhal Lake about five miles to the north of Srinagar. From there it is commonly a full two hours' journey, the little boats much of the way threading narrow, winding canals, or passing between great beds of lotus lilies. Both the Bagh and the approaches to it are beautiful beyond words. It was here that Mr. Stratton camped for a time in 1900, and again in 1901, and it is a spot that he loved perhaps better than any other. Unfortunately there is no photograph available which does it justice, but there is a good description of the views from the Bagh in Walter R. Lawrence's *The Valley of Kashmir*:[1]—

'Perhaps in the whole world there is no corner so pleasant as the Dal Lake. If one looks at the mountains, the shapes and shadows are wonderful in their boldness; citywards from the lake stands the famous hill, the Takht-i-Suliman, to the left; and to the right the hill of Hari-Parbat, with its picturesque fort full of recollections of the grandeur of past times. Between these hills lies Srinagar, and away to the west are the snow-capped mountains of Kashmir. The water of the Dal is clear and soft as silk, and the people say that the shawls of Kashmir owe much of their excellence to being washed in the soft waters of the lake. Those who can afford to fetch a good drinking-water will go to Gagribal, the south-east quarter of the Dal, and will eschew in cholera times the polluted liquid of the Jhelum. Nature has done much for the Dal, but the Mughal emperors have in their time nobly exerted themselves to enhance the natural beauties of the lake, and though the terraced gardens of Jehangir and Shah Jehan, with the prim rows

[1] Chapter ii., pp. 21, 22.

of cypress through which formal cascades tumble down to the edge of the Dal, may not please the European landscape gardener, the magnificent plane-trees, which the great Mughals bequeathed to posterity, have added a distinctive charm to the lovely Dal Lake, the lake *par excellence* of Kashmir. The park of plane-trees known as the Nasim Bagh, the garden of breezes, which was planted in Akbar's time, is the most beautiful of all the pleasure places of the royal gardeners of old times.'

TO MISS GRACE

'Bij Behara, *Aug.* 27, 1900.

' . . . This pleasant valley (for in describing it, too, adjectives fail, and I don't wish to use only superlatives) would surely gladden any one whose eyes are open. I have seen nothing to compare with it. Two people I have met care more for Switzerland, which they saw first, but only two. Perhaps that will show you how beautiful Kashmir really is. I used to wonder that people so unlike spoke of it with the same enthusiasm: now I can understand. When, after driving for a hundred miles beside a dashing, roaring river, we put out from Baramula in our boats, and, lying lazily under the awning, saw blue sky and clouds and mountains reflected in the clear, still water, a sense of perfect satisfaction came over us, and we could not have thought it possible to find anything to compare with it. Now it is only one of many pictures: the rice-fields with their wealth of deep green and rich brown; the sunlight toward evening falling perhaps through mists upon the mountain-sides, and bringing out the most delicate shades of pale green; the mountains rising almost vertically from one's feet; the dazzling brightness of the snows . . . the glorious rush of water down the rocks;

the gentle stream . . . that goes with one beside the road he takes . . . all are perfect and wholly satisfying.

'*September* 9.—Almost two weeks have passed since I wrote these five pages. We left that day for Srinagar, and arriving next day, put in four days at the quarantine station. So we have been here in the Nasim Bagh only eight days. Busy days, too, they have been, with Urdu all morning and Sanskrit all afternoon. Two days, however, we spent in town, giving up work entirely. But so little time is there for anything but study (how different from Lahore!) that for the present I must give up hope of finishing this letter. It must remain a fragment. . . .

'Next time I shall tell you of Srinagar. You would enjoy it—the quaintness of the place, the lively river, the beautiful wares the people make, and, all about, the wonderful hills. But it deserves a letter to itself, and you deserve to hear as fully as I can tell of it. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'[The Nasim Bagh], *Sept.* 9, 1900.

'. . . We are encamped in a grove of fine chinar-trees, where there is always a good shade and usually a pleasant breeze. Before us lies the lake, then a bright stretch of green, widening into a valley at the left, is backed by the mountains. It is a good place for work; and if one's eyes are tired of reading, valley and lake and mountains rest them.

'Every morning Fleming and I read Urdu with the Maulvi for about four hours and a half. About as much time in the afternoon I give to Sanskrit, although the pandit,[1] who is a teacher in the Maharajah's State High

[1] Pandit Nityānand, Shastri, with whom Mr. Stratton also worked the following summer.

School, comes out only for an hour. This morning we have given the Maulvi a holiday, and are spending the time in writing.

'I am reading the *Kirātārjunīya*. The pandit is a good teacher, although I like our own Durgādatta better. His pronunciation is not so different from the pronunciation of the plains as I had supposed it would be. He is exceptional, I hear, among Kashmiris. Still a confusion of *ī* and *e*, *ū* and *o*, and a tendency to umlaut whenever *a* is followed by a syllable containing *i* or *y* makes misunderstandings sometimes excusable. Besides he talks very rapidly; but that is perhaps good for me, although the contrast of my slowness and hesitation is discouraging.

'I have met one other pandit[1] with whom Grierson used to work. Others I hope to see.

'There will scarcely be an opportunity this year for taking in hand a piece of work that Dr. Stein suggested. In any case it would take long to finish. It is the taking down of the kalpa of the kāṭhakas preserved here by oral tradition—a very useful piece of work it seems to me, and one that I should much like to do. I shall of course make inquiries regarding it, and do what seems best. Next year I can be making some preparations for it. When will von Schroeder's *Kāṭhaka* be ready?

'You know I have not been able yet to find time for daily work which would justify my employing a pandit regularly. I shall make every effort to arrange for that this winter. Benares seems to be the place from which to get a man, for I shall want particularly a man versed in the Vedānta.

'The most important news I have to send—and the most interesting, Mrs. Bloomfield will say, I am sure—

[1] Pandit Mukund Ram, Shastri, who assisted Mr. Stratton in Lahore in 1901-2.

I have kept till now. You guess what it is? That I am to be married soon. . . . On the way north I hope that we shall see something of Ahmadabad, Jaypur, Agra, Mathura, and Delhi. We shall live in the Charing Cross Hotel. I am buying here many little things to furnish our rooms. All sorts of things are obtainable: wood-carving, silver, and embroideries are particularly good. Some old bits of brass, too, from across the mountains I am picking up.

'Now comes the *khidmatgār*, a stout, determined old man of the military sort, to set the table for breakfast. It is idle to think of holding the table against him, so my letter must end. I hope soon to receive the *Paippalāda*,[1] and shall be glad to hear whatever you will tell me of your impressions of Chicago.'

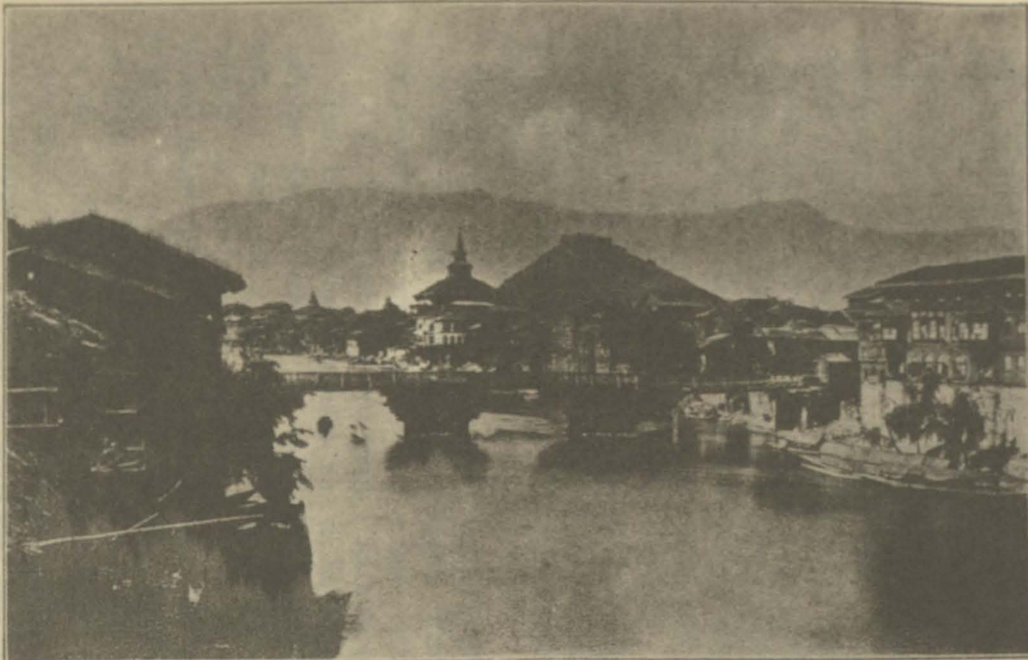
TO A. B. S.

'Srinagar, [*September* 6], 1900.

'You know I wish to write every day. Yet two days have gone by and not a word. And this is how it happened. We have a sort of time-table: about six we get up, from seven to half-past eleven (with a few minutes' interval for "putting the stone") we read Hindustani with the Maulvi, at twelve comes breakfast, after which I read Sanskrit in preparation for the pandit's coming at four. Sometimes he is late, and it is six o'clock before I am free: then a little exercise. After dinner it is dark, and our lanterns are not of much use. . . .

'I have not told you of the city. Picturesque it certainly is. The river winds its way in and out, and there

[1] The Kashmirian *Atharva-Veda*, which was reproduced from the manuscript in the University Library at Tübingen, and edited by Professor Bloomfield and Professor Garbe.



Srinagar from the Third Bridge.

are canals on both sides, so visitors at least make their way about chiefly in boats. They are little flat-bottomed boats, pointed at both ends, an awning over the centre where one can sit comfortably, while the paddlers with heart-shaped paddles sit ahead and astern. They look very pretty gliding over the water. On the banks men and women, bending over large flat stones, are washing clothes ; younger girls, perhaps, bring down the dishes from the houses to wash them in the river ; and the little boys and girls splashing about in it have a merry time. The houses, too, above the banks—strongly reminding one of the West—are often quaintly built, and age so rapidly that the city seems quite old. Old it is, too, but there is nothing in it ancient as things are at Rome. The Muhammadans here, as elsewhere, left few buildings of the Hindus, and their own, largely built of wood, were not well fitted for surviving. . . .

'More embroidery to-day : a cloth for the tea-table—Irish linen worked in two shades of blue. There is a great abundance of pretty things. It is hard not to buy. . . . Two little pieces of old brass I have bought : a vase from Dras, across the mountains in Kashmir, and a coffee-pot from Yarkand. I think that you will like them. I may get a few more. Such things are becoming rarer and dearer every year. One or two of Millais' larger photographs I should like to have to decorate our rooms. Perhaps I told you something of him at the time I read Neve's *Picturesque Kashmir*. He is a son of Sir John Millais, and inherits his father's artistic sense, which he lavishes on photography. He is willing to spend any length of time, they say, in order to secure just the light and atmosphere he wants, and one who sees his work can well believe it.

'Khuda Bakhsh says that he is going to set the table.

He was late several times, and Fleming ordered him always to make it ready half an hour before meal-time. He has done so, and we have submitted to the discomfort for order's sake. . . .'

The manuscript referred to in the following letter to the Pandit Hirananda, Mr. Stratton's first M.A. student in Lahore, was an English translation, with notes, of the Sanskrit drama, the *Mṛcchakaṭika* (Toy Cart), which Hirananda had undertaken and which he wished to dedicate to his teacher. The way in which Mr. Stratton received this proposal was characteristic, and is explained in the Pandit's own words:—

'He was, you know, a true scholar, entirely regardless of show. I fancy it was this which made him say, "I shall see about dedication, etc." On account of his kindness to me he could not give me a flat refusal.'

The difficulties about gambling[1] and music[2] which are alluded to, relate to technical terms in the play which have been interpreted differently by different commentators.

'Srinagar, *Sept.* 9, 1900.

'Dear Hirananda,—Your letter followed me about from place to place too late to find me, from Srinagar to Pahalgam and back, then to Bij Behara and back again.

'I am settled now in the Nasim Bagh, and expect to remain here until the end of the month. Every morning Fleming and I read Urdu with Muhammad Shu'aib: in the afternoon Pandit Nityanand comes out from Srinagar.

'I am glad to hear that you have found life pleasant at Lahore, and that you have been able to make good progress in your work. I shall be glad to look over your

[1] *Mṛcchakaṭika*, Act II., verse 9. [2] The same, Act III., verse 5.

manuscript and to give you any help I can. References that will clear up the difficulties about gambling and music you can surely find. If you do not succeed before I return, I think I can put you in the way of them. Here of course I cannot. I think there I shall be better able to review the MS. too. Here, with about nine hours' reading a day (less than it should be), I seem to find time for nothing else.

'I very much appreciate the thought that prompted the dedicating of the book to me. But you must not decide that now. In any case you must do your very best, knowing that your book will be used not only in India but in Europe and America. And in any case what little help I can give you will be given gladly.'

TO A. B. S.

'On the way to Wangat,
Sept. 18, 1900.

'. . . No letter written Sunday, none yesterday. The reason you must know. On the march I was in good health, but the heat of Srinagar, or the lack of exercise, or the nine hours of daily study, told on me, and recently I have been wretched. So Sunday morning I went to the city and saw Dr. Neve. He gave me a tonic, and advised me to leave Srinagar as soon as possible for higher ground. Fleming agreed, and yesterday we started. Most of our belongings were packed up when we left at nine o'clock for the city. There was much to do there, and it was five when we returned. About a quarter of six, after having a cup of tea at the Veltes', we set out on our eight-mile tramp [to Gandharbal]. It cannot have been really eight miles, for we reached our camp in ten minutes less than two hours. The whole

walk we enjoyed, but best of all was to find everything in the best of order. The wooden chairs were never so soft before, dinner was never so much to our taste.

'Every change seems to please us. After riding four days in ekkas, the dungas were welcome almost beyond telling; but we were glad to give them up for the pleasures of the march up the Liddar. The evening we came down from Bij Behara, and from our little boats watched the clear stars and saw their almost perfect reflection all about us, the old charm came over us. The city, too, and the settled life in the Nasim Bagh had their charms. So we do not lack pleasure. . . .

'*Wednesday*. . . . We had some interesting experiences when we turned aside from the Sindh valley to come here to Wangat. All afternoon the sky was threatening, but rain held off until sunset. With the darkness it came on. We were on an unknown road, or rather mountain path, and, so far as we could learn, four or five miles from our camping-ground. It was useless to think of going on. Food we had, if a fire could be lit, and tents, if tent-poles were only at hand; but these were with the coolies, miles below. Fleming found a log of pine which we two managed to place above the branches of two trees, and over it we threw one of the tents. There we gathered the things that would suffer the most from rain; and keeping our feet as far as possible out of the stream of water that poured through our tent, we managed to pass the time until the rain stopped (about ten), making a good dinner of walnuts, fruit-cake, and raw peaches. There was no hope of finding a camping-place that night, and our beds were quite wet. Accordingly Fleming suggested our going on to the next village, said to be half a mile further on. The coolies said the way was dangerous; so we went back

for two or three miles to a house we had passed—Fleming, the Maulvi, and I, and a pony to carry our bedding. We found accommodation there. If you know the sinister use of the word when it applies to "accommodation" trains, you will understand what sort of place we lay down in. Below us were horses and cattle. We were at the head of the stairs on a good-sized landing. To my left was the kitchen, where the chickens also roosted. The dirt of the place I cannot describe, but it was dry, which was perhaps what we most needed. I may have slept an hour : fleas were busy with me all night, and bites and scratches pretty well covered my feet and arms before morning. However, we were—and are—glad of the shelter, and the experience has its interest.

'*Thursday.*—Yesterday afternoon we walked out two or three miles to a place where seventeen old temples stand. Thirteen miles farther on, and five thousand feet higher, is a lake, Gangabal, to which pilgrimages are still made, and it is supposed that these little temples were erected as thank-offerings by returning pilgrims. They are all of the same style : square and fairly high, with a steep roof, and decorated with a trefoil arch and a triangle above. In one place are the foundations of a building which appears to have been constructed like a Greek temple, with a colonnade. It is much larger—scarcely less than seventy feet by a hundred.

'We are learning a good deal and many things about travelling, and I am glad to have had the experience before your coming. I hope that in this way you will be saved many inconveniences. . . .

'My plans for the week or more are not all certain. I expect, however, to see Srinagar again and get together the things I have ordered. I should like to spend some

days in the bracing mountain air which has done me much good this week, but it seems impracticable. . . .

'Gandharbal, *Friday evening*. . . . We came down from Wangat to-day, and before looking at the camping-ground Fleming and I walked to the post-office, a mile farther on. When we had got our letters we sat down on the brow of the hill facing westward, where the sun sent out a glow that I have never seen equalled. . . . Fleming and I separate to-morrow, and we have been settling our accounts and dividing stores and dishes. . . . Now that there can be no message requiring answer, I think that I should go over the Pir Panjal pass. The marching is good for me. I have been ever so much better this week than I was in Srinagar, and I shall take every care not to take fever. Really there seems to be no need of it. The Allens went out that way last year, the Ewings this, and without harm. One only has to be careful. . . . But remember that I am passing through the grandest parts of the whole of Kashmir. . . .'

'Shupiyon, *Wednesday* [*Sept.* 26], 1900.

'. . . Now the news of these two days. Yesterday morning there was not much to get ready; only the bedding, for I had slept in the [dak] bungalow, and the tents were packed, and I expected that while I went to the telegraph office to send you a little message the men would have all the baggage put on the horses. When I came back—well, nothing had gone wrong, for everything was just as I had left it. It was nearly half-past seven then. Half our things were adjusted when other ponies came, and the message that those sent first had come by mistake. The men refused to change the burdens, and we set out with the first horses, only to be stopped on the way and compelled to change. It was

late when we got out of Srinagar. During the day the heat was very great and I was glad that I was riding. It was a good horse, too, and a good saddle.

'We stopped at noon for a little more than two hours, and reached the end of the stage (eighteen miles) at four. The camping-ground was very pleasant. There was a fine view of the snows on Haramukh. . . . This little flower (is it the true forget-me-not?) caught my attention as I turned for a moment from your pages. I pressed it in the leaves of your letter, "giving it a hope that there it might not withered be." . . . Dr. Ewing wrote on his way into India that the wild-flowers on the mountains were beautiful. You shall see and judge. The mountains certainly are beautiful. The snows are wonderfully bright—like silver, the Maulvi says; to me they seem to have a tinge of blue which shifts to green. . . .'

'Hirpur, *Sept.* 27, 1900.

'. . . You with your great record every day will smile at the eight miles we made to-day. It is a full stage. We intended to go half-way to the next, but rain came on. Our tents and beds were getting wet and the road slippery. We might easily have made the remaining six miles and come to Sukh Serai ("*sukh*" means bliss), but to arrive wet through and stand idle in one's wet clothing is not a good ending to a day's tramp. So we are here in an entirely neglected serai. Not much remains of the outer walls; but the main building, if dirty, keeps out the rain. We are in the upper part, a room fifty feet long, fifteen wide, with five low windows that pretty effectually keep out the light unless in Oriental fashion one sits on the floor. Dr. Ewing was here three weeks ago. I must ask Mrs. Ewing what she thought of the sweeping the men gave the room. They

said to-day that they would make it *bahut sāf* (very clean). To be sure they did throw out the hay, but the dirt remains in long streaks on the clay floor.

'Do you like climbing? In Chicago, you know, there are only stairs to climb. We have never seen the hills together. If you really enjoy it we may sometime come by this way: perhaps stop in this old serai.

'Watches are rare in these parts. The Maulvi has one, but for several days it has been out of order. Mine surprised me just now by showing the same time as when I last looked at it—half-past twelve. I seem not to have wound it last night. At random I set it at four o'clock. To-morrow morning when the cook calls me it will be safe to say that it is six. How he tells the time I cannot imagine. After four or five days we shall come again to a land of clocks and watches, which is to say that there will be one in a village. Here certainly there is not.

'As I smoked after lunch I watched the coolies making grass-shoes for their use and ours. They brought some rope and rice-straw to make more. They are very clever in twisting it: perhaps no wonder, since little children of five and six are often to be seen working in that way. They hold the rope between the great toe and the second toe of the left foot, and twist or weave. They work rapidly, too. When the shoes are made they cost half a cent a pair. Many of the coolie class, who are here small farmers, never wear any other sort.

'Most of the time these two months I have been wearing Kashmir leather shoes with leather socks. The shoes cost forty-eight cents a pair, which is about double what an Indian—the Maulvi, for instance, and he has the dignity of a college professor—would pay for them. Does not that beat the bargain stores? No bargain stores in India . . . no weekly announcements. I fear

that you will be much disappointed in the Lahore shops, but you must remember that the English residents for whom they exist are few. . . .

'Aliabad, *Friday*. . . . Last night I looked out of the little windows of the serai and saw with pleasure that the sky was clear. So I went back to pleasant sleep. The day has been perfect, the sky almost cloudless, the wind such as one finds on Lake Ontario or Lake Michigan on a day in summer when the water is nicely stirred, or in the city perhaps in early spring when a touch of winter lingers in it. This part of Kashmir is commonly thought to be the best of all. The mountains, with their great masses of pines and their summits crowned with snow, are certainly, as Dr. Ewing said, "grand," better than anything I have seen at the same height, and yet I think not equal to the higher reaches of the Liddar valley. We climbed then to fourteen thousand feet, and could look down on the starting-points of two valleys, the Liddar and the Sindh. Now we are not much above ten thousand. Besides the road is so much easier than the one we toiled up on the way to Amarnath: perhaps the effort that trip demanded made us more appreciative. And yet remember I have thoroughly enjoyed the day.

'Some of the flowers I found to-day are wholly new to me. The most interesting is one about an inch and a quarter square—and *square*: there are many of the same sort, pentagonal. Many of those I plucked have pressed very poorly. I had nothing to put them into except my little guide-book, and some of them stuck to the printed pages. . . .

'I have been wondering whether on your way from Glasgow to Liverpool you will be able to see anything of the Lake Country. One ought to visit it in the early

summer, I believe: later the mists and rains are heavy. Three days for the British Isles! I cannot say yet, as you said of me, "What a good Britisher you are!" And yet you see what is before you. Perhaps some day we shall both be legally, as we are in heart, good Americans.

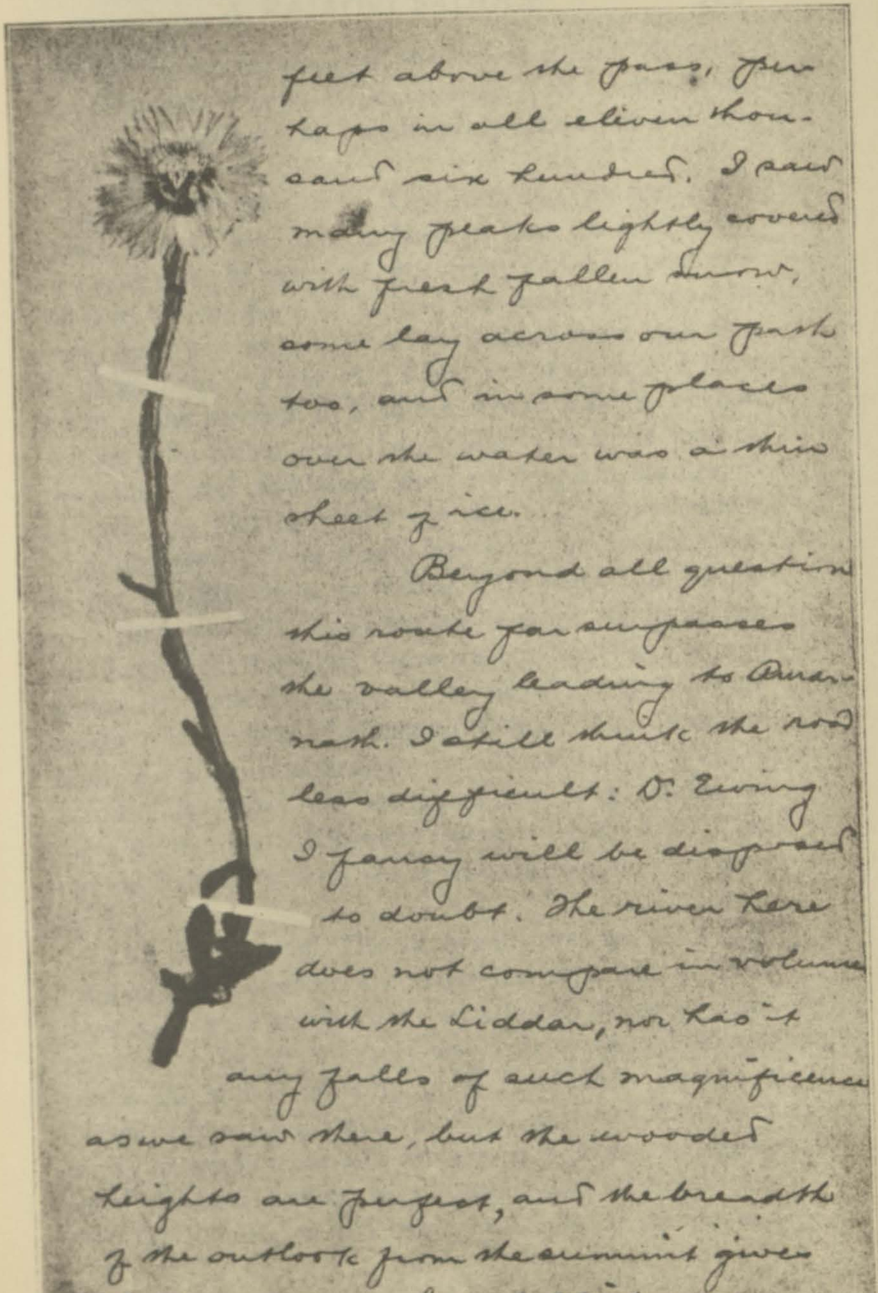
'Now the darkness has come on. I must be hid from you among the mountains, but the picture of you in the warm sunshine grows brighter for the contrast. I pray that your whole life may be in sunshine.

'Baramgalla, *Saturday*.—The day's flower. Over the page again. You will see where the day's march has led me. The little flower comes from the highest point I reached, about two hundred feet above the pass, perhaps in all eleven thousand six hundred. I saw many peaks lightly covered with fresh-fallen snow; some lay across our path, too, and in some places over the water was a thin sheet of ice.

'Beyond all question this route far surpasses the valley leading to Amarnath. I still think the road less difficult: Dr. Ewing, I fancy, will be disposed to doubt. The river here does not compare in volume with the Liddar, nor has it any falls of such magnificence as we saw there, but the wooded heights are perfect, and the breadth of the outlook from the summit gives the pass a grandeur all its own.

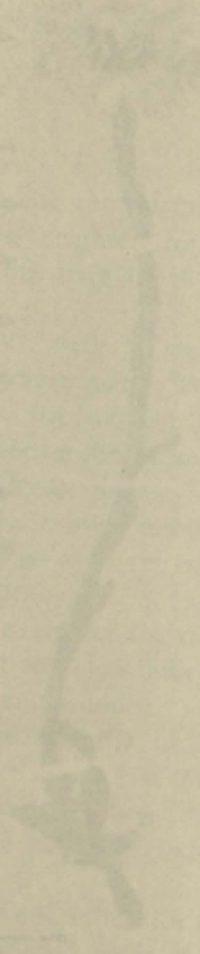
'We came two stages to-day, twenty-one miles, for the most part descending. I think that I should set it down as the fullest of natural beauty of all days I can remember. How I longed for a camera to carry a suggestion of it to you! I cannot attempt to describe it. . . .

'*Sunday*.—We were not much less than seven hours in making the ten miles from Baramgalla here to Thanna



feet above the pass, perhaps in all eleven thousand six hundred. I saw many peaks lightly covered with fresh fallen snow, some lay across our path too, and in some places over the water was a thin sheet of ice.

Beyond all question this route far surpasses the valley leading to Amarnath. I still think the road less difficult: Dr. Ewing I fancy will be disposed to doubt. The river here does not compare in volume with the Liddar, nor has it any falls of such magnificence as we saw there, but the wooded heights are perfect, and the breadth of the outlook from the summit gives the pass a grandeur all its own.



Mandi. First a long ascent, then a yet greater descent, and all the way stones, stones, stones. Oh ! I am tired, tired out. To-morrow I shall surely take a horse if one can be had. . . .

'Rajaori, *Monday*. . . . This morning we had fresh ponies, and the men took at least an hour to load them. It was after eight when we got away, and half-past two when we arrived here. The road was fairly level, too, but very stony, and we could not make much more than two miles an hour. I was glad I was not walking. I have taken ponies through to Bhimber, five days in all. When I asked for a riding pony the *tahkidar* (the chief man of the village) said that there were no English saddles to be had, but that he would get me a Kashmiri saddle from the bazar. You should see what he brought me. It was a saddle once, no doubt, but years ago. Now only parts are left. The leather is worn off in places, and rusty tacks stick out above the surface. The stirrup on the left side was long, on the right short, and there seems to be no way of changing them. The reins and bridle are of cord such as we should use for tying heavy parcels. But they are worthy of the pony. Even so, there are many advantages in riding. Most of all I am pleased at being able to see at ease the country we pass through.

'The bungalow at Thanna Mandi was set on a high bank close to the river, and from the verandah in front there was a very pretty view. I was much pleased. This, however, is better in every way. It is an old Mogul rest-house, and is in fairly good condition. Behind it and on both sides is a garden of the approved style, with plenty of shade trees and flowers, and down the centre stone channels leading to a square tank. Across the river lies Rajaori, an old town, well-built, I should say,

and suggesting to one an old baronial stronghold and its surroundings.

'Changas Serai, *Tuesday*. . . . Yesterday's mail brought me a letter from Sykes "full of good wishes." He wrote me on his wedding day. That he found time for me after the ceremony proves how good a friend he is. I have no fear that I shall lose him. . . .

'You will smile when Fleming tells you of how I was taken this summer for a clergyman. He has several tales of that sort, and I can add one—from the last day in Srinagar—to his collection. To-day, too, an old woman as I rode by besought the "padre" for bakhshish. And my face is not smooth-shaven now, but bears a nine days' growth. . . .

'The sun has gone down behind the hills on the west. Not a cloud to be seen except those that gather about the distant snow-capped mountains. A quiet sunset, but peaceful, restful. . . . Yesterday, riding all the way, I gathered no flowers; only a fern which proves to be too large for this small paper. A flower I plucked this morning in the garden at Rajaori . . . brightens one page and tells of "roses, roses." It has lain within your letter all day. However it looks when it reaches you, now it is beautiful.

'Saidabad. . . . The other day I told you of snow and ice. Now, on the low hills and in the valleys, grow cactuses, acacias, palms: the sweet scent of the jasmine from the bushes near by more and more often brings to mind the thought of India. The Maulvi last night brought me some jasmine blossoms. . . .

'The Maulvi often asks these days, "Are you writing a letter?" "Yes," I say; "I have many to write." . . . If he could see this paper he would surely say, "I think you call this flower-paper." He guesses everything, and

then says "I think" or "of course." But he is a splendid fellow. Every one likes him, even his Urdu pupils whom he cannot induce to give some time every day to work, and even strict Hindus—with them indeed he is a special favourite, perhaps because he is much more liberal than many of his religion. . . .

'*Sunday* [*October* 7].—Here I am, here in Lahore. . . . How did I happen to come? You know how fully I enjoyed Kashmir. Yet when we set out from Bhimber across the plains, and the whole sky revealed itself, and trees stood out in marvellous clearness in the uninterrupted light, and, walking, one felt one might go on and on with nothing to impede—somehow the fever of the plains took hold of me, and in my heart was a deep-seated gladness that I was again in the Panjab. It was a beautiful drive—not a cloud to dim the moonlight. It was after one when we reached the dak-bungalow at Gujrat.

'Yesterday morning a large package of letters and papers awaited me. They sent a man from the post-office to carry them for me. Some of the papers had been sent to Srinagar just too late. Then the desire to be at work came over me, and as I thought of all that must be done these two weeks I knew that it was proper to return. I telegraphed to the office, and when I reached Lahore everything was put into these rooms, and there were men to meet me both at the station and here. . . .

'One thing I must tell you. . . . You will not be superstitious? The little four-leafed clover for me—as I was reading tea was brought in, and I moved over beside the table, and then I missed the leaf. Everywhere I looked for it carefully, the whole floor, the chairs and tables, every pocket and every envelope I carried (and I

have looked to-day, too), but found it nowhere. Then I prayed that nothing I should do or fail to do, no act or thoughtlessness of mine, might ever sadden you or give you pain. And so I do pray. In the power of that prayer I believe. It was the one intended for me apart from you that was lost. So far as my good fortune in that regard goes, I ask for none, and yours is safe. But it came from you, and so I grieve, and a touch of sadness comes into all the day. . . .

'Will you call this a book? The tenth sheet already. Last letter and longest, then those others "lived but left unwritten—the best of all." . . .'

CHAPTER VIII

On October 7, 1900, Mr. Stratton returned to Lahore from Kashmir, having shortened his regular vacation by one week. In spite of an attack of fever in Srinagar, and a slighter one at Saidabad, he was in fine condition and well built up by the outdoor life of the summer. The desire to be at work possessed him on reaching Gujrat, and he decided to forgo the week at Peshawar. At Lahore he went into rooms at the Charing Cross Hotel, at the other end of the station from his former residence, and near to the Abbott Road bungalow which was his home later.

Although the office work had been kept up all summer, his correspondence following him from place to place in Kashmir, there was more or less of accumulated matter to dispose of, and this with the opening of College on the 15th gave him a large amount of heavy work into which he threw himself with his usual vigour.

On November 6 of this year he was married to Miss Anna Booth Simms, fourth daughter of William Montgomery and Sarah Knox Simms, of Decatur, Illinois, U.S.A. After the death of her parents Miss Simms had gone to Chicago to study in the University, and it was there the couple met and formed a lasting attachment.

Miss Simms reached Bombay by the steamer *Arabia* on Sunday, the 4th of November, and the wedding took

place on the following Tuesday at the Free Church of Scotland in the Wandby Road, near the Esplanade. The steamer was overdue, and Mr. Stratton had been waiting in Bombay for several days. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Scott, M.A., who was at that time acting as Principal of Wilson College in place of Dr. Mackichan, who was in Scotland on leave. It was at the home of the Scotts that Miss Simms received a hearty welcome on leaving the *Arabia*, and it was with them she stayed until after the wedding reception, when the newly married couple took the train for Agra.

Some extracts are made from letters which Mr. Stratton wrote to his wife's sisters a few days later :—

'You will surely be pleased to hear of the good friends A—— and I have found in Bombay. . . . The fashion of proclaiming the banns still prevails among the English in India, and the only substitute is having one's names affixed to the church door for five days. Old friends could not have greeted me more warmly than Mr. and Mrs. Scott when I arrived in Bombay. There were four days of waiting before A—— came: and when we drove from the *Arabia* to the Scotts, who, with a kindness so sincere that one could not disregard it, urged that she should stay with them, they seemed to know her, and made her at home with them at once. They are full of devices for making things pleasant. . . . Mr. Scott is even at the first glance unmistakably a Scotch professor. He reminded me at once of the professor of *The Professor's Love Story*, a quiet man, with slightly stooping shoulders, eyes, voice, and manner bright, but above all things kindly. He won a good woman's heart, and is most evidently happy with her. . . .

'Their house gave A—— a happy introduction to Indian life. It stands near the drive along the sea-front, and through the open doors a pleasant breeze seemed constantly to blow. Sea and trees in front, trees and flowers behind, seem fitting surroundings for their happy life. . . .'

'After the service we signed the records in the vestry, Miss Hume, daughter of the American Presbyterian Missionary, witnessing for A——. Then a drive along the seashore to the Scotts' home, where there was a little reception, with many kind wishes, some ice-cream and cakes, and a real wedding-cake—of which you shall have some. As we set out for a drive along the seashore to Malabar Hill, we noticed that every one had a little spray of flowers. These they showered on us as our carriage drove away, and we, having expected nothing of the sort, were even happier than we should otherwise have been. . . .

'One might well wish to live here always, and yet remember that a return to a land that gave us each other is always in our thoughts.'

They spent four days at Agra on their way to Lahore. The time seemed too short for a journey to Fathpur-Sikri, so the interval was given to journeys to the Taj, the Pearl Mosque, the tomb of I'timadu-daulah and that of Akbar at Sikandrah. '"See the Taj by moonlight and die," they say, but we say, "See it and live,"' Mr. Stratton wrote to his father. The following is an extract from a letter to the same written on the 25th of November.

'. . . There is little news to send of ourselves. Life moves on in the same happy round day after day. College

and University, especially the latter, keep me pretty busy, but I do as much as possible of the work here at the hotel, and there is always time for walking or driving in the evening. After dinner, which is late, you know—a quarter after eight—I never work, but A—— reads to me, or sometimes I to her.

'The work is easier for me than when I came a year ago, but I am often driven to feel how little I have done in the year. This year I hope to do better—I should like to say much better. Now that there is so much comfort in life, it must be my own fault if I do not. Not that I think that the only thing to do, or the best thing (studying Sanskrit, I mean), which I have a better chance of doing here than anywhere else, if it were not for the office work. But perhaps I can do more in attending to office work than in studying: I rather think it is so. . . .'

TO MASTER KENNETH CALDWELL

'LAHORE, *Dec.* 5, 1900.

'DEAR KENNETH, . . . As I turn to write to you we are both laughing gaily. We came in a few minutes ago from a two-hours' outing. Usually we go out for about an hour, walking along some road which is new to us, pausing every little while to look at the interesting sights found everywhere. The roads are excellent, as good as on the Chicago boulevards, and it is great fun walking in the middle of the road and even being shouted at by *gariwalas* (coachmen) to get out of the way. You see there are no walks made. Does it seem strange? Then you must remember that there is not so much hurrying here as in St. Paul—no street-cars—no motor [cars]—and the heavy carting is all done

by ox-teams walking leisurely, almost asleep one would think, as indeed their drivers often are. But most things men carry on their heads. It looks strange at first to see six men almost running along (they go quite fast) with a piano on their heads. The number of chairs that one coolie can gather about his head is wonderful. Of the sights within the city, a mile and a half from where we live, your Aunt A—— will write. She still feels the first delight of seeing them.

'All these we left to-day and went over to the gardens, a great park which the Indians call *chiriya bāgh* (bird-garden), from the little collection of birds and animals which fills one corner. The great charm of the garden is in the magnificent trees and the mass of colour of the flowers. The walks, too, are laid out prettily, arched everywhere by trees. We passed in our walk the tennis-players, and then came what is called "the Hall" or "the Institute"—a club where most of the Europeans (that includes us two) come regularly to meet and read the magazines or drink coffee. We looked at the last *Century* and *Harper's* and some *Art Journals*, then brought away some stories of Indian life to read at home. I wish you could see the little book—the cover a mass of flaming golden red, in which appear tigers, boars, and all the brood of animals that haunt the jungles.

'Now we have had a fire lit in the grate and are writing. To-morrow morning the letters must be posted.

'I wish I could send you more stamps now, but you will need to wait some time for the rarer kinds. I have no time now to open the mail, and so I rarely have a chance to pick up any. I shall ask the Assistant-Registrar to remember you. There are some Canadian

stamps in this letter. If you lack any kinds of them I may be able to get them for you. A Kashmir post-stamp of a kind disused now I have laid by for you somewhere, but cannot find it.

'Do not forget to write us: as often as you can we shall wish to hear. Tell me just the things you would say to your Aunt A—— if she were with you.

'Do you know now, Kenneth, why I envied you last summer, and why I do not now—why you should rather envy me?—Affectionately yours,

UNCLE FRED.'

FROM PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'BALTIMORE, *December* 15, 1900.

'DEAR MR. STRATTON,—Your letter dated Kashmir, August 1900, has lain on my table all this time, but not neglected. I have read it with interest more than once, and should have answered it sooner, but for the expectation that you would write again. . . . I need not say that both Mrs. Bloomfield and myself extend to both of you our congratulations and best wishes. We hope that you will have in India a long period of such companionship as to console you for the sacrifice of an Indian career, and that the mutual dependence of such a life will add to its attractions. Certainly India must be more clamorous for family life than anything we can conceive in our cities, surrounded by clubs and drawing-rooms.

'Your letter from Kashmir is very interesting. Being passionately fond of natural scenery, I quite envy you the sight of the earthly paradise. Stein used to write in very much the same strain: I confess that of all India I think of Kashmir most wistfully.

'Your determined efforts to become very familiar

with Sanskrit and Urdu will bear fruit in time. I do not doubt that all European Sanskritists are handicapped a good deal by the absence of that particular knowledge which you are getting. I am much pleased with Stein's suggestion that you should take down the kalpa of the kāṭhakas from oral tradition. The thing would be very interesting from the dramatic point of view, aside from the value of the material. Above all, think of how much you would learn by such an exercise. I little doubt but that it would be a determining factor in your future career. The first volume of Schroeder's *Kāṭhaka-Sámhita* is out: he will publish the rest in a comparatively short time. Are there really no manuscripts of a kāṭhaka-çrauta in existence?

'Mr. Ewing has finished a dissertation on the Hindu theory of the vital breaths (prāṇa, udāna, vyāna, etc.): it is a very thorough piece of work that has carried him well into the subject of Hindu Psycho-physics, a subject suited precisely to the bent of his mind. He expects to take his degree in February, and will be back in spring. You will no doubt see him, and I hope that you will be able to establish some kind of more permanent intercourse. . . .

'Mrs. Bloomfield, myself, Elinor, and Arthur send the best of wishes and regards to Mrs. Stratton and yourself. We hope that some day you may both dine with us in Baltimore, on a vacation trip to Europe, America, and around the world.—Faithfully yours,

'MAURICE BLOOMFIELD.'

In the middle of December Mr. Stratton had an illness brought about by a chill which confined him to his bed for several days, and from which he was a long time in getting back full strength. There was a good deal

of fever in Lahore this cold weather, especially in the quarter of the station where Mr. Stratton had lived the preceding year. There were a good many cases of enteric, some of them among his immediate circle of friends. Abundant winter rains made the season an unusually unhealthy one.

He had planned for himself and wife a trip to Mathura at the Christmas holiday; but a large amount of unfinished work in the University office connected with the Law and Middle School examinations made this journey impossible.

TO HIS FATHER

'SENATE HALL,
LAHORE, *Jan'y* 2, 1901.

'Convocation is over now, and if it were not for the re-opening of College to-morrow I should have a breathing spell. Only a short spell, perhaps, in any case, for on Monday the Middle School examination is to begin. Preparations for it have been going on for weeks past, adding to my work, and the last papers were not sent out until to-day. So the holidays have gone without my getting much rest. Three days only the office was closed. New Year's Day was almost as busy for us as any day. It is found necessary here to inspect the clothing of those who are to receive degrees and prizes.[1] That kept me busy from ten until after twelve yesterday: perhaps it lasted until nearly one, for when I had instructed the several groups of candidates how to come

[1] To a Westerner, the process of inspecting the clothing of those who are to receive degrees and prizes at Convocation may seem a useless detail: but in Lahore it is a very necessary precaution. On such occasions Indian students sometimes put on articles of European dress for the first time, and strange mistakes are likely to follow. Academic gowns have been seen to be conspicuously fastened with nursery-pins, and the like.

forward, when to salām, when to retire, and so on, and had given them some practice, it was almost two o'clock. So I came back late for lunch and hungry enough for two. . . .

'A—— and I drove to the hall together. She was glad to go early so that she might see the students and Indian visitors to better advantage. I had a good many little things to look after.

'We had a large turn-out. There must have been seventy-five members of the Senate : more, I should think. The Maharaja of Kashmir and his brother, Raja Amar Singh, were present, and several members of the State Council with them. The seats on which the Maharaja and his brother sat were covered with magnificent Kashmir shawls, loaned by Raja Suraj Kaul, himself a Kashmiri. The side reserved for Indian visitors is always filled, and crowded indeed. This year, in marked contrast to last, there was a good attendance of Europeans : not many more could have been accommodated. The Lieutenant-Governor's state chair and some magnificent carpets are always loaned by Government for the Convocation. These, with the bright dresses of the Indian visitors, made a lively picture. A—— thoroughly enjoyed it.

'The weather recently has been very unfavourable. Unusually heavy rains have made the roads for many days literally liquid, well-made as they are. Bicycling has been impossible, and we, having no *tum-tum*, had to walk or trust the slight chance of getting carriages. The large ingathering of Christmas visitors made it almost impossible to get these, and prices were double, or more than double, the usual rates. So we have not gone out together recently. Besides mud, the rains brought a damp, penetrating cold, which made outdoor

life unattractive. This afternoon was the first time for many days that A—— and I went out for a walk. We went to two or three shops, and then to the Institute where the European residents gather to read the magazines, take tea or coffee, and talk. We had a very pleasant time, and came home later than usual. Now we are both writing.

'A——, I fear, will not be able to write you this week. She has begun to take lessons in Hindustani, and with that and all the other things she has to do, is very busy. I hope she will be able to write to you next time. . . .'

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. ALRED

'DEAR JOSEPHINE,—A—— has been sitting by the fire writing to father; I, meanwhile, at my desk preparing work for one of the morning classes. Now I have come to join her.

'I fear that I am falling into bad habits. In America it seems quite fitting to work after dinner: then one can often do one's best work. Here, however, dinner is late, from eight to nine, and it is an almost universal practice among Anglo-Indians (we are North American Indians) to spend the after-dinner hours in relaxation, working in the early morning and all day long. We have usually followed that plan, and either had a little game of cards (hearts always trumps), or oftener read to each other, or simply talked of old times and our friends and relatives, or of the happy present.

'This is a very little letter, but it is the only one that I am writing this week. A—— has written father a long one, and he will not miss mine. My friends must wait, at least a little longer, for in this land of fabled

ease where time is nothing, work is everything, and keeps one busy in a fashion most American.

'A—— is well, in spite of the hotel fare. When we get into our own house we hope that the food, too, will be quite to our liking. Here we have found that we should either go out to dine with our friends or have them here with us.'

TO HIS FATHER

'SENATE HALL,
LAHORE, *Jan'y* 30, 1901.

'DEAR FATHER,—This week again I am sadly rushed. To-night I must finish examining a set of Sanskrit papers (written in Sanskrit), correct some exercises in Sanskrit composition, and prepare for a lesson with the Shastri class. So I can spare only a few minutes, I fear. A—— is not well—a little chill, that is all—but she must take things easily for a few days. So you must be content with very little this week. We shall try to make up again.

'There was an item of Canadian news in the paper the other day, that the second of February was to be a holiday throughout the Dominion. So it will be here. There is a very genuine sorrow because of the Queen's death, as deep, I think, as everywhere. I have noticed several Muhammadans wearing green—the mourning colour—these few days. Some Hiṇḍus, too, are wearing dark clothes, whom I have not seen so dressed before, whether for mourning or not I do not know. Simple white is their usual mark of mourning. Many of the shops are draped, and we are doing so at the Senate Hall too. The altar at the Cathedral was also hung with black on Sunday. The Bishop in the morning and the Chaplain in the evening spoke of the Queen's

life and character. On Saturday, the day of burial, there is to be a service here.

'We attended the meeting on Saturday when proclamation was made of the King's accession. How strange it seems to have a king! We have been so used to the Queen.'

Toward the end of February this year, the American Orientalist, Mr. A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia University, New York, in company with his nephew, Mr. Agate, spent several days in Lahore on their way down from Peshawar. It was a great joy to Mr. Stratton to have Mr. Jackson with him for even a few days. It was, alas! his first and last sight of an American visitor in India. He wrote to his father on March 20: 'The other day came a card from Professor Jackson of New York, whom I first met in Philadelphia, I think, in 1894 . . . and who at Rome was one of the first to congratulate me on the appointment. A clipping sent by one of A——'s sisters two or three weeks ago announced that he was coming out to settle a dispute between Government and the Parsi community of Bombay. Now that he is in India, he is travelling about. He has gone to Peshawar, and will stay here on his return.'

Mr. Jackson has lately brought back memories of that time.

'London, *July* 2, 1907.

'My dear Mrs. Stratton, . . . Meeting you yesterday recalled vividly again those three happy days with your husband and you at Lahore. I remember the welcome that seemed all the more hearty in that distant land. In talking with him I was delighted and surprised to see how much at home he had become in

Indian life, and how he enjoyed his work. The bright smiles that the natives gave as he said some pleasant word to this one or to that, showed how truly—even in a short time—he had won his way into their hearts. It was particularly interesting also to see how much progress he had made in Sanskrit, and how well he could communicate with the pandits in their native tongue. And I remember likewise, as we walked about, the sort of glee we had in learning the word for "kite"—a new one to add to his vocabulary—as we saw the boys indulging in the sport of kite-flying.

'This all comes back more sharply than ever, and his memory will remain bright with me.'

During the April vacation Mr. and Mrs. Stratton joined Dr. J. Ph. Vogel in a camping trip to Peshawar and neighbouring places. This was Dr. Vogel's first visit to the district, where he has twice since, in connection with Mr. Marshall, successfully excavated for Græco-Buddhist sculptures.

Aside from the archæological features of the journey, which are given later in a letter to Dr. Bloomfield, the trip was full of interesting experiences which Mr. Stratton enjoyed with the evident freshness of a young boy. With a roll of wheels and a heap of *asbāb* (clothes and books, and provisions to victual the party) they drove from the Charing Cross Hotel on the morning of March 28, the last to collect his belongings being old Mahbub Khan, the *khansāmah*, who clung to a very hot pudding and a cage of birds as sign visible of his calling and election.

They went first to Mardan, a military station in the heart of the Yûsufzai country, and from the dāk-bungalow there made excursions to the rock-edict at Shahbaz-

garhi and to the ruins of the ancient Buddhist city at Takht-i-Bahi.

At Shahbaz-garhi seemingly all of the males of the village turned out and watched all day to see the sahibs make a squeeze—that is, an impression of the inscription taken on damp paper. Each man wanted to lend a hand, to carry a newspaper or a bottle of tea, and the result on the bakhshish was to considerably reduce the individual dividend. One old grandfather asked how far the Sahib-log had come. When he was told 'from Lahore,' he exclaimed 'Great God!' 'And from Chicago,' Mr. Stratton added, but this seemed less far to the Panjabi patriarch.

In the shadow of the great rock-edict, which protests against flesh-eating, the westerners ate mutton-chops from a tiffin-basket. 'It shows how far we have come in civilisation,' Mr. Stratton said; and he said it again in the mess-room of the Guides, where the calm face of the Buddha looks out on strangely unpeaceful symbols, arms and trophies and khaki uniforms.

'Little Rags' (named after the tatters of his one garment), who drove the party on one day to Takht-i-Bahi and again to Shahbaz-garhi, deserves his name on this page, so fine was his temper and manner under many provocations. The beast he drove was of the worst—in ways—at every few yards refusing to go further, or else trying to turn about and go back to Mardan. But the resources of 'Little Rags' never failed, and at the dāk-bungalow he ran away while pockets were being searched for bakhshish.

Quite unlike this sweet-faced boy was the 'coachwan' who drove the three to Takht-i-Bahi on a second occasion. He was dissatisfied with his bakhshish. 'Such a small piece of money and such a large horse.' He said

his wife would beat him if he took the 'small money' home. He squatted near the dāk-bungalow, and said that he would not leave until he got more, but changed his mind toward sundown.

From Mardan the journey led by rail to Peshawar. It was while here that Dr. Vogel came into possession of the dated Gandhāra figure which was later made the subject of an article by Mr. Stratton, and read by Dr. Bloomfield before the American Oriental Society in April 1901. Captain Bertram Clarke Waterfield, at that time Deputy Commissioner of the Peshawar District, presented the piece of sculpture to Dr. Vogel, by whom it was eventually placed in the Museum at Lahore.

That part of Mr. Stratton's letter to Dr. Bloomfield which refers to the journey is given here, the rest of the letter coming in its natural order, the date being May 24.

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'For twelve days we got away, and with Dr. Vogel, the newly arrived Archæological Surveyor of the Panjab, . . . we went first to Mardan, and saw at our leisure the sculptures in the mess-room of the Guides. Some of them easily surpass anything in the [Lahore] Museum—in any museum, Dr. Stein says. Twice we went out to Shahbaz-garhi, where for my own satisfaction I made squeezes of the seventh and twelfth edicts, and where one day a man brought me two squeezes of inscriptions in the unknown character from Buner. He could not tell me more precisely where they came from. They were brought into the village by an old man who was too ill to see me. The stones were still *in situ*. They are of, I should say, quite distinct character, one of them closely

allied to those of the "Mahāban" type (of Dr. Stein). This seems also from its shape to be such an inscription as might run alongside a figure in high relief. I asked the man particularly about this, but could get from him only the statement that there was nothing else: perhaps he meant nothing else engraved on the stone. I shall keep the squeezes for Dr. Stein.

'Two days also we visited Takht-i-Bahi. Owing to a misunderstanding with Dr. Vogel I had not taken Cunningham's report, and we had only his Bellew. I made some photographs with my small magazine-camera, which I have not had a chance to print. They are under-exposed, and I fear much of the detail is lost. The buildings are surprisingly well preserved, yet considerably changed since General Cunningham reported on them. Colonel Deane told me a few days ago that within his memory they have suffered a great deal. Sahri Bahlol and Jamalgarhi we did not visit. Dr. Vogel's photographs of some of the best pieces at Mardan were not successful.

'Next we went to Peshawar, where I wished to see what school buildings were best suited for examinations, and out to the Khyber Pass, which is disappointing in natural features, although the caravans passing each way, and in some places crowding the road, were full of interest. Part of the fort at Ali Musjid is said to be very ancient: but the Afridis stationed there knew nothing of it, and I came away without seeing it. At Peshawar the Deputy Commissioner had some pieces of sculpture for Dr. Vogel. They are in the Museum now. The most important is a female figure with three infants, somewhat like the one Grünwedel styles Tahiti, but the most interesting feature of it is the Kharoṣṭhi inscription along the side, the first word of which is "*vaṣe.*" What

the date is I don't know, but I have made out part of the inscription, and shall do my best to decipher the whole.

'Again setting out, we went to Abbottabad, a charming little hill station which seemed to my wife a bit out of the western world. The fresh spring green was everywhere, the tiny spring flowers were familiar to us, and the sloping roofs brought home more near. Vogel and I went out in an ekka one day to Mansehra. The day was unfavourable for making squeezes, the wind was so high. I got only one side of one of the rocks.

'The position of these inscriptions I cannot understand. In each case there is one large rock half-way up a hill perhaps two hundred feet in height, and one—doubtless fallen—at the foot. The characters were presumably cut much deeper than they are now, but even so one must have been near to see indications of writing. And they do not seem to have been near highways, I mean near the main lines of travel.

'While in the district, I was told that I could probably arrange to accompany the relief force up the Swat valley in September and October, and look about the country: but Col. Deane says the Government of India would never agree. So that hope fails.'

TO HIS FATHER

'LAHORE, *April* 14, 1901.

'Here is Sunday morning, with more than two hours before breakfast, and a chance to write letters. Yours must be the first letter, and the first news I send the latest, because it seems the best. Yesterday afternoon we took a house, which will be vacant in about a week. It is small, but in excellent position, on the road where I

have always thought I should like best to live. Besides, the walls seem to be quite thick, and the house may be, as we have heard, very comfortable in the hot months. At any rate it will be our home, and we may hope for comfort we could never have had here in the hotel. On our trip Mahbub Khan (the Allens' cook, whom we engaged) did so well for us that we have found it very hard coming back to the poor food of the hotel, and we are the more glad at the prospect of going. Friday we looked at two other houses (I had been told by the landlord that there was little chance of our getting this one we wanted), but while it seemed that we ought to take one of them, we were not satisfied. A—— insisted on my writing to Lieut. Dawson, the tenant who, we understood, was leaving, and the whole matter was soon settled.

'Everything in the office went well in my absence. There was, of course, some accumulation of work on my return, but that is pretty well disposed of. To-morrow I begin teaching again.

'The trip was well worth taking. The sight of two famous inscriptions two thousand one hundred and fifty years old, a city on a hillside where many of the walls are standing, and perhaps have stood from the time of Christ, and of quite a number of pieces of sculpture, large and small, showing unmistakable evidence of Greek influence—this and the pleasure of breathing cool, bracing air, and looking out on ranges of hills, fully satisfied us. The city, by-the-way, of which I spoke, is the one where St. Thomas is reported to have been put to death: perhaps it is only that he was put to death by order of the king who ruled over those parts. I don't know where his capital was.

'From Peshawar we went out to the Khyber Pass—



Mr. A. W. Stratton's Bungalow in Abbott Road.

ten miles by train and ten in a cart—driving the whole way back. In natural scenery the Pass was distinctly disappointing. I had somehow expected an outlook over Afghanistan, a glimpse of the world beyond our reach. We had special permission to go farther than visitors are usually allowed, but did not avail ourselves of the permission. The mere sight of a Buddhist tope, when one can do nothing more, was scarcely worth going on for.

'Peshawar cantonment, where the forces are quartered and English officers live, is a very attractive place. The houses are not so good as in Lahore, but the trees are fine and large, and the grass of a surprising freshness. The city was disappointing. The only pleasing thing we saw was the native [English] church. Of that I took four photographs—two outside and two inside. I doubt very much whether the latter will be of any account; if they are (and I shall send them) you can see much better than I can tell you what the church is like. . . .'

FROM PROFESSOR ALLEN

'P. and O. *Persia*,
ARABIAN SEA, *March* 15, 1901.

'MY DEAR STRATTON,—We were very sorry not to see you and make our final valedictions ere we left Lahore; but our deferred departure must have thrown you off the scent. By the way, I hope the note we dispatched on the Saturday evening, when we did not go, reached you safely and prevented you from going to the station fruitlessly.

'Your *sámán*[1] was carefully sorted out and packed in a separate room, where it is easily accessible when you want it, and the *chaukidar* is left there in charge till the

[1] Furniture.

end of March. I trust you will let us know if any of the stuff does not fulfil expectations and arrangements.

'Are you going to keep a *chaukidar* when you start your house? If so, perhaps you would look upon our old man and consider whether he would satisfy you. He is a harmless old gentleman, who has slept on the verandah of Mayo Lodge since the days when the Andrews had it, occasionally taking his walks abroad in the small hours and perambulating the estate. Once he actually encountered two thieves who were robbing the *sais's* quarters, and drove them off at the cost of a wound he was very proud of. At any rate, we lost nothing while under his care. I should be glad to think the old man was provided for; but at the same time I should be sorry to load you with any one unwelcome to you.

'I hope you are going to get a house before the hot weather. It is so much more satisfactory to get one straightaway and settle in, than if you have to take a furnished house for the hot weather and take your chance when the winter comes again.

'We are having a delightful voyage in this ship. She has only 50 passengers on this side, and so we feel as though it were a private yacht. The decks almost empty, the baths always accessible, and each one of us has a 3-berthed cabin to ourselves.

'Farewell; *valeatis tu et uxor tua; floreat Panjabica Universitas*, and don't let it waste too much of your time. Our home address is Salcombe, Chislehurst, if there is ever time for you to send us your news.—Yours sincerely,

'P. S. ALLEN.'

TO PROFESSOR ALLEN

'LAHORE, *April* 23, 1901.

'DEAR ALLEN,—St. George's Day.—Is it "St George

and Merry England" with you now, or "*Syrtes aestuosae*"? Best wishes everywhere.

'It was good to have your letter from the *Persia*. Since then the Haileys have passed through on their way to Dalhousie, and we have had news of the Pyramids and the Sphinx. All of which is good news, since you have shaken off at last the lingering fever. Did my letter to the steamer fail to reach you? I doubt not they will send it on to England if they know your address. It was only to wish you a pleasant voyage.

'The rent is paid, and I send you the receipt. Mayo Lodge is still unoccupied. So is Trinity House.[1] S—— S—— at the last declined to take it, and secured first chance of the house we are to have. It is Dawson's on the Abbott Road, opposite the Morses'—a little house just our size and most to our liking of all that we have heard of as available. Dawson is moving out to-day. We go in at once.

'Arnold is moving about freely now, but it is Robson's turn: he has had to go off to Murree for ten days.

'We went north for two weeks after the examinations, first to Mardan, Shahbaz-garhi, and Takht-i-Bahi, then to Peshawar and the Pass, and on the way here up to Abbottabad, which quite charmed my wife, and Manschra. Two inscriptions of Asoka, an old city that has stood almost as long, a good many bits of sculpture, cool air, wild-flowers, and fresh spring green gave us a most pleasant holiday. And we are well.

[1] Mayo Lodge was the home of the Allens, near the tomb of Anarkali. It was at one time the residence of Mr. B. H. Baden-Powell, who for some time was Judge of the Chief Court of the Panjab, and who helped to establish the Lahore University. Trinity House was so named by a former Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was the home of the Arnolds at the time of this letter. It has since become the zenana house of Ayub Khan, ex-Amir of Afghanistan.

'So—happy—we send greetings to you "in England, now that April's there," and with the greetings, Rip van Winkle's toast (this is the Rip van Winkle life): "Here's to your good health and your family's good health. May they live long and be happy."'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'LAHORE, *May* 24, 1901.

'For two months I have not had a letter from America except those father has sent each week. And no wonder, for I have not a single correspondent to whom I am not in debt. Why it is so you will understand when I tell you of my work.

'For some time I had to teach fifteen hours a week. Now by combining the third and fourth classes in the *Veda* I have reduced the number to twelve. Three periods, as I said, I take the third and fourth year classes in Arts, reading Peterson's selections from the *Rigveda* and *Sāyaṇa's Commentary* on two days, and giving exercises in Sanskrit composition on the third. The other three days of the week I take the Shastri class which reads selections made by Dr. Stein from the seventh Mandala. Here as you know we use only Sanskrit, and the class affords me my best opportunity of speaking Sanskrit. The range of course is narrow, but within that range I find little difficulty in making clear my meaning. In talking with the pandits, too, and in considering all applications from the students on the Sanskrit side, I follow Dr. Stein's practice of using only Sanskrit. Vedic forms I explain as best I can by references to the *Pāṇini*, with which the students are quite familiar, and *Siddhāntakaumudī*, in which before

entering the Shastri class they have studied all but the Vedic parts. To me, however, a year ago both were quite new. To the *Nirukta*, which they read concurrently with the hymns, I must refer frequently. Western interpretations I introduce sparingly, yet do not hesitate when convincing parallels are at hand, or the grammar requires the rejection of the traditional explanation. These foreign views they are in general ready to adopt with surprising, perhaps too great, readiness. Two students are reading with me for the M.A. I meet them every day. At present I give all the time in class to reading the *Veda*. Until I have a more ordered knowledge of the *Nirukta* I hesitate to teach it formally. The summer vacation I hope will give me the necessary freedom. At the same time I direct their reading of such English books and articles bearing on their work as are accessible in Lahore.

'After these classes which (in the summer) begin at six, I take in hand the College business, interviews with the members of the staff on College work, petitions from students, correspondence, and so on. It is often after nine when I get away to the University office. Here, too, the work has been, and for some time will be, very heavy. I come home to breakfast as soon after eleven as possible, bringing with me the work that is still undone. After breakfast I work often at that, but whenever possible, in preparation for my classes, until two o'clock, then rest for about an hour, have a cup of tea, and work again until evening. From half-past six until nearly eight, if there are no meetings (a long succession of them is just ended), my wife and I drive out. Then dinner. After dinner I used to make it a rule not to work, my wife and I taking that time for talking or reading together; but now almost every night I am at

work again until half-past ten, and our set of Thackeray —her gift to me at Christmas—is little read. . . .

'Some weeks ago I got back to the *Upanishads*, having access to one of two collections of MSS. here. I went over some of the Vāiṣnava treatises, the relations of which to one another and to other texts I should like to examine. Pandit Hīrānanda is translating the minor Çāiva texts. For the present, however, I must give my time to other things.

'Where we shall go this summer is not at all certain. Cholera has not yet been driven from the Kashmir valley, and plague is now established in Jammu. If possible, however, we shall go there, for I should like to get to work on the Kāthaka kalpa. Failing that, we may go up through the Kāngra and Kulu valleys or into Kumaun.

'Now of ourselves. And first of all, many thanks for your congratulations to me and your kind wishes. The winter at the hotel passed very happily. The company at our table was congenial, our rooms were large enough, and my wife was relieved of the cares of housekeeping. Two weeks ago we came to our house, where we are now well established. The house is small, and we have only eleven servants. Soon we shall have to hire pankha coolies: until now we have fortunately been able to get on without them. The weather is very different from what we had last year. There has not been a month without rain since I came from Kashmir. Sometimes the rains have been quite heavy, and fears have been felt for the crops. There has been much fever, of course, and recently an abundance of mosquitoes and all sorts of living things. We have seen four snakes near the house, and have killed only one. Two karaits[1] (the

[1] A deadly serpent that is common in the Panjab.

tiraçcīnas of the *A.V.*?) got away. On the other hand, we have few hot nights. I have known more trying times in Baltimore at the end of May.

'The climate seems to suit my wife well, and she hopes to stay down with me until the end of July. Her only trouble was in the winter when she was often unable to make the rooms comfortably warm. Except for some slight attacks of fever, I, too, have been well.

'Last year a student, come back from Oxford, said that Professor Macdonell intended to spend part of next winter here. Recently, however, I have heard nothing of his coming. Dr. Stein is to be back in the autumn. He has been appointed Inspector of Schools in the Rawal Pindi circle. . . . Dr. Ewing came to Lahore for a few days during my absence. I believe his College in Allahabad will not be opened until next year. An American, Mr. Spooner of California, of whom I think you know, wrote me recently from Japan, inquiring about the opportunities for study in Sanskrit here. I should think he would find life in Benares more to his purpose.

'Thanks to a holiday, I have been able to find time for writing this, but now I must be at work again. I must put off the letters to Mr. Lanman and Mr. Jackson which I hoped to write to-day. Will you send on to them such parts of this as you care, with my apologies for my long silence? . . .'

'*May* 29.—Please do not take the trouble to send on this letter as I asked. I hope soon to be able to write to both Mr. Lanman and Mr. Jackson. If any of my photographs from the recent trip turn out well I shall send you copies.

'One thing more I wished especially to tell you. At Christmas-time the National Congress met here, and Mr.

Tilak, who was prominent in it, gave an address on the antiquity of the *Vedas*, which he held in view of some expressions in the Dawn hymns to go back to the ice age and to point to a residence of the Aryans in the far north. Since then an idle correspondence has been appearing in the *Tribune*—the organ of the Arya Samaj. I believe that the book Tilak then said he was publishing has come out.

'Another time I should like to write you about the Samajes here, though probably I could tell you nothing you have not often heard. A. W. S.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *May* 2, 1901.

'A week ago this morning we began cleaning out our house, of which we got possession Wednesday evening. It was very dirty, and some men had to be hired to help our servants; but by evening all our furniture was in. Then we dressed and drove over to the hotel for our last dinner there. We are very happy. Now we have a real home where we need not be troubled with the demands of hotel life. No fear that the people in the next room will hear what we are saying. And the freedom of the house and verandah, fifteen feet broad, and the garden all our own. As soon as I get a chance I shall make you out a plan of the house.

'Now I am very busy. It is hard to find time for the things I am paid for doing. Nothing else can I think of taking in hand. . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

'Lahore, *June* 6, 1901.

'. . . We have had a remarkable season. For a whole

year now there has not been a month without rain. Consequently the temperature is much lower than it was last year, although the moisture in the air makes the heat harder to bear, and brings mosquitoes and a host of nameless bugs and moths. Snakes, too, we have had, two karaits and two other poisonous snakes, only one of which we killed. We take every precaution, sprinkling carbolic powder at the doors, keeping a light burning all night, and looking carefully everywhere we go.

'A—— could tell you all sorts of funny stories about housekeeping, for we have had our own house since the 26th of April. I intend to get a photograph of it to send to you. Then I can describe it, too. Of our trip to the Khyber and some points of archæological interest in the Peshawar valley I must tell you at more length than is possible now. When this breaks off remember that it is not at an end. I shall send the rest of it as soon as possible. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'LAHORE, *July* 10, 1901.

'Last week I was not able to write. Fortunately now I can. A—— feels much better after her fever, and thinks a little of it very good for the health. . . .

'Two nights ago we had a delicious rain which must have reduced the temperature nearly twenty degrees. To be sure, even that did not bring cold, for 91·5° was the lowest reading during the previous night, while during the day it had been as high as 118·6°. Some people have complained of these two days. Perhaps the dampness is more trying than one is aware, but the air certainly seems pleasant. This evening before dinner we enjoyed thoroughly the band concert in the gardens.

Sitting with friends in the open air after being confined to the house most of the day, and listening to familiar music here where one might not expect to hear it, is a comfort we can appreciate.

'Two whole pages about the weather—but this is India, and an Indian summer. Two weeks and three days and we hope to leave it and make for Kashmir. We expect to travel with the Ogdens. I think I must have written of Ogden last year. I met him at the Arnolds' several times during my first winter here, and both on my way into Kashmir and out again, as well as at Srinagar, we ran across him. He is in the Chief's College here, and was married in the spring. His wife and A—— see each other a good deal—that is to say, for India, where in the summer one cannot well go out of doors during the day or think of calling on one's friends, for they, too, are probably out at the same time seeking fresh air. . . .

'We are making preparations for our trip. A—— has had a man in sewing since Friday, and we are getting boxes to take with us to cut down our baggage as much as possible. The chief difficulty is that we are not yet sure whether we shall go off to some cool place. Everything depends on my chance of doing some work I have in mind. It may compel me to live near Srinagar most of the time. (Wherever we go, you may address letters to Lahore.) So we have to take heavy clothing and as much summer wear as if we were sure of staying in the valley the whole time. The fresh air might brace us up for the whole year. If only the pandit will go with us!'

CHAPTER IX

The last week in July Mr. Stratton was brought down with a malarial fever, which took strong hold of him and was hard to cure. While he lay ill the monsoon rains broke. On the morning of the third day, however, the fever went down, the rain had ceased, and the sun shone. Mr. Stratton was very weak, but in the forenoon drove to the Senate Hall to attend to the most important business before leaving, and in the afternoon he made a hurried departure for Kashmir.

Mr. A. M'R. Ogden, Headmaster of the Aitchison Chief's College, his wife, their guest, Miss Nellie Horst, and three young Indian nobles whom Mr. Ogden had in charge, made the journey at the same time, and Mr. Ogden generously took it upon himself to look after the comfort of the whole party until Mr. Stratton regained his strength. It seems heroic treatment to carry a sick man one hundred and eighty miles in a fiercely heated car, then thirty-nine miles farther over a mountain road in a country cart, but they understand these things in India: there is the greater danger in remaining in the plains. In this case, at least, the method was successful, for the patient speedily regained his health, and the close of the long vacation found him apparently as well as at the end of the holiday the year before.

From the Sunny Bank Hotel at Murree Mrs. Stratton wrote to her father-in-law:—

'We are here at Murree, among the Himalayas, from which place Fred wrote you last year, I am sure.

'We left Lahore on Saturday, the 27th, on but a few hours' notice. Fred's fever lasted only three days, but it was high all the time, and weakened him greatly. The doctor said that if by ten o'clock on Saturday his fever was down to 99° we could start. From midnight Friday his fever began to go down, and on Saturday at ten o'clock was down to 99°. We hurried the final packing and came away with a rush. The heat was intense, and we slept none that night on the car. We reached Rawal Pindi at one o'clock in the morning, and at once got into tongas for the long ride up into the mountains. Fred took the trip well—better, in fact, than I did. He looks thin and done out, but says to tell you that he is greatly better and will soon be himself.

'Yesterday it rained and we stayed indoors all day. To-day we took dandies—funny cradle-shaped affairs carried by men on their shoulders—and went up into Murree. It is a beautiful station, green everywhere, and a wide outlook of sky and mountain range.'

TO THE SAME

'SHAHDIPUR, KASHMIR,
Aug. 4, 1901.

'A week ago Wednesday, when I should have written to you, I was suddenly and altogether unexpectedly taken down with fever. It got a surprising hold of me, and the doctor seemed to wonder that he was so slow in getting control of it. It weakened me immensely. We had arranged to come away with the Ogdens Saturday evening. That morning at eight o'clock the doctor was

not sure that I could come, but at ten the fever was still going down, and then there was bustling for six hours. . . .

'We reached Murree early Sunday morning and stayed till Wednesday. A—— was altogether charmed with the beauty of the place and the refreshing air, and wondered why we should wish to leave it. We delayed a little on the way to rest, and reached the end of our tonga ride shortly after noon on Friday. Yesterday evening we came to this place. To-morrow we shall try to go to Srinagar.

'We ordered our dungas and furniture from Cockburn's Agency, and everything was in waiting when we reached Baramula. The large boat is better than the one Fleming and I got last year, but I think the difference is chiefly this, that red curtains are hung along the sides, and oriental cotton-prints add a finish to roof and partition walls. The bathroom, too, is much larger than we had before. However, we do not intend to spend much time in the boats. Our tents are waiting for us in Srinagar, and we shall make use of them. . . .

'Now that you are better, have you been able to go up to Mount Pleasant? I wish I could do something to help in keeping mother's grave green, but that is impossible here. Only her memory is no less fresh for the long distance. Please tell me when you go: let me know how it looks. . . .'

TO MASTER KENNETH CALDWELL

'Shahdipur, Kashmir,
August 4, 1901.

'Dear Kenneth,—We are in Kashmir again, but the stamps will be just the same as if we were in Lahore.

All over India the post-offices are under one management. Some states issue the old stamps, but only for use within the state. For everything else they must use the India stamp, surcharging them if they wish with the name of the state. They don't do even that in Kashmir.

'It is good to be in Kashmir again, and see green fields, and lie on the grass, and listen to the birds singing. On the plains the crows far outnumber all the other birds, and few of them sing.

'We have wished we could have you and Louise with us. You would enjoy it so. It is a play life all the time. Your Aunt A—— when she was coming to India used to hum sometimes "Mister Captain, stop the ship, I want to get out and walk." And one day an English woman—without much imagination—said, "But you know you *cannot*!" Here you *can*, and you can go much faster than the ship, which creeps along two miles an hour. Last year that seemed to me very slow, but it suits me very well now. You see how lazy I have become.

'Some friends are with us, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden. They have a young friend with them, an English girl who has spent all her life in India and speaks Urdu beautifully. They have also brought three young Indian nobles with them, and have ten servants and five boats. We have only two boats and three servants; but we have at least one advantage—that we can move about more easily.

'To-morrow we go to Srinagar, "the city of beauty," as this is "the town of joy." How do you like the names? They seem to me restful, like the whole life here. After three months rising at five o'clock, or earlier, to teach at six and work almost steadily till seven in the evening, when we took a little drive, it is pleasant to be

free from work for a while and rise when one pleases. I must not tell you at what hour we got up this morning. A long sleep we have followed up by spending the whole day in the open air, reading, talking, writing, eating, too, but all leisurely.

'We have come for rest and do not look forward to excitement, but I shall have more to tell you, much more than I have put into this little letter. You, too, must not forget to write, and as much as you like. Your last letter reached us at Murree, and we read it on a mountain-path. We enjoyed it so much we should like to hear from you much oftener. Think how much you could tell us if we were with you, and remember that letters now are the only way you have to tell us what you wish.

'Good-bye.—Your affectionate uncle, FRED.'

TO MR. WILLIAM W. COOK

'SHAHDIPUR, KASHMIR,
Aug. 4, 1901.

'DEAR BROTHER WILL,—Less than a hundred and eighty miles by rail, and less than a hundred and forty over a mountain road in a tonga have brought us immeasurably nearer to America. The boats we took on leaving the tonga, some twenty miles from here, are tied to the river bank, and we are sitting on the shore, A—— on the ground, her back resting against a tree trunk, and I in a camp-chair writing while she reads the *Atlantic*.

'The houses here, with sloping roofs to let the snow glide off, seen from a distance remind us of home. The fresh grass growing everywhere forms a pleasing contrast to the sun-burnt plains. The chinars beneath which

we sit are much like our own maples, but larger and afford denser shade; poplars, too, of all sorts grow freely, and willows—home trees which we appreciate—beautiful as are the outlines of the trees, half-tropical they seem in Lahore. And then the air—if you could know the comfort it gives us to go about bareheaded at noon. On the plains we dare not venture out without a great pith helmet after six in the morning. The air is just as cool as it would be in Canada in August. A—— thought of wearing a flannel suit to-day.

'Flat-bottomed boats—river-boats—pass us constantly. In the distance men have been singing since early morning songs with refrains one never tires of. The children of our boats' crews are playing not far from us. Until a little while ago, cattle were grazing near us: it is a comfort to us both —half vegetarians as we are—to know that this is a Hindu country where they will be allowed to live. The people, too, are pleasing: the women especially are strikingly handsome. One cannot help admiring them in spite of their dirty dresses. The women here move about freely, and contribute their full share to the support of the family. Housekeeping appears to be a very simple matter.

'All these things contribute to our pleasure, but the great charm of Kashmir is the varied natural beauty of the valley: water everywhere, little stream or lake or river, green everywhere in grass and trees and waving corn and the rich-coloured rice-fields, and on all sides the mountains with a never-failing variety of green, brown, deep red, blue, and purple peaks, snow-capped, while the clouds gather round most of them.

'So we are happy all day long, and are content to rest and take in the beauty of the place.

'This is a long-delayed answer to your letter: indeed

it is hard to call it an answer to anything. How inconsequential I am you will learn more as time goes on, and most when we meet.

'A—— has sent a long letter to St. Paul which will go the rounds. We join in sending best wishes to you both.'

TO MISS LOUISE CALDWELL

'They [the Kashmiris] are handsome people, the women strikingly beautiful : but their dress is anything but becoming. Both men and women wear long loose robes reaching almost to their feet, with long wide sleeves which they fold back in summer, and allow to come far below their hands in winter to keep them warm. They seem to be as clumsy and ugly as possible. What would you think of keeping warm in winter by pasting paper over the windows and having a pot of warm coals underneath your dress? That is the Kashmiri way. The way the girls wear their hair is curious, too. When they are quite small—six years old perhaps—eight or ten braids are made, and these are woven on with as many woollen cords, the lower ends of which are joined by another cord running from side to side. So they wear it until they marry, and never take it down.

'Do these things interest you? I fear I have not made them very clear, but shall try to send some photographs which you will understand better.'

On reaching Srinagar, Mr. Stratton again secured the services of Pandit Nityanand of the Maharajah's State High School, with whom he had read a part of the *Kirāṭarjunīya* the preceding summer. At this second visit to Kashmir, after settling into tents at the Nasim

Bagh, he at once began regular work with the pandit, who went out by boat from the city several times each week. The manuscripts to which he refers in the letter below are the *Darshapaurnamasa Yagavidhi* and the *Kaṭhakagṛihya-Bhashya.* Presumably it was the latter which was so badly written that only occasional words were made out. Mr. Stratton continued work with the pandit after moving to the Munshi Bagh in Srinagar the first week in September, and kept in correspondence with him the next winter.

TO HIS FATHER

'Nasim Bagh, *August* 11, 1901.

'We are encamped in the Nasim Bagh in the very place where Fleming and I spent some weeks last year. A—— and I agreed that it was all-in-all the best site in the grove. Besides that, there is the pleasure of recalling last year's experiences and connecting them with the place where we are now. . . .

'The grove gives the same pleasure as at first: the pleasant shady walks along the avenues of chinar trees; the little lake at our feet; the mountains on the other side with the ever-varying play of colour, an inexhaustible variety of greens.

'This is A——'s first experience of camping. At Clear Lake, Iowa, where she used to spend the summers with her father and mother, they had a cottage. She misses the conveniences and freedom of a house. The tent is considered here to be good-sized: twelve feet square, with a semicircular bathroom behind, and a good verandah in front formed by the awning. There are pockets along both sides of the tent in which a good many things can be stowed away, but not a single shelf, so that one has constantly to be moving some things to

get at others. Yet in most ways A—— is charmed with this raw sort of life. We live all day in the open air, eat and read and write, shifting our chairs and tables so as to keep within the shade of a great chinar.

'I have done very little work so far. The first thing I must do is to learn a new alphabet, the one generally used in Kashmir for writing Sanskrit. A pandit gave me a little help on Wednesday, and I have been trying since then to read one or two manuscripts in that character [Çāradā] which I have borrowed. The other, which I would like to publish, is written so badly that I can only make out occasional words.

'We very much hope that we shall be able to stay here all summer. Moving about is a great trouble and a fatal hindrance to work. The pandits, too, are in Srinagar, five or six miles from here, and I may be able to have one here all the time. Supplies, too, are easy to get, fruit in particular, for we are quite near a great orchard from which every day we get apples or plums or peaches. Beef one cannot get in a Hindu state . . . we have chickens and ducks . . . and we have had fish twice: these suffice for meat. In hot weather we are both almost vegetarians, and enjoy a dinner of potatoes and beans and corn, and a good pudding. . . .

'The peaceful happy days here you would appreciate: they form an endless succession of Sundays in the country. I hope the restfulness of the place will soon give me back the strength the fever took from me.'

TO MISS GRACE

'Nasim Bagh, Kashmir,
August 18, 1901.

'. . . Your last letter was sent before Commemora-

tion Day in February, and the only University news I have had since came in some clippings Kirk sent me. Of Mr. Remsen's appointment I knew nothing—Woodrow Wilson was talked of then. Nor of Mr. Rowland's death. I had hoped much for the University from the interest rich Baltimoreans seemed to be taking in it. What a pity the interest was not general. But the University has never really established itself in Baltimore. If it had been called the University of Baltimore, would that have helped? But what a pity for the University, and the city too. Remsen has a hard task. . . .

'And so Gildersleeve is a Doctor of Laws of Chicago, his name duly entered beneath McKinley's. The news was a surprise. . . . By the way, Miss Mary, I did not know how to spell McKinley's name, and had to look up the *Nation*. But what better evidence can there be of one's dislike for a man than genuine inability to spell his name? . . .

'You are surely right: 102 in Baltimore is as hard to bear as 118 in Lahore. We have thick walls, high ceilings, and pankhas to help us. Why can't you introduce the pankha? We intend to when we go back, along with *numdahs* and *darries*, they are so good and so cheap. The *darrie* is a sort of cotton-rug—no, that does not describe it—it is a piece of very heavy woven cotton used for floor-covering, or for wrapping about bedding when one travels. Besides our small ones we have two 16 by 20 feet: dark blue with a border of red in the dining-room, something between a fawn and a pale olive with a border of green in the parlour. Both are very simple: their simplicity makes the rooms more pleasing, here particularly where most people over-furnish. The *numdah* is a heavy felt from

Ladakh, 4 feet by 6, or somewhat larger as a rule, fringed on the edge, and for the most part embroidered with wool in Kashmir. We are not going back just yet, but when we do you must see these things.

'Here in the Nasim Bagh we have been encamped these eleven days on the same spot my companion and I chose last year, which adds to our pleasure. I have told you what a fine shade the chinar trees give, how pretty the little lake is, and what a wonderful play of colour [is] on the mountains facing us. Fruit grows in plenty all about the grove, and men bring it from the orchards to our tents. The whole valley might as well be planted with fruit trees, but Srinagar, on the outskirts of which we are, is the favoured spot: away from it no fruit grows, none can be bought.

'Most people are away in higher places, particularly in Gulmarg, the fashionable resort. But we find it cool enough here for comfort, and the pandit can easily come from the city. The latter is a large part of our reason for being here: I have come to work.

'A—— will write you about the house and our life there. Of our doings here you can soon learn all. I am called at six, and at half-past six am ready for a cup of tea, then work until half-past nine, when breakfast comes. After breakfast we walk, then come in to read, A—— Urdu, and I Sanskrit. Tea and cake or scones at two breaks the day, which then goes on quietly until nearly six. Then a walk or a boat-ride: soon we hope to have badminton. An early dinner (seven or soon after) gives us time for cards or reading to each other. But these pleasures we are free to have at any time.

'There is the whole story. Only, for myself I must add that I am happier than I could ever have dreamed possible.

'Best wishes, dear Miss Mary, we both send, and hope soon to have good news of you. Please remember me to Miss Clem.'

TO HIS FATHER

'NASIM BAGH, *August* 18, 1901.

'Another quiet, restful Sunday morning in Nasim Bagh, and another happy, uneventful week to tell of. Really the only two events of the week, apart from the coming of the home mail, have been two trips to the city in our little boat. The first day (Tuesday) we went to select a table and to get some pens and shoe-laces; yesterday we made the trip for badminton poles and brown sugar, and got neither: still we had the pleasure of the trip.

'The lake is charming, as I have often written, and except at the city end, where the dirt is only too evident, the canal is a long succession of greens—ponds of lilies and lotuses, grassy banks, fruit trees of every sort, willows and poplars, planted I fancy to hold the earth together at the edges of gardens built out into the water (floating gardens they are called), every now and then some fine chinar trees, and all the way the plants that rise almost to the surface in the clear, dark water. Yesterday's trip we enjoyed greatly, and then how good it was to come back to our quiet little camp.

'We seem to have got into settled ways. At six or soon after I am called: in half an hour I am bathed and dressed and ready for a cup of tea. Then comes work until breakfast, which is usually ready at half-past nine. After that A—— and I regularly take a walk, sometimes carrying a book to read where the moss grows rich and bright beneath some great tree. When we return, A——, who has got through her housework before

breakfast, takes up her Urdu books, and I turn again to my Sanskrit manuscript. At two we have tea and a cake or scones, but except for that and occasionally the coming of men with carving or needlework to show, our reading goes on until evening. A walk then or a boat-ride, and we come back to dinner soon after seven. When lamps have to be lit we go into the tent and pass the time quietly till sleep comes soon after ten. Pretty soon we hope to have a badminton net put up: that will give us better exercise than we can have now.

'The only service in the Srinagar church is at half-past six. We should not be able to get back until half-past nine, and that trip is impracticable without day-light. So we shall not be able to go in as we had hoped. . . .'

TO MISS ENGLISH

'NASIM BAGH, KASHMIR,
August 18, 1901.

'There may be time to add a little note to A——'s letter to you before she says, "*Chā taiyār hai.*"[1] The *masalchī* has already set the dishes on the little wicker table, and soon must bring the tea and fresh-made cake. Why he is called *masalchī*, "torch-bearer," I do not know: nor why the cook whom he assists should be styled *bāwarchī*, "possessing confidence." Most of them, if one may judge by what is said, do not possess the confidence of their mistresses. But ours does. If you were only here to taste his cake, and drink A——'s tea, and share with us the beauty of the place!

'We live a healthy outdoor life, lazy enough for me, serious enough for A——. "Far from towns and men" A—— longed to go a year ago last spring. She has her

[1] 'Tea is ready.'

wish. Srinagar is five or six miles off: as for society—we are our own. We scarcely think of these things, but spend our time in making out strange alphabets, and take our pleasure in watching the infinite variety of colour on lake, valley, mountain-side, and sky. Whatever else we do all day long—eating or reading or playing cards—we do it in the open air, and only when night comes go into our twelve-by-twelve-foot tent.

'Tea has come, and the cake—the best we have had. We always say so now, and are resolved to make Faqr-ud-Din our cook in Lahore, too. A—— says, "If we could only take him to America!" But he must go no farther than Bombay. We shall take the whole journey some day, and hope to see you. . . .'

TO HIS FATHER

'Nasim Bagh, *Aug.* 25, 1901.

'. . . I am glad you are so well and able to go about the work your heart is in. You must be happy.

'We are happy, too, and busy all day long. A—— is writing too. She sends many more letters than I, but is still unable to keep up letters to her old friends. When one comes here he feels the need of letters. Without them one feels out of touch with one's friends. Indeed, they seem to think that when one comes to India one is cut off forever. We do not think so. Often we speak of the time when we shall go back to live in America, and of the comforts and little reminiscences of India we hope to have in our home there. These thoughts are naturally much more in A——'s mind than in mine. In general I am scarcely conscious of where I am. My work does not seem strange, and the faces and the dresses about me have seemed natural

from the first. But from time to time the thought comes over me that, great as the attractions are that India has for me, I should not wish to be here always, and I pity those poor men who cannot hope to see their native land again.

'As usual I am writing under the open sky, only a chinar tree to weaken the sun's rays. And what a sky it is! I pause now and then in my writing and look up to the wonderful blue, or the clouds, or mountain-sides, or the reflections in the still water, and now at the cattle grazing in the bagh. . . .'

TO MR. H. O. E. ASMAN

'NASIM BAGH, KASHMIR,
August 25, 1901.

'DEAR ASMAN,—I can recall a whole letter I seem to have sent you, thanking you for your good wishes and for the present that was to come. At times I was almost persuaded that I did write: yet I believe I waited for the coming of the photograph, which—delayed perhaps on the way—came many weeks later.

'Yet what more fitting time than this to thank you. For we are spending here our honeymoon. All day long and every day sky, mountain, lake, and grove unite in a picture of beauty that never fails to satisfy. We are in a grove five or six miles from Srinagar, facing the little lake. On the other shore, two or three miles away (a little island[1] lies between, perfect in outline), are green slopes and some thickly planted groves, then a low range of grass-covered hills, the brown rocks showing on the precipitous parts near the top. To the

[1] According to Dr. Stein's map, 'Silver Lañkā' is the name of the island opposite the Nasim Bagh. 'Isle of Chinar' is another name for it.

left a valley opens up that has a constant charm for me: it merits the name "smiling valley" more than any other I have seen. Beyond that more green mountains, higher than those near us, and from that point far round to the west others that in the soft light of evening have a beauty indescribable. It scarcely seems that anything so good can be real. My wife calls them dream mountains.

'All day long we live in the open air. Most of the time we read. My wife is studying Urdu (Hindustani), and I am learning a new alphabet peculiar to Kashmir, and working over a Sanskrit manuscript in that character. The *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and the New York *Nation* follow us here, and we find time for them. Thackeray we read aloud.

'Most people have gone to the higher places: we are almost alone in the grove. Often it is hot here, but we found the air so bearable and for the most part so pleasant that we determined not to move about this year. The pandit with whom I read a while last summer is engaged in Srinagar teaching in the Maharaja's School, but he can come here every day. As yet I have had him out only four times, but soon expect to have him often. He is a good scholar and a good teacher and a most pleasant companion.

'All through July College went on, even though some days the thermometer ran above 118° in the shade, and none were cool, the nights, too, being often above 90°. Work then began at six and was over at eleven. It seems to me that it is a great mistake to attempt work then, but there is no help for it. Now we are free until the middle of October. Then again the long stretch until the end of July.

'Please thank for me the men in the school and

Mrs. Davidson for their good wishes. To Mrs. Asman and you we send our special thanks. When shall we four meet?

'Many thanks, too, for the pretty photograph. How well you chose! Snow we see here only on the distant mountains. The sight of Niagara brings it very near. Do you remember the day we spent together there when we were both poor bachelors? Those days are over. May you be happy always.—Sincerely yours,

'A. W. Stratton.'

To Mr. Stratton's light sketch of camp life in the Nasim Bagh may be added one detail. We may tell of the pleasure he found in singing old songs on the Dahl Lake, in the wonderful Indian moonlight, the boatmen sometimes swinging the little *kishti* into the lotus beds, sometimes steering it through the canals, and often far into the night paddling it back and forth across the basin that fronts the Bagh. On these white nights, these 'moons that were borrowed from heaven,' he used to sing over and over his favourite songs and hymns—'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Day is Dying in the West,'—the Musalman boat crew very silent, and listening to the voices with what thoughts or what emotions—who can say?

But the days in the Nasim Bagh were too good to last, the dream mountains removed themselves, and camp life under the chinar trees came to a sudden end the last week in August. It was discovered that cholera had broken out in the two villages, Hazrat Bal and Habag, which lie on either side of the grove. This was indeed bad news, as the fruit and vegetable supplies had been coming from those places.

The servants were terrified, and wished to leave

immediately. Mr. Stratton called them to him and gave them careful directions about their food, and ordered them to stay close in camp. And he told them to have no fear. He himself had none. He was genuinely optimistic, believing that the evils which others had escaped would surely pass by him and his. And he was a wall of strength to any one else who was troubled, full of resources and delicate devices for relieving a bad situation, and if the worst came he had a brave way of dwelling upon something good which was a little way in the future. His cheerfulness was absolutely unconquerable, and his sole thought on a hard day was the comfort and happiness of others.

On learning of the outbreak of cholera near the camp he went at once to consult with Dr. Mittra, in Srinagar, and at his suggestion moved down to the Munshi Bagh, in the European quarter of the city. It lies near the foot of Takht-i-Sulaiman.

TO HIS FATHER

'Srinagar, *Sept.* 1, 1901.

'We are now encamped in the city, or rather in the neighbourhood of it, in plain sight of the church, the little cottages built by the riverside for visitors, and some good-sized residences.

'Friday evening we heard that cholera had broken out in the two villages near to the Nasim Bagh, and yesterday morning I came into the city to inquire, while A—— wrote to Aunt Lizzie and the Alreds and Mary Cook. The Chief Medical Officer advised me to leave the Nasim Bagh at once and come here. That is how I send this letter from the Munshi Bagh—an old orchard, I judge, where, as I write, small boys are shaking apples

from a tree or bringing them down with sticks and stones, a policeman joining in. Isn't that un-American ?

'We were sorry to leave the Nasim Bagh, where we felt so much at home and hoped to stay for six weeks more. A—— came away full of sadness. Whether Srinagar will be better than she dares hope, it is too soon to tell : but we shall surely both be glad if soon the disease leaves the villages on the lake and we are able to go back.

'Sitting here, I have been looking up to the temple, many centuries old, which crowns the hill near us. The Muhammadans, who somehow spared this temple amid all the ravages they committed here, call the hill the Takht-i-Sulaiman—the throne of Solomon, who, they say, came here once and did many wonderful deeds. Last September my sore foot prevented my climbing to the summit, which is a thousand or twelve hundred feet above us. We hope to go up some morning soon in time to see the light spread over the valley.[1] But perhaps such early rising is too much to hope for. . . .

'I believe in taking advantage of the experience of physicians, but I am more pleased than I can tell at your being able to get on without them. That and your good spirits and the chance to help others are much to be thankful for. The last is the best of all : you cannot ask for more.

'Now that we are in the city I shall probably see more of the pandits. I can understand those who came

[1] The Strattons climbed to the top of the hill one morning before breakfast, but not in time to 'see the light spread over the valley.' A curious custom was observed here. Each worshipper before descending the hill made on the ground, out of the loose stones that lay about, a crude miniature house or building, which, after it was finished, looked like a child's play-house. One of the Srinagar pandits, of whom Mr. Stratton inquired, said that he had never seen the thing done, and could give no explanation of it.

out to the Nasim Bagh to see me as well as the men I am accustomed to see every day in College. It did not occur to me before that the Kashmiri style of pronunciation had grown natural. I speak Sanskrit with greater freedom, too, which I am glad to find. I hope I shall be able to do a good deal more in the way of serious study than I seem yet to have a chance for. I am planning some work, the editing and translating of a book that exists now only in manuscripts, and should like to make a good deal of progress with it during the coming winter. I have borrowed one manuscript from the Government collection at Poona, and am getting others here. . . .'

Mr. Stratton always sat under the trees when he was reading, and of course he was a target for the strolling dealers in Kashmiri wares who haunt the tents of the Sahibs in the summer season. Of all persistent bargainers they are the worst. One of them sat three hours one day in the broiling sun, with his goods spread out around him, waiting for Mr. Stratton to put away his books. So troublesome were the box-wallahs (as they are called) this summer in the Munshi Bagh that Mr. Stratton finally ordered Romana, the head boatman, to watch for them and drive them away. Romana kept a pile of stones behind a tree for the purpose, but he was not a good shot, and the men used to run away laughing.

European visitors have given strange names to some of these merchants, names which the men themselves have appropriated as titles of distinction and have hung out in front of their shops. So as one passes down the river he sees that 'Gänymede' keeps silverware, and 'Suffering Moses' deals in wood-carving.

TO HIS FATHER

'MUNSHI BAGH, *Sept.* 8, 1901.

'. . . There is little news to send. The days pass in much the same way one as another, except Sundays. We are not able to study with much satisfaction here : so many embroiderers, wood-carvers, papier-mâché workers, and dealers in old bronze ware from Ladakh and Yarkand come to the tent and interrupt us. Still we do something each day. I have many opportunities of speaking Sanskrit. Few days pass without a call from at least one pandit : sometimes I have had two at one time ; one day four came together. I have better hopes now of being able to do what I came particularly to do this summer, namely, to get hold of the Kashmir ritual of the sacrifices. The oldest class of books describing it are no longer to be found, but I have come across some supposed to be in harmony with them, and hope to get originals or copies to take to Lahore. . . .

'Four days this week we have gone out walking : twice to an interesting place about two miles away, the old capital of Kashmir, given up perhaps a thousand years ago. An ancient temple still stands there,[1] half-covered by the water of a tank. Everywhere are bits of old carved stone and foundations of buildings. Some of these must have been quite large. For instance, there is to be seen there the upper part of a stone column six and a half feet or more in thickness, the capital nine feet perhaps from side to side. We took some photographs, of course. If they are satisfactory you shall see them.

'Some days have been pretty warm, but none oppressive. The nights are cold, and even . . . a blanket and a rug seem too little. . . .'

[1] The temple of Pandrathan.

TO MRS. BUCK

'SRINAGAR, *Sept.* 12, 1901.

'DEAR MRS. BUCK,—First let me thank you for your good wishes. They have been effective, so effective that you would scarcely recognise me as the despondent fellow who used to need so much cheering. I live in the present now instead of the past, and the strains of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, which for years were in my mind every day, I have not thought of these ten months and more. It was only the other day I remembered how much they used to mean to me. We were talking of an embroidered cloak my wife was getting, and how she would wear it at a Thomas Concert some day when we are back in America, and then we went on to recall old concerts we had heard together.

'And then congratulations on the new house. You must be in it now. How at the very heart of things you are! I should not venture to suggest a style of roofing for *your* house, but when any other University people are building will you not tell them that all the newer temples here are roofed with Standard Oil cans? For some months I failed to notice that some ornaments of the roof of our University building in Lahore were of the same material.

'On our way up from Bombay ten months ago (sometimes it seems a very short while, and again it seems always to have been so) we stopped only at Agra. Then all winter we were in a hotel. Our rooms were as comfortable as could be expected when we had only fireplaces to heat rooms twenty-four feet high (and winter nights in the Panjab are cold), and if the food was not to our liking, we had the best of company at table. It was almost the end of April before we got into our house,

a modest little place where we kept only eleven (afterwards fourteen) servants. Next time I hope to send a picture of it. Won't you let us see what yours is like? . . .

'We have not travelled about this summer. First we settled down in the Nasim Bagh, five miles from Srinagar. The cholera which some pilgrims had brought from Martand broke out in two villages near us, and we came into the Munshi Bagh, a grove in the European quarter of the city. The city is not quite free from cholera, but the water-supply is excellent, and medical aid at hand if anything happens.

'The friends we travelled with into Kashmir wanted to get away from Srinagar, which has the reputation of being unhealthy, and is in all truth dirty enough. It has been most unfortunate for them. This morning we had news of Mr. Ogden's death from cholera. They had only been married five months. We may leave at once with her [Mrs. Ogden]. It is not likely that she will care to stay here. We suppose that she will pack up as soon as possible and go back to England.

'These dark things must come into letters from India, but with all its sadness, particularly for women, who generally feel themselves exiles, Indian life has many compensations, and one may be glad to have the chance of spending some years here.'

In August the Ogdens had travelled up to Pahalgam and other points in the Liddar valley. Mr. Ogden was a keen sportsman, and delayed for bear-shooting several days at Walarhama, a small village near Pahalgam. It was his fate to lose his life in this wild spot, far from medical aid, the cholera claiming him a sudden victim. His noble character, his short married life, and the

terrible nature of his disease, all combined to make the circumstances of his death extremely painful. On receiving news of it through a letter from Miss Nellie Horst, Mr. Stratton at once went over to the Residency to learn farther particulars and to see whether he might be of help to Mrs. Ogden. It was decided that before he could reach her, her party probably would have broken camp and started down the river. And such proved to be the case.

In talking of the suddenness of the blow and the noble life of Mr. Ogden, on coming back from the Residency, Mr. Stratton said, 'I was thinking as I walked home that, after all, nothing counts but character.'

TO HIS FATHER

'"Oakhurst," Murree, *Sept.* 23, 1901.

'Your letter would have reached us in Srinagar Wednesday evening, but we left that morning, and did not get our home mail till we reached Murree on Friday afternoon.

'I did not tell you last week the reason for our coming away so early. Cholera, of which there were sporadic cases all winter, broke out again in August at a place of pilgrimage, and was soon spread over almost every part of the valley. About the end of the month some cases occurred in the two villages near the Nasim Bagh where we were encamped, and for that reason we came into Srinagar where the water-supply can be relied upon. During all the time we stayed there A—— was very uneasy. So many men were coming and going that she felt that cases might easily crop out near us. None did, and we were unharmed, but one of our friends miles away was taken with the terrible disease, and died when

no physician could be called in to help. He was a noble fellow. He was married only in April after an engagement of several years. We travelled together to Srinagar, then he went south. When his wife came down to the city again we had her set up her tents beside ours, then when it was possible we came here with her. Away from Kashmir we hope that she may be better able to bear her loss.

'The Assistant-Registrar was in Murree and secured us a pleasant cottage, liberally if not well furnished (we had to supply only dishes and lamps—the dishes we had in camp, two little lamps we bought here and hope to use in Lahore). A month from to-day College work is to be resumed. We hope to reach Lahore a few days earlier so that there may be no rush at first.

'In Kashmir A—— and I spent all our time in the valley near Srinagar, where the air, although pleasant enough, was not bracing. Here there is a touch of sharpness that reminds one of home. We hope that it will strengthen us. The wild-flowers on the hillside, the shady walks, the outlook over the valleys to the hills beyond, the prettily set houses, the general air of cleanliness, and the bright faces of happy English children are a great joy to A——, and I hope she will find here the pleasure the cholera caused her to miss in Kashmir. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR KIRK

'Murree, *September* 23, 1901.

'This is a late acknowledgment of your last letter and of the kind wishes Mrs. Kirk and you sent us. Yet you will not doubt I prize them. You know, too, how insistent are the demands of the University and the

College, and how little time I have for reading or for anything non-official; and that little was reduced by some attacks of fever, and once of liver complaint. . . .

'We expect to spend the rest of vacation (about four weeks) here. We have once more the comforts of a house, the place abounds in wild-flowers, the views over the valleys are charming, and the air is all that one could wish. The three weeks in Srinagar gave me an excellent opportunity of meeting the pandits and considerably increased my readiness in Sanskrit. Next winter I hope to have one of them with me in Lahore, making abstracts, looking up references, and obtaining details which the ritual books do not make clear.

'I have been trying to get together the books which explain the çrauta ritual of the Kāthaka school. No copy of the çrāuta sutras is known, but I hope that some sūtras which I am getting copied by a friend from dictation will add something to the number known. Subsidiary texts are to be found. I am also getting materials bearing on the household rites. Some other MSS., too, I got hold of, one a copy of the Persian version of the *Upanishads* on which I am going to try my little knowledge of Persian grammar. A copy of the *Bhagavadgīta* in Persian is to be sent me. Here in Murree, where no pandits are to be found, I want to give most of my time to preparation for a course in the *Nirukta*.

'All this, and scarcely a word of the abounding happiness this year has brought me. But you will know of that without my telling you. Remember your wish that I might be as happy as you. Surely no one can be happier than I. Some day I hope you shall see.

'I am very glad that you have come east, nearer where you want to be. May you soon be established in one of the large Universities!

'How is your father? Does he still live at Chestnut Hill? I sent in his care a little card from Kashmir. The cards here are all poor. One wonders when they are made in Germany why they should be so inferior to those of Switzerland and the Rhine. When will the Gildersleeve volume appear, and what is your contribution? I had hoped to send something, but could not, and have had no opportunity yet to finish the article I had in mind. Miss Grace has sent me recently some University news. Nothing but deaths and losses, though. Why cannot Baltimoreans do a little for the University? Remsen has surely not much to encourage him.

'The house is cold, and as I try to write my fingers will not help me. My brain seems chilled, too. Here this wretched letter had better end.

'A little flower to brighten it, picked near our house, and all good wishes to Mrs. Kirk and you. My wife sends greetings.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Murree, *Oct.* 1, 1901.

'. . . There is little news to send from here. We do not take part in the doings of the place, but live our own lives apart. We have breakfast at nine (I am at work at seven), lunch at two, dinner at seven. A—— spends as much of the time as she can sitting with Mrs. Ogden, usually on the verandah, from which there is a pleasant view. I work every day, although not by any means doing as much as I should like. The evening hours we give to little walks and gathering of wild-flowers, with which we are filling the books we brought with us. It is so pleasant in reading to come unexpectedly upon the little bits of colour. I have them even in my dictionaries. After dinner we usually read

aloud. Invariably we go early to bed. The lamps we bought here are not very satisfactory: that is perhaps in part the reason, but the keen mountain air also makes sleep easy. This letter must prove to you that it makes me dull. Yet I am well, and enjoy the air here more than any I have breathed in many months.

'A—— is charmed with the place, and indeed almost every step brings one to some new beauty. Then besides flowers and moss-grown rocks and great fir-trees, little green dells and distant mountains, the sight of so many English people, and especially so many English children, makes the place more pleasant with its suggestions of home. . . .'

TO MR. GUY L. CALDWELL

'Murree, *Oct.* 8, 1901.

'Dear Guy,—It is a far cry from a hill station in the Himalayas to the quiet western town[1] where you are practising, or would you rather have news from farther still? We have been somewhat farther, and are now staying here for a month on the way back to the plains, shortening by so much our holiday in Kashmir. You have perhaps heard of the reason.

'A—— thinks I might tell you of our summer trip—our honeymoon, which has not ended yet—in a little different way from what you have heard through her letters. You know of the journey by tonga over the mountains, and of the peaceful ride on the flat-bottomed boats, of the wonderful beauty of the valley, the luminous atmosphere, the blue of the sky above, the play of light upon the clouds, the browns and greens of the mountain-sides, the clear water of the little lakes, the

[1] Herman, Minnesota.

charming faces of men and women. So much in one little valley you do not know, and never can unless fortune holds a visit there in store for you.

'Our friend Mr. Ogden, with whom we travelled from Lahore to Srinagar, loved shooting, and soon went off where bears were to be found. We, with our quiet ways, settled near Srinagar. Away from the river there is a good deal of trouble involved in travelling: very few wagon-roads are to be found, and one's whole outfit—tents, beds, and bedding, clothing, food-supplies and cooking utensils—must be put on the backs of baggage ponies or of coolies. Yet with all the trouble I am sure that A—— would have enjoyed seeing the valley. For my sake she remained all the while near Srinagar.

'The summer, you see, is my best time for working—almost all that the heavy work in Lahore leaves me. Will you believe that the English in India work longer and harder than such men in America, spite of the great heat? It is true, and I think largely true of educated Indians.

'Last year, after two weeks of reading Sanskrit with a pandit in Srinagar, I had to give up work: my health was poor, and I had no chance to enter some inquiries I was anxious to make. It was in the hope of finding an opportunity this year that we went again to Kashmir.

'Various causes have contributed to the discontinuance of the old Vedic sacrifices: in part the loss of power by the old Hindu rulers, largely perhaps the interference of the Musalman conquerors, in part again newer conceptions of the nature of God. In various parts of India ritual books for all the sacrifices (many of which have not been performed for centuries) are to be found. The earliest and most authoritative books for the school which

had a home in Kashmir have not been found, and are believed not to exist: the pandits say that every copy was destroyed by the Musalmans. I heard, however, that the ritual, no longer available in books, had been handed down by oral tradition, and was still known to a few men. I made search for these, and for such books as I could get trace of which described the rites however imperfectly. My success was not what I should have desired. I could find only one man (over ninety years of age) who was well acquainted with the ritual, and he knows little more than is to be found in the books. Some fragments I have got from him, but cannot tell yet whether they are what I am searching for. The yield of subsidiary books, however, promises to be much greater than I had anticipated.

'This winter I hope to have a Kashmir pandit working with me in Lahore. Many of the pandits came to see me in Srinagar. Scarcely a day passed without at least one visit from them, and I had excellent opportunities for hearing and talking Sanskrit.

'Even the uneducated Brahmans in Kashmir are fine-looking men, easily distinguishable from the other classes. And in spite of centuries of Musalman rule unfriendly to Sanskrit studies, the learned have maintained an excellent tradition. It is a pleasure to talk with them. Their outlook is of necessity far less wide than an American professor's, but they have a wonderful knowledge of details in their own fields, and their subjects are what particularly interest me.

'A—— will tell you—perhaps has told you—of the interesting figures they make outside our tent, of their keen, handsome faces, their delicate fingers, the rich sounds of their Sanskrit. Of these things she noticed far more than I. Indeed most of the picturesqueness

which most people find in India, even from my first coming, did not appeal to me. From the first the surroundings seemed to me perfectly natural, and to this day it is chiefly the sight of little English children, or of poor Englishmen who can never hope to return to their native land, that reminds me that I should not wish to . . . spend my last days in India.

'But I have got far from the summer trip. Two pilgrimages carried over the whole valley the cholera, which, after last year's epidemic, still lingers in a few places. It came near us and drove us from the Nasim Bagh. Ten miles away it carried off poor Ogden. A—— had been uneasy for some weeks, and we gladly enough came, as we felt we must, with Mrs. Ogden, away from scenes so painful to her.

'Here we are higher (seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea), in a good house instead of a tent, and in a considerable European community, where one's surprise is chiefly that one sees so few Indians, unless, indeed, the homelikeness takes possession of one, and the wonder is that there are any Indians at all. But home for me is wherever A—— is. Some day we hope that our home will again be in America. Meanwhile we are happy here.

'We both send our best wishes for your success, thank you for your good wishes, and hope to hear from you whenever you can write.—Your new uncle,

'A. W. Stratton.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Murree, *Oct.* 13, 1901.

'May you have a very happy birthday, and many—happy too—in store for you. We send our best wishes: here we can send nothing else. There are very few

things to be found here, and none we know of that you would care for. In Kashmir we wondered what you would like best. You don't want embroideries, not even an embroidered dressing-gown; and silk handkerchiefs seem idle gifts when one has enough already. Books, we agree, must be most welcome. So when we get back to Lahore we shall send our little gift; late it will be, but not through our fault.

'Many people who have been staying here have gone down already. The falling-off is quite marked. The number at church was noticeably less this morning. The Presbyterian church is closed for the season: we were at the last service last Sunday evening. Fewer people are seen on the streets. The shops are closing, and huge packing-boxes are piled up before them to be taken to the plains. Every day we see coolies carrying past our house the goods of families that are leaving. When Mrs. Ogden went down yesterday with Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson of the College where Mr. Ogden taught, several other tongas were ready to leave at the same time. We hope to go on Saturday.

'We are alone now, but Miss Ouseley, who teaches in the girls' school here, and whose uncle, Dr. Sime, the Director of Public Instruction, was at the same table with us in the hotel last winter, came in for tea and stayed chatting with us for a time. We did not go out to church this evening for fear of robbery. We have been somewhat uneasy since the servants' goods were taken last Tuesday, and now that fewer people are here the danger is greater. We are very careful to lock things up, and caution the servants not to leave the house when we go out, and we never stay out long. At night two men sleep in the house, bringing everything of value in from the kitchen. Their goods have not been traced,

and we have no hope of hearing of them. The police seem to be helpless. Some even say that they stand in with thieves and shield them.

'Even since we came (a little more than three weeks ago) the appearance of things has decidedly changed. Plenty of dry leaves under foot, fewer of them on the trees, and many of them turned red,—a sort of withering up all round tells that winter is coming. We had hoped to have frost before leaving, but think now that there is not much likelihood of that. Every evening, however, it has been cold enough to make a fire in the grate pleasant. Sometimes it has smoked badly, sometimes there has not been much wood (we buy ten cents' worth at a time, eighty pounds); for one reason or the other we have almost every night gone to bed early. In Lahore, with less cold and with lamps by which we can read with comfort, we expect to stay up much later.

'Three or four days ago I finished the preparation I was making for one of my classes, and since then have read no Sanskrit. Instead of that I have been reading a little Persian, a thing I have wanted to do for some time. With a little acquaintance with Urdu, Persian is easy, even easier than Urdu would be after Persian. At present I am only reading little things called "Pleasant (or witty) Stories,"[1] of various sources: one of them was like the incident of the pound of flesh in the *Merchant of Venice*, another like Solomon's judgment. After a while I intend to go over some Persian translations from Sanskrit. . . .

'*Oct.* 16.—Just a little more. My fingers are so stiff with the cold, though it is nearly noon, that I cannot write well.

[1] *Hikāyāt i Latif dar 'Ibārat Sālis*—'Stories Pleasant (or easy) in Style.'

'I am sending a photograph which A—— took a few days ago. It is our neighbour's house which you see. Ours faces the wrong direction for a good photograph. Here is also a little chinar leaf from the Nasim Bagh. They are usually larger, sometimes twice as long and twice as broad. The tree is said to be a variety of the plane-tree. It bears a little, round, prickly nut, which so far as I know is not eaten. The trunks are too thick to look well, and usually become hollow ; but the shade of the trees is magnificent—the best I have ever seen. Some of the leaves change colour very early : this one was brown in August.'

CHAPTER X

The present series of letters contains a fragmentary account of Mr. Stratton's search for manuscripts and oral traditions relating to the ritual of sacrifices of the Kāṭhas, a work which was first suggested to him by Dr. Stein. His personal efforts to secure material in Kashmir were cut off by an unexpected return to the Panjab on account of the death of Mr. Ogden ; but he kept up the search the next year through correspondence. Though meeting with no great success in the matter of finding original material, his interest in this special field deepened, and he gave a considerable time from this date on (what hours he could spare from daily work) to directing the labours of Pandit Mukund Ram in copying and comparing the borrowed manuscripts of subsidiary books.

At the time of his death an edition of the Kāṭhaka Gṛhya Sūtras with extracts from the Commentary of Devapāla was well under way. On his journey up to Kashmir, in July 1902, he said that he had fair expectation of completing the book, or at least of bringing it near completion, during the summer. It was his intention to publish it in Sanskrit and in English. In 1903 all the material bearing upon this work was placed in the hands of Prof. Bloomfield at the Johns Hopkins University.

Pandit Mukund Ram has written in his own way of the scope of the intended work, and of Mr. Stratton's plans for future research along these lines.

FROM PANDIT MUKUND RAM

'SATHOO, SRINAGAR,
KASHMIR, *Oct.* 3, 1904.

'DEAR MADAME,— . . . As regards the letters of Dr. Stratton which would give you a clue to what his objects were, I am glad to inform you that after some careful search I have found all such letters of his as were conducive to the vastness of his mind and expressive of his magnanimous projects in the way of compiling and publishing Çrāuta sūtra and Smārta sūtras with their *Bhāṣhas*, both of which concern the Vedic style, and which have not been published or even arranged or compiled by anybody of modern light. Of the above two kinds of sūtras, he had begun one class of them called Kāṭhaka sūtras, a complete copy of which he could not obtain from anywhere. Since he was determined to obtain it, he spared no pains in getting fragments of it from (1) Poona Deccan College, (2) Benares College Library, (3) Jammu Raghunath Mandir Library, etc. Were he spared for some time more, his indefatigable efforts in completing the above work would have indeed met with success.

'One of this series of books called *Kaṭhakasmārtasūtra* with *Devapālabhāṣhyam* was also copied fairly by me for the Press, and would have been published if he had lived a few months longer.

'His next intention was to publish the *Kātyāyana* çrāutasūtras with its *Devayājnikabhāṣhyam*, which, pub-

lished in German, has got this *bhāṣha* only for its one half, and (apparently for want of the other half) has got another *bhāṣha* called Karka. His unsparing exertions had also obtained what the publisher of *Kātyāyana* çrāuta-sūtras had not done, *i.e.* three complete *bhāṣhas* of it, (1) *Devayājniaka*, (2) *Ananta Deva*, (3) *Karka*.

'In short, his ideas of extending this sort of research and improving the Sanskrit Scriptures were doubtless so vast and generous that there would have grown a very important department of such research under his benignant care by this time, had Heaven spared him ; which to our misfortune has not been allowed. The magnanimity of his projects will keep him undoubtedly long in my memory, as well as in that of those who really care for this sort of work. . . . I remain, dear Madame, yours truly, MUKUND RAM, SHASTRI.'

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'NASIM BAGH,
August 31, 1901.

'Perhaps you have seen Dr. Bloomfield since he received a letter I wrote him in the early summer. I told him then that I hoped to write you almost immediately, but almost three months have passed since then. You have heard [from] Dr. Stein of the great amount of office-work this post demands of one, and my twelve hours' teaching each week was made much heavier from the first of May by the preparation I had to make for the M.A. class, from which last year I was fortunately free. . . .

'I left Lahore at the end of last month wretchedly weak, and still am not free from a fever which had

confined me to bed for some days. My strength came back slowly, but as soon as we settled down in the Nasim Bagh, five miles from Srinagar, I began to read the Çārada manuscript of the Kāṭhaka gṛhya sūtras with Devapāla's Commentary which I had brought with me. It is one of those which Bühler bought here and deposited in the Deccan College Library: Number 12 in his Report. In parts the writing, which is by different hands, is very slovenly. There, and to a less extent in the clearly written parts, are many evidences of carelessness. The errors can, in part, be corrected from the MS. itself, but in not a few passages I have gone over one needs other MSS. There are two other MSS. in Poona: one, I think, complete, and copies are to be found here also, although if I remember rightly there is none in the library at Jammu. On Thursday I got the first half of a manuscript carefully written on what I am told is the old style of Kashmiri paper, and I have since been comparing it with the one I brought. I am much pleased to have secured it. The text is excellent. The second half of the book belongs to a man living outside of Srinagar. I believe I shall be able to get hold of it. A friend of Nityanand of the State High School has some stray leaves of a bhūrja MS. which he showed me. Mukund Ram, who assisted Dr. Stein when he was bringing out the *Rājataranginī*, tells me that there is a complete bhūrja MS. in the city. I hope to secure the use of it, at least. Meanwhile, with the help of these two pandits, I am looking for other copies. Soon I shall be able to work systematically, I hope, on the constitution of the text. Pandit Mukund Ram will probably go with me to Lahore and work with me there. I hope I shall be able to bring out the sūtras, at least in Sanskrit and English.

'You know how I hoped to take down from recitation the Kāṭhaka çrāuta sūtras. Dr. Stein must know of men to whom the tradition has come down, but I have found none. There does not seem to be much hope, but I shall go on seeking, and when Dr. Stein returns to India I may get hold of the clue I need. It was he who suggested the work.

'I have got a well-written MS. of the Persian translation of the *Upanishads*, about ninety years old, and pretty well preserved. I have been reading a little of the *Ḥikāyat i Latif*, and after that shall probably turn to the *Upanishads* when I have any time for Persian.

'The collection of manuscripts in Lahore noticed by Aufrecht in the Cat. (formerly Rādhākriṣṇa's) is inaccessible. I have, however, been able to consult some *Upanishad* MSS. in Madhusūdan's collection. There is a manuscript catalogue of it in the University library; it was compiled at Dr. Stein's suggestion some years ago. . . .

'I hope the photographs of the temple at Martand, which I sent in the winter, reached you in good condition. . . . I have brought now a magazine camera I got in the spring. Some little pictures I made with it at Takht-i-Bahi are set aside for you in Lahore; I had intended to send them with my letter. Some mementoes of this year's camp I hope to send with them.

'My wife, to whom Kashmir is altogether new, is charmed with the beauty of earth and sky, but moved to as much disgust by the ways of living of the people. . . .

'A. W. S.'

TO DR. VOGEL

'MUNSHI BAGH, SRINAGAR,
Sept. 6,, 1901.

'DEAR VOGEL,—Here in Kashmir it seems to be almost as hard as in Lahore to find time for writing. So your last letter has been long unanswered.

'First, what we have done. Little enough, at least so far as seeing things goes. . . . My wife is reading the *Rusūm i Hind*, but the writing is small and obscure, and she gets on slowly. I have been going through Platts' Grammar for the first time, and hope my Urdu will show some improvement on that account. At odd moments I have been looking into a Persian grammar. . . . First, Nityanand wrote out for me the principal Çāradā characters, and corrected my Nāgarī version of the *Māhātmya* I showed you last winter, and afterwards of a MS. of the Kāṭhaka gṛhya sūtras I borrowed from Poona. . . .

'With regard to the çrāuta ritual, my search was at first altogether disappointing, but I am hopeful again. I have some *paddhatis* of the *darçapūrṇamāsa* and *agniṣṭoma*, and am informed that *paddhatis* and *prayogas* of the several sacrifices that are still performed here can be obtained by search. Further, a very old pandit, Pandit Içvara Candra, is said to be acquainted with the sūtras. If so I shall have what I want most. The time when I am to see him has not yet been fixed. Meanwhile I shall try to get hold of all the *prayogas*, *paddhatis*, and *kārikās* I can find for both *yajñas* and *saṁskāras*.

'Have you Caland's *Ahnencult* with you, and can you spare it for a little while? I am sending to Germany for a copy, but that cannot reach me until the vacation is over.

'I have inquired constantly for the *Baudhāyana* sūtras or any part of them, and have constantly been told that they are not known here, and have never been seen. Did D. Caland say why he believed they could be found here? The Kāṭhaka çrāuta sūtras, too, have not been found. May Pandit Īçvara Candra be able to recite them to me!

'Near the little temple at Pandrathan yesterday my wife spied a figure cut in relief: on the back were some Karoṣṭhi characters, of which I made an impression, although I suppose every one has seen them. I also photographed the upper part of a column about seven feet in diameter, and a huge pair of legs which my wife says you ought to have for the museum.

'Pandit Mukund Ram, Pandit Nityanand, and Pandit Sukhānand (whose "nāṭaka" you are said to have admired so greatly) have all inquired regarding you. Did you meet the pandits who teach the candidates for Oriental titles here? Pandit Raja Ram seems to me particularly keen. They have, so far, given me more information than any one else.

'I am glad you are working in so rich a field, and hope you will continue to be in good condition for work. Have you come across Pandit Durgādatta in the Kangra valley?

'We both send best wishes.'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'SRINAGAR, *Sept.* 11, 1901.

'Reading this morning a manuscript I have just got, the *Parvatantravidhi*, a Kashmiri manual for the *darça-pūrṇamāsa*, I was struck by some variations in the form of stanzas occurring in the *Rigveda*, and wondered

whether there would be any use in my getting together for you the mantra material of the *prayogas* and *paddhatis* of the sacrifices according to the Kāṭhaka school, and of the similar gṛhya texts and the commentaries on *Laugākṣi's* sūtras. Here are two or three instances from the text I mentioned. Without books here, except Aufrecht's *Rigveda* and Grassman's *Dictionary*, I cannot tell whether they occur in this form elsewhere. (1) *RV*. 9. 54. 1 in the second *pada* : *duduhe*, *ahrayaḥ* being a good singular. (2) *RV*. 1. 114. 8 in place of the fourth *pada* of the *RV*. *haviṣmanto namasā vidhemate* (cf. *RV*. 1. 36. 2. b). Two manuscripts that differ in some passages agree here. I presume the readings are genuine. Last month when I was just beginning to read the Çāradā characters I noticed some variant readings in a copy of Devapāla's Commentary in the Kāṭhaka gṛhya sūtras, No. 12 of the list in Bühler's Report (Bombay R. A. S.). The MS., however, is not good, and some were certainly mistakes, as the text itself proved: in others I could not be sure. There would be nothing gained if I cited any now.

'Now regarding my work here. . . . Early in June I wrote to a pandit here whom I saw frequently last summer, asking him whether he knew any one acquainted with the Kāṭhaka çrāuta sūtras. He inquired of many, but could learn of none. Others also whom I asked on coming here did not know of any one. At last, however, I heard of one old man, almost a hundred years old, who is said to be better acquainted than any other man in Kashmir with the ritual of the *saṁskāras* and of such *yajñas* as are still performed in the valley. (The list of these so far as I have ascertained in conversation is *agnyādhāna*, *punarādhāna*, *agnihotra*, *darçapūrṇamāsa*, *piṇḍapitṛyajña*, *āgrayaṇa*, one at least of the *kāmyeṣṭis* (the

kārīrīṣṭi), *paçvālambha*, and *pravargya*.) I saw him yesterday. He knows all the *paddhatis*, of the *yajñas* as well as the *saṁskāras*, is acquainted with the gṛhya sūtras of *Lāugākṣi*, and remembers some of the çrāuta sūtras. From his adding that three months would not be sufficient for taking them down, I judge that he can give such number as will be of substantial value. From lack of practice (he does not teach, and of Europeans has met only Bühler and perhaps Dr. Stein) he cannot carry on a conversation in Sanskrit. I, on the other hand, know no Kashmiri. Accordingly a pandit friend has agreed to go to the old pandit's house as often as possible and take down what he can recall of the sūtras, and bring (afterwards send) the sheets to me. If he is acquainted with any *prayogas* or *paddhatis* of which copies cannot be found, these also will be taken down from his dictation. Meanwhile three men are inquiring further in the hope of finding some one else who can give similar help : I must confess there does not seem to be much hope.

'What I should like to do, then, is to arrange this material and supplement it by quotations found in other books, *e.g.* in the commentaries to the *Kātyāyana* sūtras and the material derivable from the subsidiary books. *Prayogas* and *paddhatis*, I am told, can probably be found for all the sacrifices in the list I gave, but so far I have only got hold of one, for the *darçapūrṇamāsa*, seen the *agniṣṭoma paddhati*, and heard that a pandit at Shupiyon owns a copy of the *kārīrīṣṭi paddhati*.

I am also getting together manuscript material for the gṛhya sūtras. I have got hold of one almost complete, an old paper which, so far as I have been able to compare it with the copy I borrowed from Bühler's collection in Poona, is distinctly good. A bhūrja MS., of which I know, there is not much chance of me buying, but I hope

at least to have a carefully corrected copy made of it. For the present also I have to be content with a copy of the Kāṭhaka gṛhya bhāṣya (or *Laugākṣi* sūtra *bhāṣya*), in the colophon of which I was interested in seeing *caraka* in place of the *cārāyaṇīya* of the Devapāla. (I wonder whether that is the basis of Caland's view cited by Hillebrandt, *Rituallitteratur*, p. 32.) All the pandits here agree in holding that there is no difference between the *Caraka* kāṭhas and the *Cārāyaṇīya* kāṭhas. They also hold that the gṛhya *paddhatis* are in strict accordance with Devapāla's Commentary. The *vināyakagaṇeça pūjā*, which Hillebrandt calls characteristic of the *Mānava* gṛhya sūtra, is a regular part of the ceremonial here: whether it is mentioned by Devapāla, as one reliable man said, I do not yet know. The Āsura *pūjā*, which with the Brāhma *pūjā* he mentions as characteristic of the Kāṭhaka sūtras, is scouted by all but one (the man I mentioned just now) as a thing they would never do. These things of course I must look into in working over the text in Lahore.

'My friend Dr. Vogel of Lahore bought here last summer a bhūrja MS. of the gṛhya *paddhatis*. I find no knowledge of any *pariçiṣṭas* of the Kāṭhaka school (cited in the commentaries).

'I am getting good practice in Sanskrit. Scarcely a day but I see one pandit, and often two or three. I am also going over the *Nirukta* in preparation for one of my classes next winter. . . .

'Just a word or two of other things. Rai Sahib Sala Narayan Das, Judicial Member of the State Council, who is the guiding spirit in educational matters, and so has influence with many pandits, is kind enough to use his influence to secure for me originals or copies of the MSS. I want. Pandit Nityanand of the State High

School will continue to look out for MSS. and send to me those he gets. Pandit Mukund Ram will probably come to help me in Lahore, but if before that the cholera ceases to be a hindrance he will go out to some villages at a distance where it is believed that some of the books are to be found. . . .

'I hope I shall soon receive the copy of the *Pāippalāda çakha*. Has Professor Lanman completed Whitney's *Atharva veda* work? I think the *Nation* reported his presenting it to the Oriental Society in April, but have not seen the book announced in Harrassowitz's list, or elsewhere.

'I thought I might find for Bolling a copy of the *Atharva vediya pariçiṣṭāni* here in Kashmir, but have found no sure traces. One man thought he had seen a Çārada copy. I told him that Bolling would certainly wish to see that. Since then I have heard nothing. If I had at hand a list of the *pariçiṣṭas* I might find something, and I shall not cease yet to inquire, but of the few I could recall the *āsurīkalpa* was the only one the pandits recognised.'

TO PROFESSOR JACKSON

'LAHORE, *Dec.* 31, 1901.

'DEAR MR. JACKSON,—This letter was to have been sent long ago. Will you accept the good intentions, and pardon my long delay in acknowledging the letter you sent me on the way to Calcutta. . . .

'In Srinagar I did my best to get together materials for an edition of the Kāṭhaka gṛhya sūtras and of such çrāuta material as can be found. I did succeed in borrowing two manuscripts of Devapāla's Commentary, one of which appears to be much older, is more carefully

written, and in the parts where I have so far compared the two, is freer from errors than Bühler's No. 12 which I had with me. I got also some fragments, and expect within a few days a copy of a very old MS. of which I could not secure the original. The head Sanskrit teacher in the State High School at Srinagar is comparing the copy with the original, and has strict orders not to correct what he believes to be errors in the original. Dr. Vogel has lent me his bhūrja MS. of the gṛhya *paddhatis*. Dr. Stein will let me have his copies of Devapāla and the gṛhya *pañcikā* as soon as he gets his boxes. For a small part of the sūtras I also got a second commentary; the author's name I don't know. Meanwhile two men are looking for other books for me.

'The search for çrauta materials was much more disappointing. I have a *paddhati* for the *darçapūrṇamāsa*, saw one for the *agnyādhāna*, but have not yet received the promised copy, and know where one for the *kārīrīṣṭi* is to be found. There is all. An old man (over ninety) who is said to be the best versed of the Kashmiri pandits in the ritual, told me that he could recall some of the çrauta sūtras, and added that it would take three months to tell them. He could not speak Sanskrit, although he can read it, and I know no Kashmiri, so my pandit friend of the State School had to interpret. He also undertook to copy down what the old man told him. The small list I got before leaving consisted chiefly of phrases of the type "atha pakṣayajña," and now the pandit writes me that the old man really knows nothing of the sūtras. I am sorry, but really not surprised. Educated Kashmiris have nothing to do with the performance of religious ceremonies. Dr. Stein tells me that even in the Kalhana's time it is evident that those who were priests by profession were despised. The

conditions are not favourable, I fear, for giving an account of the Kāṭhaka ceremonies that will be found to clear up all obscurities; but such as they are, the materials can be worked up only by one within easy reach of Kashmir. I am fortunate in having with me a pandit who has performed the *saṁskāras*, and yet is a well-trained scholar, and helped Dr. Stein and then Dr. Grierson.

'In the little time I have been able to snatch from University and College work I have been giving most lately to the stray bits of Kāṭhaka çraūta material one can get, especially the references in Yājñikadeva's commentary on the *kānya* sūtras (in Weber's edition the references end with the eleventh book, and the pandit has gone to Jammu, where there is a complete copy, to see whether there are not others to be found in the later books), the *Bāudhāyana* sūtras that deal with the five Kāṭhaka forms of *agnicayana* (as in the *Tāittirīya Brāhmaṇa* and *Āraṇyaka*), and have been puzzling over a Kāṭhaka *agniprayoga*, also of the *Bāudhāyana* school, that seems to be hopelessly mixed up.

'The long planned visit to Mathura I have not made yet. There was no chance of getting away this month. When I get away in April, as I hope to do for a few days, I should like to go up to Suket Mandi, where I hear that there is a large number of Sanskrit MSS. in Çāradā characters which Ranbir Singh gave to the Raja of Mandi. I mentioned it yesterday to Dr. Stein, who doubts the correctness of what I have been told. He thinks that Ranbir Singh was more likely to give worthless modern copies in Nāgarī, and of course the Çāradā MSS. I have heard of may be Hindi MSS. in the local alphabet, which is very nearly allied to the Çāradā. . . .

'We are sending you a little photograph of the half-submerged temple at Pandrathan (Purāṇadhiṣṭhāna) near Srinagar. We took very few pictures this summer.

'Dr. Stein sends greetings to Mr. Lanman, Dr. Bloomfield, and you. My wife and I to your nephew and you, and to Mrs. Jackson, whom we have not seen. Please remember me when you meet or write to Dr. Bloomfield or Mr. Lanman.

'With best wishes for the New Year, and in hope of hearing soon that you are coming out again,—I am, sincerely yours, A. W. STRATTON.'

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'LAHORE, *Jan'y* 27, 1902.

'I am sending you by this post, on behalf of Pandit Gangādhara of Jammu, a copy of a work of his which was strongly recommended to me by two pandits here, but which I have not been able yet to go through. The pandit is at the head of the Maharaja's Sanskrit College connected with the Raghunath Temple. He is a man of wide learning. He teaches the Vedanta. I know that he is well-versed, also, in the books of the *White Yajurveda*, which his younger brother, Pandit Jagadīçvara, teaches. He has been very kind in helping me in my attempt to get together Kāṭhaka materials. I hope that the book, apart from its merits, will interest you as a specimen of the work done in Jammu. . . .

'My work on the Kāṭhaka sūtras, both çrāuta and gṛhya, is progressing slowly. I have got hold of some gṛhya material since I last wrote you. Among these MSS. the most interesting is a fragment from a commentary quite distinct from Devapāla's. Unfortunately

it is very short, but now that I know that there was such a commentary, I shall make every effort to get hold of all of it. The name of the author does not appear in the part I have, and I have as yet found no means of determining his name or date.

'The Jammu copy of Yājñikadeva's commentary on the *kāṇya* sūtras has yielded two and a half times the number of citations from the Kāṭhaka çrāuta sūtras given in Weber's edition.

'Pandit Gangādhara says that at the time when the Jammu collection of MSS. was formed, adherents of the Kāṭhaka school were found in Gujarat and in the south, and he is confident that a search would reveal the whole of the Kāṭhaka çrāuta sūtras. He has written for the purpose to some friends in Gujarat and Godavari.

'Do you know anything of a collection of Çāradā manuscripts said to have been bought in Delhi some years ago by Dr. Peterson from a Kashmiri pandit (now dead)? I can learn nothing here. Mrs. Peterson is dead, and their son-in-law, who disposed of the property, is in the army in South Africa. Dr. Peterson bought them, I understand, for his own use.

'The Kashmir State Council intends to organise a search for Sanskrit MSS. in the state. When the Maharaja was last here, the Judicial Member told me that they thought of placing a Bengali in charge.

'Dr. Stein picked up a considerable number of books in Kashmir. I have got very few so far. At present I am trying to get eight birch-bark books, one of which is a copy of the *Çrīkaṇṭha carita*, and another an old grammatical work not elsewhere reported. To get hold of these, I have to take three books of the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa* and some others that I do not want.

'I have been looking eagerly for an announcement

of your *Atharva veda*. Will it be ready soon? And the Prākrit drama?

'I hope to send you soon a photograph of myself. Pity that I can send nothing better than that in return for yours. This is a scrappy letter, but I have scarcely time to think what I am writing, and I wished to send an explanation with the book. Please remember me to Dr. Bloomfield and Mr. Jackson.'

TO DR. VON SCHROEDER

'ORIENTAL COLLEGE, LAHORE,
January 1, 1902.

'MY DEAR SIR,—In such time as I could secure from anything outside my work in the University office and the College (little, as you know from Dr. Stein, whom I succeeded here), I have been working on the Kāṭhaka ritual books in the hope of (1) bringing out an edition of the grhya sūtras with extracts from the commentaries, and (2) presenting such an account of the sacrificial ritual of the school as can be gathered from the *paddhatis* now met with in Kashmir, from references to the çrāuta sūtras found in Yājñikadeva's Commentary on the *Kātyāyana* çrāuta sūtras and elsewhere, and from any oral information I could obtain from pandits in Kashmir. It was only two days ago that Dr. Stein told me that he thought you intended to come to Kashmir for the same purpose, and it seems to me that I ought to write you at once.

'Complete copies of Devapāla's Commentary are still obtainable, though not easily. I have secured the use of one that in comparison with No. 12 of the Poona collection seems to be particularly good. It is an old paper copy, very clearly written (in Çāradā): divided between two brothers, it has unfortunately suffered the loss of

some pages in the first half. Part of a very old copy of the Kaṭhaka gṛhya I examined in Srinagar last September, and, unable to secure the book to bring to Lahore, am having a copy made, which I expect shortly. A portion, unfortunately small, of another commentary on the sūtras was sent me since my return to Lahore (the author's name does not appear), and some pandit friends are continuing the search for me. Dr. Stein has also kindly offered to let me use his MSS. of the commentary of Devapāla and the *gṛhya pañcikā*, and another friend has lent me his bhūrja MSS. of the *paddhatis*. I have with me in Lahore (I engaged him during the summer, but owing to the marriage of his daughter he came here only recently) a Kashmiri pandit, who is at the same time a good scholar and a man who has himself performed the *saṁskāras*, a rare combination in Kashmir. I expect to spend my summer vacations in Kashmir, and hope when my work requires it to secure from the University leave for several months in order to give my whole time to it in Kashmir.

'For a time I had hopes of securing orally some of the çrāuta sūtras. . . . One of the members of the State Council told me last week that an appropriation has been made for a systematic search for Sanskrit manuscripts. The Maharaja favours the appointment of a Bengali who last summer went to Kashmir to collect tantra books.

'I have written thus fully because I took up the work because of the hope I had that situated within easy reach of Kashmir, and likely to visit the valley every year, I might secure manuscript material and help from the pandits not otherwise available, and because, on the other hand, if I had known that it was your intention to follow up the publication of the *saṁhita* by an edition of

other Kāṭhaka texts, I should have considered that sufficient reason for attempting nothing in that direction.

'If you will kindly let me know your wishes in this matter I shall be much obliged. If also there is anything I can do here or in Kashmir at any time that will be of use to you, please let me know.

'I judge from a remark in a recent letter of Dr. Bloomfield's that the edition of the Kāṭhaka will soon be complete. I trust it may be so.—Believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours, A. W. STRATTON.

'*P.S.*—Perhaps I should add that I have secured some other gṛhya MSS. than those I have mentioned, one Nāgarī copy of Devapāla, for instance, almost complete, and some fragments. On the çrāuta side I have little so far: such books appear to be very rare. I have a *paddhati* on the *darçapūrṇamāsa*, and a *ṭīkā*, have seen and have been promised a copy of a *paddhati* on the *agnyādhāna* (a modern copy which, however, the owner wishes to retain), and know where to get a *paddhati* on the *kārīrīṣṭi*. That is the whole story so far, but I shall do what I can next summer. Meanwhile the pandit is going over a private collection of Çāradā MSS. here, and as soon as I can get away (in March or April) I hope to go off to one of the hill states where I hear that there is a good number of MSS. from Kashmir.

'A. W. S.'

Out of a considerable number of Sanskrit letters written to the pandits, one to Mukund Ram is given here as fairly typical of the series.

श्रीरस्तु॥

महापण्डितं पण्डितं मुकुन्दरा समभिनन्दत्यै डबल्यू स्ट्रेट्टन् निवेदयति च।

यत्पत्रं भवता प्रेषितं तन्मया स हर्षेण प्राप्तम्। तदैवोत्तरं दातुमैच्छम्। कार्यबाहुल्येन तु लेखनायावसरो नागतः। ततश्च "मणियार्डर" प्रेषणाय प्राप्ता मुद्रा अनपेक्षिते व्यये देया आसन्। तदनन्तरमवकाशदिनत्रये सत्यादीवान्या लब्धाः।

अद्य डाकद्वारा प्रेषितं पत्रं तारपत्रं च प्राप्ते। मणियार्डरपत्रं प्रेष्य तारद्वारा मयोत्तरं दत्तं "मणियार्डरपत्र प्रेषितं। लेख

पत्रं विलम्बहेतुं दर्शयन्ति। तानि पुस्तकानि श्रीमानानयेत्" इति।

एतदर्थं पञ्चसप्ततिर्मुद्रा दत्ता यथा भवान् <u>देवपालभाष्य</u>का<u>ठकगृह्य</u>पुस्तकद्वयमानयेत्। <u>शब्दरूपपुस्तक</u>मपि द्रष्टुं क्रीत्वा वा यदि तच्छक्यं भवेदात्मनः पार्श्वे रक्षितुमिच्छेयम्। यदि भवतः प्रसादात्प्राप्स्यामि हृष्टतमो भविष्यामि। दुर्लभं हि तत्पुस्तकम्।

यद्विलम्बाद्भवतो मनसि शङ्का जातासीद् महान् ममानुशयोऽस्ति। सर्वत्र कुशली स्याद्भवानित्याशंसे

G. W. Shattuck.

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Stratton wrote fewer letters from this time on, his wife doing a great deal of his personal correspondence. On returning to Lahore from the hills in October 1901 she wrote to his father: 'F—— is taking up his work with great relish. He is very well, and *looks it*.' He kept in fair health until the beginning of the hot weather of 1902: but without doubt the summer in Srinagar, where the heat, though not excessive, is relaxing, had failed to fit him for the hard work of the year, as camp life in the higher altitudes had done the preceding summer.

Several things, too, conspired after Christmas to give extra work in the office, chief among which were the coming of Lord Curzon's Universities Commission and the appearance of the plague in the Panjab.

During the cold weather of this year Mr. Stratton enjoyed to the full his work with the Indian students and the social life of the station. A settled way of living and familiarity with the people and with Anglo-Indian customs gave him a keenness of comfort of which he often spoke. In many ways he seemed just entering on his rewards.

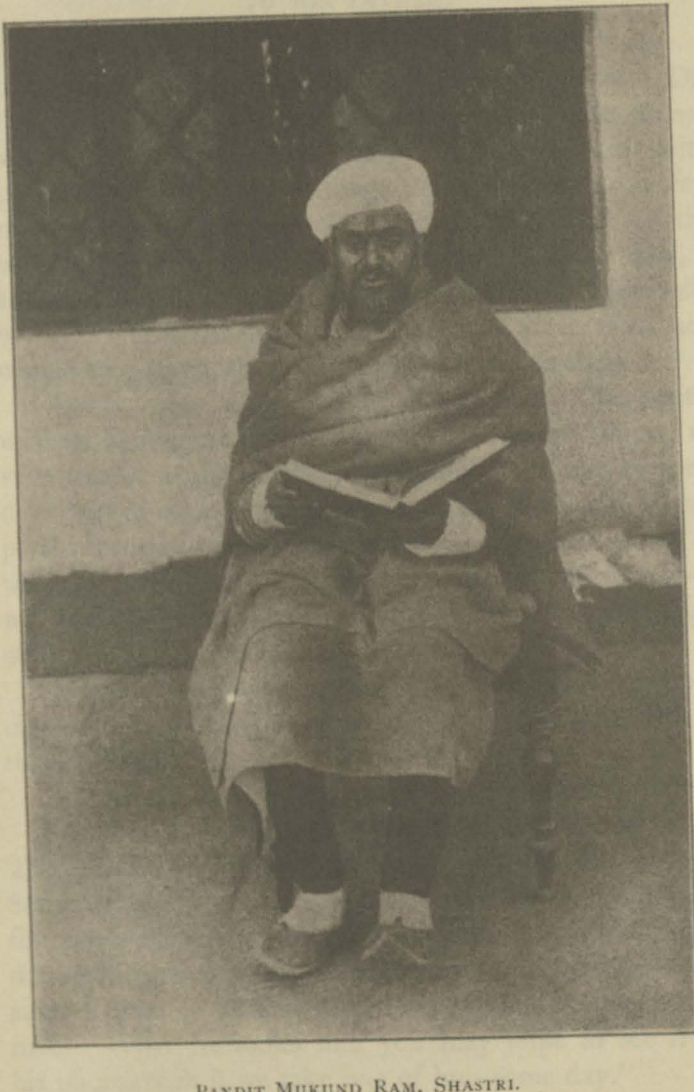
The presence of Pandit Mukund Ram in the house for several hours each day, aside from furthering his research work, was of immense benefit to him in giving him daily and easy practice in the use of Sanskrit. It

was a pleasant sight to see the two together—so engaged, so earnest—and the tiffin was often long delayed to allow their conversation to come to a close, Faqr-ud-Din quietly anxious lest the Sahib's favourite dishes would be spoiled by waiting.

To students and pandits and other Indian visitors Mr. Stratton was always easy of access, seldom denying himself to them except on Sunday afternoons, when he would allow nothing to interfere with his home reading and country drives. Letters were constantly coming to him which, with all allowance for Oriental colouring, show well his sympathetic relations with the young men of the College, as well as the other Indian scholars with whom he came in contact. One letter will sufficiently show this. It is from Muhammad Iqbal, at that time a lecturer in the Oriental College at Lahore, and since then a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Writing of Mr. Stratton in the year following his death, M. Iqbal said: 'It is impossible to forget him, so great is the intensity of the impression which he has left upon our minds. It is no exaggeration to say that it was his personality alone which turned our attention to the American people and their noble and disinterested character. We in India do not make many distinctions: he was a Canadian, but to us he was an American. I believe it is through Dr. Stratton's influence that some people here are thinking of joining American Universities, and I am one of them.'

And it may be said that Muhammad Iqbal made a good many inquiries regarding the terms of admission to American universities before he finally took up work in England.



Pandit Mukund Ram, Shastri.

TO HIS FATHER.

'LAHORE, *Nov.* 6, 1901.

'This is the anniversary of our wedding-day. Dr. Ewing and Mrs. Ewing are coming in to take dinner with us and celebrate the day. A—— is busy with preparations for the evening. I am stealing a few minutes from College work before going back to the office at four o'clock. The days are all busy now, it seems. Yesterday I did not get through my University work till seven o'clock, and then was quite tired and unable to prepare anything for my classes to-day.

'A——, too, is very busy every day. The white-washers have gone, but carpenters have come to put up wire screens at the doors and windows. It may be some days before their work is done. Then the house is only partly furnished; no curtains up yet at either doors or windows, and ever so many little things which A—— will wish to do to relieve the bareness of the great high walls.

'We are very happy in each other. I never dreamed that such happiness was possible. Our hearts are full of thankfulness.'

On *Dec.* 4 he wrote: 'There is one bit of news. The pandit from Kashmir came last Friday, and on Saturday began his work. He is making some extracts for me now, which I want to examine, and when this is done will turn to work on some manuscripts I have and some I hope to receive shortly. He is a very scholarly man. What he looks like you may hope to see from his photograph if we take one of him some day.'

TO THE SAME

'Lahore, *Dec.* 26, 1901.

'Here is the morning after Christmas, and I cannot do better than tell you how the day passed. But first, I hope that it has been a very happy day for Aunt Lizzie and you, whether you are in Hamilton or Toronto.

'Soon after we got up the servants from the University and Oriental College and the Law School began to come to make their salāms and receive their rupees for "the great day" (the Indian name for Christmas). I think twenty-seven rupees went to them. Then there were our own servants, to whom we gave from one to three rupees [each], and the children, who all got their shares of money and oranges and candies. I think they were a happy lot. But meanwhile there was breakfast and the pleasure of seeing the presents each of us had hidden from the other.

'Several visitors came during the morning, and we barely got away in time for church. The cathedral was full: ever so many of those present must have been people from other parts of the Panjab who are spending the Christmas week here. The bishop preached.

'After church there were visitors until lunch-time. After that we sat out at the back of the house and read until more visitors came. When they left it was time to go out for an evening drive. We went down past the houses where the Allens and the Arnolds used to live, and then round to the Institute. The roads seemed deserted, but as soon as we got into the gardens we saw where people were. The hall was crowded. We came away early, and reaching the house had a fire kindled in the parlour grate. For dinner—as indeed for all day—we had all the silver out and made the little table gay.

After dinner we sat again by the fire and recalled old times and spoke of our friends at home.

'It was altogether a happy day—one of the best we have ever known.

'I have not told you of the little Christmas tokens this week's mail brought us, nor of the carols and music at Government House on Christmas Eve, but I must close. We are glad you are so well. A—— sends love and best wishes.'

TO MISS GRACE

'Lahore, *Dec.* 31, 1901.

'Dear Miss Mary,—Before the old year passes may I have a little time with you, and A—— with us both.

'How hard it is to believe that our last New Year's Eve together was seven years ago. Do you remember how you took Schofield and me over to the Turnbull's, and how later we sat in the dining-room talking until Sykes and he came in, and then how we all saw the New Year in with a glass of wine? The next night we all saw Kathryn Kidder in *Madame Sans Gêne*. How short the time seems since!

'A—— is in bed, and I sitting near her, smoke (bad man) and write. These few days she has suffered grievously with her teeth. . . . I don't think she has written you since we came back from Murree. How good she found it to be here again! She had never supposed that she could have in India such a sense of home. Our house is more attractive than any I have seen in Lahore. Most of them are over-furnished, and the rooms look heavy and dark. Ours has a refreshing look of cleanness and freshness. We get great comfort out of our fireplaces, the only means of heating the house. One room is furnished with only a table and a

chair. There the pandit—'our pandit,' Mukund Ram—works. Some day we hope to get a photograph of him to send to you. . . .

'I have been busy. The University work is heavier than ever, though only for a time, I think. A general misunderstanding of some new rules, a change in the date of an examination to be held in about forty centres, and complications arising out of the appearance of plague in several districts, have greatly increased our correspondence, and every case must, before it is settled, come to me. The College, though not the office, has been closed for ten days, and I have had some rest. We have seen little of the gaieties of Christmas week, but have spent a quiet and very happy time at home.'

In February Mr. Stratton sent to Baltimore an article entitled 'A Dated Gandhāra Figure,' which was read by Prof. Bloomfield before the American Oriental Society in April, and published in its *Journal*[1] the following year. The paper was of an archæological character, dealing with the newly-found Gandhāra sculpture which had been presented by Captain Waterfield to Dr. Vogel on the occasion of the latter's visit to Peshawar in company with Mr. Stratton. The figure closely resembles the one which was discovered by Colonel Deane at Sikri (now in the Museum at Lahore, and which has been supposed to represent the Buddhist goddess Hārītī), and is important in bearing along its side a dated inscription in Karoṣṭhī characters. This figure with its inscription was the subject of Mr. Stratton's article.

He had a keen interest in archæology, and gave many a spare half-hour to this Karoṣṭhī inscription, a cast of

[1] *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, twenty-fourth volume, first half, pp. 1-7.

which stood on the mantelpiece of his *daftar* all the winter; but the article itself was written hurriedly and under a pressure of other work. He intended to revise it before publication, but was not permitted to do so, and after his death it was found in its original form among his unpacked books at Gulmarg.

In an appreciative note with which the editor of the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* introduces Mr. Stratton's article, he writes: 'This paper is the first fruit of his brief stay in India—as, unhappily, it is the last.'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'LAHORE, *Feb.* 12, 1902.

'I am taking advantage of the kind offer you made in your last letter and have just finished a little paper for the Oriental Society which I am sending with this. Brief as it is, I have had to give up the hope of revising it as I should wish to do. You will see many places where I have made corrections: after another reading I might wish to change the form of much more, but I have not the time. If in the hope of improving it I should delay sending it another week, it might not reach you before the meeting in Easter week.

'I shall not be able to get away as I had hoped for a few days at the end of March. Examinations have been postponed from the 17th of March to the 1st of April, and will go on until the 16th. About that time the Universities Commission appointed by Lord Curzon is expected. They may stay a week or two. Then reports of examiners will be coming in, and I must be on hand. As soon, however, as I can I shall get off to Suket Mandi to look for Çāradā MSS.

'This letter must be very short.

'The Jammu copy of Yājñikadeva's Commentary on the *Kanya* (çrauta-) sūtras has yielded about two and a half times as many Kāthaka references as Weber's edition gives. A few additional sūtras are turning up in his *paddhatis*. The text of the *paddhatis* is good, but the commentary on the sūtras was full of palpable mistakes, some of them due in this or a previous copying to a confusion of Çārada and Devanāgarī characters. I am trying to get hold of the originals which came from Benares.

'Dr. Stein told me on New Year's day that he believed Dr. Von Schroeder intended to come out to work up the Kāṭhaka gṛhya sūtras. I wrote accordingly to inquire, and received this week the welcome news that he had no such intention.

'On Saturday I am to hear the *guru* of the Maharaja of Gwalior recite some *sāmans*. He is said to be eminent among Samavedins. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR LANMAN

'LAHORE, *March* 9, 1902.

'DEAR PROFESSOR LANMAN,—I have now obtained some photographs of the piece of Gandhāra work recently added to the collection here, and send you one for your own use or for the Harvard collection as you prefer. When I sent Dr. Bloomfield the notes he has promised to read for me at the meeting of the Oriental Society I had only one photograph.

'The calculation I made on the basis of Jacobi's tables is confirmed by pandit Sivadatta of the Oriental College, and it appears that whether the month be counted from

full moon to full moon, or the मिथुनसंक्रान्ति [1] be taken as the beginning, the fourth day of the month Āṣāḍha in the (expired) year 179 (but not 191) of the Vikrama era fell on a Wednesday.

'Dr. Vogel, who is now in the Peshawar district, writes me that the statue was found in "a well" (now field) within a platform which is apparently the base of a stūpa. Some plaster images which fell to pieces on being taken out were found with it twelve feet below the surface. He has no authority to excavate. Could a grant from the Exploration Fund be obtained for the purpose of excavations in the Gandhāra country? The Panjab Government is not likely to have money available for the purpose.[2]

'I see that I have not mentioned that the place Dr. Vogel mentions is named Tskāro dahrī (the Pashtu for charcoal-mound), and is situated eight miles north of Chārsada. I have not the reports of the Archæological Survey at hand, and do not remember whether the places mentioned by General Cunningham in his accounts of Puskalāvatī extend so far to the north.

'Work due to the coming of the Universities Commission in April takes up a great deal of my time now. I only hope that the discussion to which it has given rise here may lead to a more satisfactory Constitution of the University. I judge that the teaching work of the University will be largely extended. One proposal is

[1] Moon's passage into Gemini.

[2] In the months of March and April 1903 Mr. J. H. Marshall, Director-General of Archæology, and Dr. Vogel carried on excavations in the neighbourhood of Chārsada, the reputed site of Puṣkalāvatī, the ancient capital of Gandhāra, the Government of India having sanctioned Rs. 3000 (£200) for the purpose. An illustrated account has appeared in the annual *Report of the Archæological Survey* for 1902-3, p. 141 ff. The excavations resulted in the recovery of Græco-Buddhist sculptures, inscribed pottery, etc.

that the Oriental College should have charge of the classes in Oriental languages for all the colleges in Lahore. Another is that University lecturers be appointed for the M.A. classes, and if B.A. honours courses are instituted, for these honour classes too.

'I hope that we shall be able to secure for the Oriental College or the Public Library two considerable collections of Sanskrit MSS. here known as Pandit Radha Krishna's and Pandit Jwala Datta's.[1] The latter was some years ago made available for use, but the owner has since then become deeply involved in debt, and has denied in court the ownership of the library. Moreover, many of the books are said to have been much damaged in recent years, and all are in great confusion. There is an excellent (unprinted) catalogue in the University office which was made by Pandit Govind Kaul for Dr. Stein. The other collection is now in the possession of a widow who is doing her best, report says, to diminish the value of her husband's estate, anticipating an unfavourable decision in a will case which is now before the Privy Council. I was able to use some MSS. of *Upanishads* from Pandit Jwala Datta's collection last year, and have been offered the chance of buying such as I wish, but as long as there is a hope of securing the whole library for a public institution, do not wish to accept the offer.

'Work on the Kaṭhaka sūtras is advancing slowly. It appears to me now that there is yet hope that a search in Gujarat may bring to light copies of the çrāuta sūtras. The pandits who were sent out some years ago to secure MSS. for the Jammu library are said to have found both there and in Godavari adherents of the Kaṭha school.

[1] The collection of Jwala Datta is being scattered. It i believed that the Radha Krishna collection is still in Lahore.

'I am somewhat run down, and if it were possible should ask for a few days' leave, but do not expect to get away until May, when it will be quite hot in Mandi, where I wish to go.

'The Curator of the Museum is getting up a series of photographs of the sculptures in the collection here. I hope that Dr. Vogel . . . will be associated with him in the publication of the descriptive notes.[1]

'Dr. Stein comes to Lahore from time to time. He was in one day last week, and expects to come again this month.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Lahore, *Feby*. 26, 1902.

'. . . I have got into the heaviest of work again, and expect no lightening of it until May. First there is to be a long series of meetings, and then, after the examinations are over, the Commission appointed by Lord Curzon to inquire into the workings of the Universities and advise reforms will be here for a week or two. The examinations in Arts, too, have been postponed until April. So there is no hope of my getting the holidays I had hoped to take at the end of March.

'I have been unusually well this winter, and have not lost a day from College work, I think. From last Friday till yesterday I was out of sorts, but am better now. It was due to the great heat, I think. This month has certainly been as hot as March was last year, even hotter, I believe. No rain has fallen here since last July (except a little shower last Thursday), and there

[1] Dr. Vogel has since undertaken to write a catalogue of the Græco-Buddhist sculptures in the Lahore museum in co-operation with the Curator, Mr. Percy Brown.

has been no snow in the mountains. The bright, warm weather has been favourable to the restriction of the plague, of which there were only a few cases in Lahore, but even so it has spread largely now through the Panjab. Next year we can scarcely hope to escape having it in Lahore. In an American city it could be stamped out within a few days, a few weeks at the most, and very few cases would probably be fatal. Here, however, so many of the people, the Indians, live in wretched, sunless, little places, with poor drainage or none, and with much stagnant water about, and they are so unwilling to consent to measures for the general good, or to observe any restrictions in times of epidemic, that the authorities are quite unable to cope with the disease. Indeed, Government has had to give up entirely all the compulsory measures of segregation and disinfection which they attempted to carry out at first. Both Hindus and Musalmans in different ways are fatalists. If God wants them to live, they will: if it is His will that they should die, there is no use in doing anything, and so they die, and involve their neighbours in the same danger. For people with such views one can do nothing.

'Here I have almost filled a sheet with plague news, but I have told you that there are no cases here. Remember that and be comforted. Remember, too, that for people who bathe regularly, and air their clothing and bedding, and get out into the open air, there is not much danger. I was surprised to hear last week from a physician that there are many more deaths from typhoid and malaria in India than from plague. . . .

'Now I must close. We both send our best wishes to Aunt Lizzie and you, and hope that you are much better and will grow stronger with the coming of warm

weather. Warm weather in Canada is something to look forward to. Here it brings to mind how we must lie weak and perspiring beneath great fans hung from the ceiling, and must keep every door and window shut except for a few hours at night. That time, however, is not come yet: we even have a little fire to-night.'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'LAHORE, *March* 9, 1902.

'DEAR MR. BLOOMFIELD,—I am sending only a brief note with a copy of a book which I forward to you on behalf of Pandit Gañgādhara, Shastri of the Maharaja's College in Jammu. . . .

'As we were reading *RV.* vii. 103 in the Shastri class the other day I mentioned Haug's statement that the hymn was used in Bombay in times of drought. They all said that it was still used in the parts they come from. There are sixteen of them, and they represent all parts of the triangle which embraces Benares, Ajmere, and Srinagar. They appreciate the advantage of addressing the frogs as Brahmans, but laugh at the idea of their being thought of as the देवता[1] of the hymn: to them it is simply पर्जन्यस्तुति.[2] They are not inclined to take the frogs seriously: they are quite ready to jest about their (the frogs') uncouth appearance.

'I turned aside from my letter just now to talk about this hymn with a Kashmiri who is copying a Çāradā MS. for me. He agrees generally with the students of the College. Only when we came to the third stanza he insisted that the frogs do not greet each other as Brahmans but as a *çūdra* greets a Brahman. He had

[1] Devata. [2] Hymn to Parjanga.

to admit that his point was not well taken, but his estimate of the frogs is clear.

'With this I fear I must close. . . .

'*P.S.*—I wrote Professor Jackson recently, and have just finished a letter to Professor Lanman, to whom I am sending a photograph of the Gandhāra figure. I have written to you all about somewhat different things, the things I hope you would each care most to hear of.

'One thing I must add. The meeting with the *guru* of the Maharaja of Gwalior at which I thought only three or four were to be present, proved to be quite a large affair. For my purposes it was not very satisfactory. The time was short, and some of my questions he was not prepared to answer: he said he must consult his books. One thing that did come out clearly was the distinctions in the character of the *prastāva*, the *udgītha*, the *pratihāra*, and the *nidhana*. I should like to get a phonographic record of some *sāmans*. Those I have heard appeal to me more than any other Indian music. The chants in a great sacrifice must have been impressive in themselves. A. W. S.'

'*Tuesday*. . . . Another letter to-day from Srinagar takes away what little hope I had of getting any çrāuta material from Pandit Içvara Candra. His memory is failing rapidly. He is nearly a hundred years old, you know. It may be that he did once know some of these sūtras: he certainly said he did. But if so, all is gone, so far as he is concerned. My friend writes that a MS. of the Kāṭhakagṛhya which has been copied for me, and with which he is comparing the copy, seems to him to be the source of all the copies he has ever seen. The owner has promised to let me see it next summer. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'Lahore, *March* 26, 1902.

'No answer yet from Bombay. I cannot imagine the reason, for the colleges in Bombay are still in session, and I had heard from Mr. Bhadkamkar only a few days before sending my inquiry. I should not wonder if it should turn out that Bhau Daji's copy is a transcript from the Jammu Devanāgarī MS.

'Your reproduction—but I have written you since receiving it, and have told you of the joy of having it. The clearness of the text and the minute shades of colour of the book that it reproduces are wonderful. I have never seen anything approaching it, except, of course, some individual plates introduced into books as illustrations. And the effect is most artistic. My wife is best pleased, I believe, where the bark is a little damaged, and one gets the sharp contrast of the white and the colour of the birch-bark. And yet have I written you? For I do not remember telling you of the interest I took in tracing out the parallel passages in the published version by the aid of Shankar Pandurang Pandit's index. I was surprised at the large number of verses I could not find at all. There is a good deal of carelessness shown in the writing, isn't there?—quite apart from peculiar spelling due to Kashmiri pronunciation.

'Three Baltimore *Suns* this week brought accounts of the Johns Hopkins celebration. I regretted that I had no share in the volume in honour of Professor Gildersleeve. I heard lately that no answer from me in the matter had reached Baltimore, but I did write Sutphen without delay. The time, however, was too short for me to do anything. If I had known that the presentation was to be deferred I could easily have sent something.

'But I must close. An attack of fever brought to a head the gathering "unfitness," as the English term it, that I have had for two months. Now I am better, only weak.'

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. COOK

'LAHORE, *March* 26, 1902.

'DEAR SISTER MARY,—At Christmas when your present[1] came A—— thanked you for me as well as for herself, but neither of us dreamed that so long a time could pass before I, too, should write you of my thanks. A——'s letters have told you of the reason. This is the first time that work has been at all easy.

'You could not have sent anything that would have pleased us better than Ernest Thompson's book. He and I used to sit side by side in school. He was always clever in drawing: he ornaments his own books now as he used to do his school-books during school-hours. He was a capital story-teller, too. Rosedale, of which he writes in his first book, was on the outskirts of Toronto, and is now well within the city. We used to hear him tell of some little animals he used to go out there to see, even then. After we moved to another part of the city and I was sent to another school, I heard nothing of him until people spoke of his painting at the World's Fair—a great animal just fallen. Besides, A—— and I both feel strongly on the cruelty of sport, and that adds to our pleasure in reading his stories. Kenneth told us of hearing the story of "Johnny Bear" in St. Paul just about the time we received the book from you. So we began with that.

'We have not read much together recently. Neither of us seems to find time for much outside the range of

[1] *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

the day's work. A—— has much to do, particularly many little cares. Clerks can be trusted more than household servants. . . .

'You have asked for a photograph of me. I have promised A—— many a time to go, but it is not easy to arrange for a sitting and be sure of being free. But I shall try to go soon to the new photographer. I know the other two are wretchedly poor, spite of the ten and fifteen dollars a dozen that they charge.

'This coming week, too, I shall try to give A—— some help in developing photographs, then she will be able to send you all sorts of little pictures of her own making. So far we have not made much use of our camera.

'Has A—— told you that we are trying to secure a house near Srinagar for the summer? We went through it last summer and were delighted with it. If we get it, A—— will have a better place than the pockets of the tent to put our clothes in. And with wooden floors, and pretty ceilings, and flowers in the garden, and a kitchen in the house, and water, good pure water, in a hydrant just outside the door, and the most beautiful view across the little lake over the city to the mountains—think how fortunate we shall be! If we cannot get that, we think of being fashionable and going to Gulmarg, which is more bound by fashion than Simla, which is the most fashionable place on the face of the earth, so people say: they say both these things.

'Father has told us of the pleasure your letters have given him. We, too, are glad that you have written. And now we send best wishes to you both.'

The heat set in early this year, and in March the strain of work began to tell on Mr. Stratton's health,

but not in a way to cause him to give it up or to take leave before the regular time. It is not easy to keep in robust health in the Panjab in the hot weather, and while he sometimes spoke of not feeling well, he could always tell of another who was worse off than he and who needed a rest more. And he believed that the trip to the hills in April would set him right.

He took exercise more regularly this season than in other years, because, along with the medicine, the doctor had ordered it, and also because he himself felt the need of it. When it was possible he played badminton at the Gardens, and if games could not be arranged there, played on the home court at Abbott Road. In this he was as faithful as in daily work, only the work came first with him, and quite too often a succession of meetings interfered with his proper rest and exercise.

But at this time, and through the months that followed in Lahore, even though often 'out of sorts,' as he sometimes said, he was apparently quite himself, full of nervous energy, eager to master every sort of work or play, lively, cheerful, a man whose courage and sweetness of temper were proof against any demand made upon them, but who, alas! reckoned too lightly with his own strength and the Indian climate. On March 18 he wrote :—

'The weather here has been trying because of the unusual heat. I have been unable, too, to get much exercise. So for some time I have been out of sorts. A few days ago I went to a physician, and the medicine seems to be doing me good. If I could only get away to the hills for a few days I should soon be in good condition, I think, but for that I must wait until the end of April, or even May.'

The plague, which had been spreading through the

Panjab, finally reached Lahore, the first case occurring in Muhallah Satthan, near the Taḥsīl, on January 10. From that time on there was extra work in the University office connected with measures to prevent the spread of the disease. These seemed to meet with success, for fortunately there were not many cases in the city itself during this year.

In a letter to his father on the 26th he wrote :—

'The holidays, for which we postponed the University examinations, began last Friday and lasted till Tuesday. The College was open to-day and will be to-morrow, but will be closed on Friday (Good Friday), Saturday (the last of the month), and on Monday (Easter Monday). I shall have a good rest from teaching now, but there is so much to do in the office that we have not been able to close on any of the holidays, and shall not. Plague has greatly increased our work, and even now several telegrams come in every day asking for change in centres of examination. Next year it will probably be everywhere in the Panjab, and there will be no such requests ; but the prospect is not pleasant.

'Rain last week made the air much cooler, much like what we had more than a month earlier. But now the heat is with us (on us, I felt like saying) again. Soon most of the ladies will begin to leave. Government officers will go in the middle of May to Simla. A—— is brave, and thinks to stay until I can get away at the end of July ; but she suffered greatly from the heat last year, and I think should not run the risk of suffering this year. If she goes, it will be our first separation, even for a day.

'Our plans for the vacation are still indefinite. We are trying to secure a house near Srinagar, but have had no answer to our letter. If we fail to get it we shall

probably go up to Gulmarg, the summer station, where snow falls—a thought which brings A—— joy. The valley is said to be free of cholera now, and large numbers of people are reported to be going in. Some people from Lahore are going early in April. The valley is said to be at its best in April, May, and June. It is cool then, and the early fruits, berries and cherries, real English cherries, are to be had in abundance. We, going later, get peaches, plums, pears, and apples. Last year we brought quinces with us to Murree. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'LAHORE, *April* 1, 1902.

'While A—— is giving to the *dhobi* the clothes that are to be washed, I will begin my letter to you. . . .

'Mrs. Cook's last letter seems to show that the papers have reported a thousand deaths daily from plague in Lahore and its vicinity. You must not allow yourself to be alarmed by such exaggerations. The truth is bad enough. Over two hundred a day die in the Panjab, the population of which, I believe, is something over twenty millions. Apparently the death-rate will be much higher next year, because the disease is spreading constantly. Formerly the rules were strict, and even if they were not well enforced by the lower officials . . . for two years plague in the Panjab was confined to two small areas. Since the Government yielded to popular clamour—the work largely of political malcontents—and relaxed its rules, the disease has been spreading at an alarming rate. So far only a few, between ten and twenty, have died in Lahore ; but no one can tell how many hundreds will go when the cold weather returns.

'I was inoculated last Saturday. It seemed wise,

because I am every day brought into contact with students who live in the city. The students of our College who live in the College boarding-house can be looked after, but I think there is very little likelihood of favourable sanitary conditions for those who live at temples and mosques. Cleanliness and godliness seem to be widely separated here. The open-air life that Europeans live, and the free access of light to the rooms of their houses, give them practical immunity from the disease; yet one does not know where one's servants go. They may at any time bring [the plague] into the compound.

'Very few Europeans have been inoculated here. There was a suspected case, which appears not to have been plague, in the compound of the Presbyterian Mission, and the missionaries all were inoculated. The Deputy-Commissioner, too, and the Assistant-Commissioner were. These, and Arnold and I, appear to be the only men so far. . . .'

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD

'SENATE HALL,
LAHORE, 3/4/02.

'. . . I am still in wretched health and unable to do anything outside of office-work. The winter has been hard on me altogether. I ought to have got away three months ago, but could not, and cannot before the 20th of the month, and then only for a few days. Meanwhile the Commission means much hard work for me. I cannot help believing that we shall gain nothing commensurate with the labour we are devoting to it. . . .'

On the 14th of April the Universities Commission came to Lahore. It had been appointed by Lord Curzon

in the January of this year 'to inquire into the condition and prospects of the Universities established in British India, and to consider and report upon any proposals which have been or may be made for improving their constitution and workings, and to recommend to the Governor-General in Council such measures as may tend to elevate the standard of University teaching, and to promote the advancement of learning.'

The Commission was composed of seven members, its president being the Honourable Mr. (now Sir) Thomas Raleigh, member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General. Lahore was the last of the five University towns of India which was visited by this body ; they held public sittings there for four days.

In order to place before the Commission the exact information needed, many reports had to be made out, and tabulated statements prepared to show the conditions and workings of the Panjab University. Much of this labour fell upon the office force in the Senate Hall, and they were engaged upon it for several months before the coming of the Commission.

Twenty-six witnesses were examined in Lahore. Mr. Stratton gave evidence on two days. Upon the first occasion he spoke on the desirability of instituting Honour Courses in the Panjab University, and recommended certain measures by means of which instruction in these courses could best be secured ; on the second day he appeared for the purpose of giving information concerning the Oriental College. At this time he made a strong argument in behalf of the Oriental College, its existence, its management, and its functions, it having been assailed in certain quarters. He answered every question that came up with his unvarying frankness, and showed an intimate acquaintance with the educational

needs of India and the Panjab which was unlooked for in one who had been less than three years in the country.

TO HIS FATHER

'SIMLA, *April* 24, 1902.

'It turned out that the trip we intended to take would occupy ten days, and that I should have only one day for the work I wished to do in Mandi. Under the circumstances there was no use in going. The only thing to do was to go to a hill station; and as we had never been here, and were not likely to have any special reason for coming at any time, we chose to spend the holiday here.

'The tonga trip of fifty-eight miles was very hard on A——. . . . We intend to take two days for the journey to the plains. In that way we hope that she will not suffer. Soon there will be a railway through to Simla. Over a good part of the way the rails are laid. A railway to Mandi is projected, too, but I have not heard that any work on that has been done.

'Two letters from you came on Tuesday. We are delighted that you are well, and able to go about again. We hope that you may have a very happy summer. We are glad, too, that Aunt Lizzie is pleased with the Kashmiri embroidery. Mrs. Caldwell writes that she received hers too. We heard from her and Josephine yesterday.

'The air here is bracing, and I hope to be much better for the trip. Indeed I am better already, and can work with a pleasure I have not known for months. My face is wretchedly thin; perhaps that, too, will improve. . . .'

TO MASTER KENNETH CALDWELL

'SIMLA, *April* 27, 1902.

'DEAR KENNETH,—A fine large goat came to me just now on the verandah of the hotel and looked up into my eyes in a most friendly way, but when I let him smell my cigar (the best I could give him), he turned sadly away. Again he came when I called "Billy," but a wave of the cigar in my hand sent him off again. Your Aunt Anna says he came because he knew we had ten pounds of gram (a sort of grain) behind the door. We are going to take it to the monkeys at the temple on Jako.

'Jako is the hill we see from our dressing-rooms. We wonder whether it gets its name from the monkeys. At anyrate it carries us back to our schooldays and the story of *Jacko, my Pet Monkey.*

'We are at the foot of another hill called Elysium. We wonder why the whole place has not been given that name, it is all so thoroughly enjoyable—the cool, bracing air, the pines and oaks, the banks beside the walks covered with little wild-flowers, the clean, well-kept cottages, the sea of mountains stretching as far as the eye can reach, and farther, one knows.

'It takes half an hour to go to the top of Jako, which is more than eight thousand feet high, but it is said that there are monkeys all over the hill, though we have not seen them. They must be very near us, for one of the men in the hotel said that one came to the window of his dressing-room yesterday morning and looked in at him. Our servant warned us the first day that if we left our bathroom doors open the monkeys would come in and steal the soap. . . . We did see an ape as we were coming up. He ran alongside the road quite near to us, and then with one bound sprang up a tree which bent

beneath his weight. He was a big fellow—more than four feet long, and heavy.

'How would you like to see your Aunt Anna in a little two-wheeled carriage drawn by four chimpanzees? That is not quite the way to put it, for the rickshaw coolies are really called *jampánies*: only the word is strange to me, and "chimpanzees" always comes first to me. Those who spend the season here get uniforms for their men, and vie with one another in becoming combinations of colour. Mere visitors must be content with hired rickshaws and coolies in their native rags, which give them such a wild, uncivilised appearance that for them, at least, chimpanzees is not a bad word.

'We wish that we might stay here all summer. I have not realised yet that in three days we must go down to the hot plains again, dress as lightly as we can, keep the house tightly closed all day, and all day long and all night long have pankhas fanning us, and then for three months try to live in a temperature of a hundred and a hundred and twenty in the shade. However, we can live even there, and after three months of it we hope to go to Gulmarg in Kashmir and live in a hut eight thousand and six hundred feet above the sea.

'Meanwhile you may be glad of our return to Lahore, for that means that you will have some Kashmir and Nepal stamps that I forgot to bring with me.

'The up-and-down-hill walks of Simla remind your Aunt Anna of St. Paul. A letter from one of you would make it seem very near. You must write us soon and tell us what you are doing. We hope you are all well.
—Your affectionate UNCLE FRED.'

TO MRS. MAURAN

'SIMLA, *April* 27, 1902.

'DEAR MRS. MAURAN,—A—— is better now and able to go about freely. There is good news, pleasing to send and pleasing to you, I am sure, since you know how the journey used her up.

'We have just come in from seeing the monkeys on the top of Jako. It only now occurs to me that while we were at the summit—the highest point in Simla—we were so intent upon the monkeys that we quite forgot to look out over the hills.

'There were thirty-six monkeys of varying size, not counting a baby of five days that clung to its mother and for a time escaped our notice. Some of them as soon as they saw us began to whistle, then the old *pujāri* came out of the temple and called them all. They came quickly, and as he poured out the grain we had brought, fell to eating with a will. One among them is *rāja*. He gets the choicest food and sits on a ledge apart. The others do not venture to dispute his claims. King-like, he retired before we came away. We wondered that the others did not touch the food he had left: we had not noticed that the *kotwāl* (guard), the second in size, of the troop, sat near watching. The old man told us that, failing him, there was another big fellow to prevent mischief.

'On our way up we saw four black-faced apes among the trees close to the path. Coming home, quite near to the hotel we saw two dart across the road which we go over every day. Now we really believe that there are monkeys here, and shall be disposed to regard the warning our servant gave us the day we came here—to keep our bathroom doors locked that the monkeys might not

carry off the soap. Because of that warning A—— and I have had a dispute. I suppose they eat the soap like Esquimaux, but she is sure they take it to the bazar and exchange it for nuts and grain. That is clever; is it convincing? . . .

'There are great numbers of Thibetans here, and they cause as much wonder to one fresh from the plains as they would in Chicago. They come across from Thibet, principally carrying flour, I believe, and while they remain here do all the heaviest coolies' work, men and women alike.

'There goes the crack of doom. I have been longer writing than I knew. A—— says she is glad it has cracked. (You really ought to turn to the next page to find how I still write. There—the page is filled.) Now I may tell you that the dinner bell is a cracked saucepan, and that first they give it one great bang just outside our door, and then they go off to the other end of the hotel and tap it gently.

'A—— says that if I write more Mr. Mauran will have it in for me. Let me appease him by sending good wishes, and what is more, A——'s good wishes. To Mrs. Goodman and to you, best wishes from us both.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Simla, *April* 28, 1902.

'This is only Monday night, but this week letters must be got off early. On Wednesday we expect to leave and go half-way down to the plains. A—— will have twenty hours' rest there before we set out again. It was the second half of the journey here that used her up. We hope that she will not suffer from the motion of the cart on the way down.

'Our home letters reached us at lunch to-day, a full day earlier than we had expected them. Two were from you. Mrs. Caldwell told us in a letter that came last week that she and Kenneth were writing to you. Does not Kenneth write well? He must be quite an original boy.

'We went this evening to Viceregal Lodge. It lies at the far end of Simla, a good three-quarters of an hour from here. The whole walk was pleasant, but the Viceroy's grounds are beyond comparison with anything else we have seen here. The house stands on one of the most desirable points in Simla. The walk round the hillside from the gate is charming. On the higher side vines run along the steep embankment, and above are wild-flowers and flowering trees with dark green compound leaves like the leaves of the horse-chestnut, but tapering alike at both ends, and deep red, cup-like blossoms. A—— thinks they are rhododendrons. On the other side, climbing roses in full bloom, supported by a low wire fence, make the prettiest of hedges. One looks far down through the trees to the narrow valley between the hills, or in the distance sees the sides of the higher mountains, covered with snow.

'The house, built with a square tower and copied perhaps from some old English castle, is built of grey stone. Good as it is, the lawn is better to us who have so little chance of seeing grass, and come from a waste of sands. . . .

'There are several other people in the hotel, but we know none of them, and live quite by ourselves. You see my "stiffness" has not left me, and in her reserve, as in most things, A—— is like me. A few ladies from Lahore whom A—— knows are here: she has merely met them on the roads. I have had short talks with

four of the members of the Commission. "Bus," as we say in Urdu fashion: that is all.

'Two days from now we expect to be in a dak-bungalow: on Friday morning we hope to have breakfast in our own home. To know how much that means one must have seen and tasted the made-dishes of an Indian hotel. A—— is well again, and I am much better for the trip. Work is going on well without me, and almost all the examination results will be announced before I return to Lahore.'

TO DR. JAMES P. CALDWELL

'SIMLA, *April* 30, 1902.

'DEAR BROTHER J. P.,—Our holiday in Simla is almost over. To-morrow afternoon we leave by tonga for Solon, thirty-one miles down. There we intend to rest a day, leaving on Friday evening for Kalka, the terminus of the railway, and reaching Lahore at eight o'clock Saturday morning . . . and if we ever come here again we shall probably wait for the completion of the railway which they are building from Kalka to Simla, a narrow-gauge which in many places seems from the tonga road to run dangerously near the edge, and yet must be safe.

'However, we are not likely to come again. My interests call me elsewhere, and in a country where there is so much of historical interest to see it seems to me utter waste of time to spend a summer in a hill station. And then there is the same round of dinners and parties here in summer as in the plains in winter, only everything here seems to be on a larger scale. We are only glad to get away from it all for a while.

'The air here is glorious. The very first day I felt

the difference, and could work as I had not worked for months. In the hot season the plains are healthy enough in the sense that there is very little illness, but there is nothing invigorating in the life. At the end of July one feels that he has escaped, but with considerable loss of strength. I often think that A—— ought not to attempt to stay down as long as I have to, but she insists on going through all I must. To be sure, she would not be really happy in an Indian hotel, and would constantly be thinking of the intense heat I had to work in.

'By the end of the week we hope to be in our own home, and we shall be glad to be there. Pankhas will be put up at once, and coolies pull them day and night. I shall begin work at the College at six, and before noon, if possible, come home for the day, bringing the unfinished work with me from the office. A—— will not venture out until half-past six or seven in the evening. I hope we shall be able to play badminton pretty regularly in the Gardens. One gets very hot, uncomfortably hot, but without something of this sort one would be dull and stagnant. "Liver" looms large in Indian life: strange that one feels it to the shoulder-blade.

'We got a silver prayer-wheel yesterday, with papers with Thibetan writing inside, and saw a curious little relic, a figure made of the ashes of a dead Buddhist priest, with some writing and two pieces of his garments—all in a little brass box with an opening in front that shows the figure.

'This is one of the best places, I believe, for picking up Thibetan things. It was once hoped that a large trade would be done with Thibet by way of Simla, and for some distance north of here there is an excellent road; but the expectations that men had some years

ago have never been fulfilled. Russian influence is said to have been the cause of the unwillingness of the officials in Chinese Turkistan to help in developing trade in the Gilgit road from Kashmir: the restrictions that they have imposed are said to be almost prohibitory. But the same unwillingness to have anything to do with India seems to dominate the officials in Southern Thibet. Perhaps in Turkistan, too, the Chinese desire to be let alone is the real cause. . . .

'I, too, feel dull: the sun, I fancy, was too strong for me when I went down to the bazar this morning. The only way to keep more of the dulness from getting into this letter is to close it at once.'

TO HIS FATHER

'Senate Hall,
Lahore, *May* 7, 1902.

'. . . I took up my teaching again to-day, but no M.A. students have come yet, and for a while my work will be somewhat light so far as teaching goes. The presence of plague will make the supervision of the College more difficult. We had a meeting of the Principals of the Colleges yesterday afternoon, and agreed on the measures we should adopt in order to keep the plague out of our Colleges, if possible. Many of the students of the Arts Colleges, it is said, have been inoculated. I fear that our men, being much more old-fashioned, will with difficulty be induced to do so. One cannot say that if they will not they must leave, and yet the time may come when such stern measures will be needed. If it comes I am willing to issue the order. However, I do not suppose there will

be much more danger this hot weather ("summer" is not used here: the word fails utterly to describe the season). The trouble will come when we return in October.

'The Government College still opens at ten, and the teachers of our College have so much work with their men that I cannot begin early hours as I should wish. It is hard enough for me to drive twice through the heat every day, but far worse for the teachers and students who have to walk.

'It is good to be at home again. Hotel life is dreary at the best, and we have not the best in India.

'We had a game of badminton this evening, the first we have had this long while. The perspiration streamed from us: even walking over at half-past six to the Gardens was hot enough. But the exercise is good for us, even necessary. Otherwise one's liver grows until one feels it close to the shoulder-blade. . . .'

TO MISS GRACE

'SENATE HALL,
LAHORE, *May* 10, 1902.

'DEAR MISS MARY,—There was a dust-storm as the sun went down yesterday, a very ineffectual storm, which only made things dirty and did not clear or cool the air. We must still go on with a temperature of a hundred and thirteen in the shade, no breath of wind, our very being choked with dust. Even the pankha brings little relief: I scarcely feel the stir of air, though it swings only a foot above me.

'It is after nine now. I have been in the office since seven, looking on while some examination papers are struck off. Five hours of this work yesterday, five

or more to-day. Such drudgery usually falls to the lot of my assistant, but one of his children has the measles: he must not come to the office, and no one else can be allowed to superintend the printing. To-day we must finish, for the examination begins on Monday.

'In such weather and such surroundings one cannot do serious work, but one can read when office-work is disposed of. Yesterday an archæological article by M. Foucher, dealing with places I visited a year ago, was most enjoyable. To-day I have Brown's *Life of Symonds*. I came across it yesterday evening at the Institute. Published in 1895, it is placed among our "recent books." You know it, and will know the eagerness with which I am reading it. It appeals to me more, I think, than any book I have read in years.

'We came back from Simla just a week ago. Heat and dust and a long stretch of dreary country and plague are here, but it is good to be at home: better than any words can tell.

'A—— is well again. We broke the long tonga journey on the way down, and she reached Lahore better than when she left Simla. If we had only known enough to do that on the way up, she would have enjoyed the trip far more than she did. Even as it is she will be better able to withstand the heat. As for me, it did me an immense amount of good to breathe the cool air.

'Yesterday we received proofs of some photographs I had taken in Simla. When they are ready you shall have one. They are quite as good as my face will permit.

'The Gildersleeve studies reached me in Simla; the University circular dealing with the celebration came yesterday after a strange delay. Your kindness in

sending the "Sun-paper" at the time made the delay of no account.

'This letter shows how burdensome the heat and dust are. If only I might write as I could talk to you on a pleasant day in May in Baltimore! Here and at such a time as this silence is golden. Only one word: you will soon have a letter from A——. Best wishes for Miss Clem and you. May you have a very pleasant summer.'

FROM DR. VOGEL

'BARMAUR, 8/6/02.

'DEAR STRATTON,—Mr. Marshall informed me some time ago that he wants me to meet him at Lahore in August in connection with the proposed restoration of the Fort buildings. So I had to change my programme, and have given up the idea of visiting Kullú this summer. Would you kindly tell Pt. Haricaran that I regret not to be able to keep my promise. I hope there will be an opportunity next year.

'There is plenty of interesting work here in the state. In Chambá itself I got six copper-plate inscriptions, and the Rájá's brother has promised to procure a good many more. Unfortunately they are all dated after the *Saptarshī Saṁvat*, but if a good number can be obtained of different periods it will be possible to find out the century also.

'They are of special interest, as so little is known about the history of the state. There are lists of the Rájás and a good many legends and traditions.

'I am staying now in the ancient capital, originally named Brahmapura (not Varmapura, as Cunningham gives). It is a delightful spot, glaciers all around, and several old temples. There are brass images here with

Sanskrit inscriptions, some of which were edited by Cunningham, but defectively. The work and the surroundings are delightful, and I feel inclined to spend the rest of my days here as a *tapasvin*.[1]

'I hope this will reach you in good health. With kind regards to Mrs. Stratton.—Sincerely yours,

'J. Ph. Vogel.'

TO DR. VOGEL

'Abbott Road, Lahore,
June 13, 1902.

'Dear Vogel,—How good of you not to mention my long delay in sending you the table of Çāradā characters. I send it now. It is not by any means so full as the table I asked the pandit to prepare, and I intended to have him make out another. But he has found the heat very trying, and recently has been suffering from lumbago, too. I, too, have been in such poor condition that I can barely do each day's unavoidable work. That is heavier now that the Assistant-Registrar[2] has left me for a better paying position. I hope to get away shortly after the middle of July. Till then I cannot hope to feel fit for work. My wife, too, is greatly pulled down by the heat, but I cannot persuade her to go to Murree. We play badminton in the evenings as often as we can: without that I do not know what we should do. . . .

'I have told Pandit Haricharan of your coming here in August. He seems to be disappointed as well as

1 A hermit or ascetic.

2 Lala Sundar Das Suri left the University office on the 6th of June on his appointment as Headmaster of the Government High School at Amritsar. He was succeeded by Mr. P. N. Dutt, formerly Headmaster of the Mission High School, Lahore, who did not enter upon the work of Assistant-Registrar, however, until the 1st of July.

you. I don't say "as much as you," for he will not need to stay here as you must. Why does Government undertake work at such a time in Lahore?

'We both send best wishes, and are glad to hear that you find your surroundings so pleasant. But don't stay there. Come back to your friends in the cold weather, and if you are ready to take vows, let them be such as will make you a *gṛhastha*.'[1]

The troublesome piece of work, of which Mr. Stratton makes mention in the following letter to his father, was a detailed statement of the history and workings of the Law School as bearing upon the simultaneous prosecution of studies in Arts and Law in the Panjab University. It was prepared in response to a resolution passed by the Syndicate at a meeting held on March 19, 1902, and was ultimately presented to the consideration of the Judges of the Chief Court. The letter was drafted by Mr. Stratton, and after his death was issued under the name of his successor, the Rev. H. C. Velte.

It was the last important piece of work of an official character which left Mr. Stratton's hands.

'LAHORE, *June* 25, 1902.

'This is my birthday, and to-morrow is to be a holiday. This morning I finished a troublesome piece of work which has been on my hands for some time. On Friday an Assistant-Registrar is to be appointed, and I shall soon be relieved of the extra work I have had to do since Sundar Das left. Altogether I have a fuller sense of luxurious contentment than I have known this long while.

'The last two weeks I found at the last moment that

[1] A married man.

I could not write you. Work has pressed so heavily. I get up regularly before five, and at six am teaching. It is usually about twelve when I get back from the office, and if I do not bring papers with me to dispose of here, a *čaprāsī* is almost sure to come with some later in the day. At half-past six we go over to the Gardens, playing badminton as often as we can. We do not get back till eight or sometimes nine. Then dinner, and after dinner work again until half-past eleven or later. A couple of hours during the day I usually lie down, but it is so hot that the sleep one gets does not seem to do much good.

'It is delightfully cool now. Yesterday the paper recorded only 92°. I don't believe you can appreciate the difference between that and 117° as we can who have known it. We have had some good rains, and hope that more may come. Even now one can feel the heat increasing again. After the comfort of these four or five days it would go hard if we should have the intense heat again.

'If all goes well we may hope to get away in three weeks. I must come back about the first of October to train the new Assistant-Registrar for part of his work. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'LAHORE, *July* 2, 1902.

'I have given up the thought of doing any work beyond the usual round before going to Kashmir. There I intend to do my best to get on with the edition of the sūtras. Dr. Ewing, Dr. Griswold, and Mr. Frame (Fleming's successor in the Mission College) are to have dinner with us on Friday. That is to be our Fourth of July celebration. Probably no fireworks. . . .'

TO THE SAME

'LAHORE, *July* 15, 1902.

'This is the day we thought of starting for Kashmir. Last week, however, it seemed doubtful whether the Medical Examination results would be ready in time for me to get away to-day, and as there were arrangements to be made beforehand, for a tonga, an ekka, and accommodation in the hotel we wished to stay at in Murree, I decided not to go until to-morrow.

'There is still a good deal to do in the way of preparations. I had to attend three meetings yesterday. They lasted from five till half-past seven, and at the end I was too tired to do any work during the evening. To-day I had a good deal of extra work in the College, and the drafting of the proceedings of yesterday's meeting considerably increased my office-work. One report is not complete yet, although it was almost five o'clock before I was free for other work. To-morrow I do not intend to teach, but there will probably be a good deal of other work in the College. I hope to get away from the office at ten o'clock. The bank opens then, and I must go in person to deposit the key of the safe. At the same time I must draw money to pay our travelling expenses.

'I am sending an extra large draft this time, out of which I hope you will be able easily to pay what is due to the Insurance Company.

'A—— is worn out with the trouble of packing away the things we are leaving, and getting together what we must take with us. It is no small task to prepare for a two and a half months' vacation trip on which one must take not only clothes and books but provisions, and even dishes and cooking utensils. And preparations are much

more difficult in the heat we have here. Even under the pankha one perspires freely: away from it one can scarcely do more than exist.

'We have little or no idea what the hut we are to have at Gulmarg will be like. It is said that the roofs of many of the huts leak freely, and that the wind comes rushing in through the mud-covered slabs of which the sides are made. Ours is one of the cheapest and probably one of the oldest of them, but we shall see what it is like.

'Our train leaves at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and if all goes well we ought to reach Murree early Thursday morning. We intend to rest there before going farther. Next time I hope to be in better condition to write. Now I must be brief.

'I am very glad to hear of Alice's marriage, and hope her new life will be very happy. I intend to write to her in your care from Kashmir.

'We hope that Aunt Lizzie and you are well, and both send to you our best wishes. Your loving son,

'FRED.'

CHAPTER XII

Few men have been so unreservedly devoted to friends and a chosen work as was Mr. Stratton. It is easy in looking backward so see that this was sometimes fatal to him, alas! most fatal that third season of fierce heat when, had he dealt less rigidly with himself, he might have saved strength for the battle with a fever which finally burned out his life in a hut at Gulmarg.

Those who knew him best recall the light on his face when he brought a gift. Something of himself he gave with every service: and if he gave too much, who can think of him as giving less? or who can think of him apart from his great-heartedness, and his unwillingness to leave a duty undone?

His last letter shows unmistakable signs of a physical breakdown, and a depressed condition on the way up to Kashmir. It was his habit to read to his wife his letters before sending them, but this one, written at Murree and posted at Garhi, he sealed unread, saying, 'What I have written to father is so blue that I don't want you to hear it.' He said it as he was closing the envelope by the light of a dirty little lamp in the dak-bungalow, and there is a picture of his thin, keen face, bent toward the light, a smile in his eyes which took from the word 'blue' any unpleasant meaning. Nothing seemed farther than that this was to be the last letter he should ever write.

It will be seen that he wrote as one wearied out: mentioned the hard ways of travel, the creaking of carts, and the bickering of coolies. When before had he spoken of these things except with cheerfulness? The heat and a too great strain of work had made a demand upon him which he was unable to meet.

Yet at the time, both during his last days in the Panjab and in his journey to the hills, he seemed quite himself, light-hearted, quick to save another every discomfort and annoyance, and just as quick to brush aside every attempt to spare his own strength and energy. It is remembered that toward the end, in Lahore, he was painfully thin and pale, and that at the Gardens he dropped out of the badminton games after a few turns, saying he was 'too tired.' But these things were not then thought to be significant, for in July English faces in Lahore are all thin and pale, and it is not uncommon to feel that exercise is hard to keep up in the heat.

When he spoke of not feeling strong, as he did sometimes in those last weeks, he said that he needed only rest, that he would be quite well when he reached the hills. And now they were near. He counted the weeks and then the days which were between him and them. They were indeed very near, and near was his last journey into the lovely valley of Kashmir.

'MURREE, *July* 19, 1902.

'DEAR FATHER,—A—— and I got away from Lahore at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and resting for five hours at a dak-bungalow on the way, arrived here at one o'clock. We had intended to set out again this morning, but soon after coming were convinced that, tired as we were, we ought to take a longer rest. A——

had an immense amount of work to do in packing away the furnishings of the house, and was worn out before we left Lahore. The journey went very hard with her, and she has not yet recovered. I wish we did not need to travel so much and in such primitive ways. But there is no help for it. Staying in Lahore all summer would weaken one beyond description. The only places fit to spend the summer in are the hills, and not easily reached. I hope that by taking easy stages A—— will be able to reach Srinagar without further loss of strength. Once in Gulmarg, she should be able to rest. It will be good to see the colour in her cheeks again. They are whiter now than I have ever seen them.

'A—— is at the dentist's now, and I am writing from the verandah of the little hotel where we are staying. It is in a convenient place, close to the tonga terminus. That is all that can be said in its favour. Night and day there is an unceasing noise—the creaking of carts, the beating of bullocks, the weary bickering of the coolies, whose voices are harsh and unpleasant even when they are not quarrelling. All these things tell on our nerves, and it will be good to get away to a quieter place.

'At the most two hot seasons more and we shall be away from India for good. If a moderately good position offers before then, I shall be glad to accept it. The next time I write to Dr. Bloomfield I intend to ask him to be on the look-out for me.

'I am resting, and hope soon to be strong again. When we are settled in Gulmarg I hope I shall be able to work steadily. The summer is the only time I can hope to do anything for myself. The other nine and a half months of the year there is no time for anything outside the round of College and office work.

'Here comes A——. I must close. Best wishes to Aunt Lizzie and you from us both.—Your loving son,

'FRED.'

He first wrote 'hope soon to be well,' but crossed out 'well' and wrote 'strong' in its place. On closing the letter he walked down to the road and met his wife with a bright face and cheerful words. He did not show in his manner the depression which he could not keep out of his letter.

There were four days at Murree, and then the usual tonga journey to Srinagar. Here four days were spent at the Nedou's hotel, where the homelikeness of the place and the company of a delightful Devonshire family made this a very pleasant interval. While here Mr. Stratton arranged with Pandit Mukund Ram for the summer's work, and as in the previous year, he made inquiries among the pandits whom he met regarding manuscripts and original matter bearing on the sūtras.

One afternoon was spent at the Nasim Bagh, a half-day when the sky and mountains were so delicately coloured that nothing so glorious seemed ever to have been seen before. All the old haunts were visited. Mr. Stratton hunted for the stone he had used in 'putting' the year before, and he hunted, and found, the track of the ditch which marked the site of the old tent. More than once he said, 'This is last year. This is one day last summer'; and on leaving he said that he hoped sometime again to live in the beautiful Bagh. But it was not to be.

On Saturday the 26th of July, the Strattons set out for Gulmarg. The tonga road rises gently for a distance of about twenty-five miles, and ends at Tongmarg, where ponies and dandies are taken for the rest of the journey.

It was discovered that the camping outfit from Cockburn's, which had started the day before, had reached this point and gone no farther, and, although rain threatened, Mr. Stratton thought it necessary to spend some time in getting the loads started up the mountains. He procured a dandy for Mrs. Stratton, but himself insisted on walking. It takes about three-quarters of an hour to reach the top, and the ascent is fairly steep, so that the undertaking was unwise and beyond his strength; but at the time he could not be dissuaded, feeling fresh after the rest in Srinagar, and when he was reproved afterwards by the doctor for having done it, he said simply, 'I felt like doing it. I did not think it would hurt me.'

The way up from Tongmarg is along a high, winding path, delightfully cool and green, the slopes on either side thick with wild-flowers and ferns. When Mrs. Stratton walked with her husband, the 'wallahs' would plunge into the jungle and return with great masses of bloom. Mr. Stratton could not be persuaded to use the dandy. As they entered the *marg* rain began to fall, but at first gently, so that the view was not hidden but softened.

Gulmarg[1] is a great saucer-shaped meadow with a little church in the centre, a club-house, and a field for sports, cottages, called huts, along the edge of the meadow, behind these a wall of tall Himalayan firs, and farther away, encircling the whole the mountains of the Pir Panjal range.

There was difficulty in finding the right hut, A No. 17,

[1] 'There is a Persian word (*margh*) signifying a garden abounding in plants, but the Kashmiris use the word to denote land lying at a distance from the abode of men. . . . *Margs* [are] those beautiful stretches of turf which, ringed round with great forests, lie at an elevation of from 7000 to 9000 feet above the sea.'—Walter R. Lawrence in *The Valley of Kashmir*, p. 16.

and Mr. Stratton did a good deal of walking and inquiring (at the club-house, the hotel, and at cottages) before it was found and entered. During this time the rain fell, not steadily, but at intervals; but in all probability his exposure to this rain was the immediate cause of his illness.

On Sunday evening he was taken with a chill, followed by a fever. The next day the Residency surgeon, Dr. Joshua Duke, was called in, and he was faithful in attendance during the illness that followed. Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Browne, then at the head of the Medical School at Lahore, was in Gulmarg on vacation leave, and at the special request of Mr. Stratton he made occasional visits to the sick man and freely gave his valuable services.

The fever germs were evidently in Mr. Stratton's body, and the change to a higher altitude had brought on, what is common enough in India, a hill fever. The treatment, which always before had broken the disease in a few days, failed this time because he was so reduced in strength that he could not resist its onslaught. It was pronounced to be Malta fever, which is a less dreaded type than enteric, but of the lingering sort, and one for which a specific remedy has not been found, or at least up to that time had not been found.

It ran for nearly three weeks without symptoms especially alarming, although stubborn, and refusing to yield to stern treatment. During that time the doctors assured Mrs. Stratton that they believed her husband would be able to shake off the fever, although it might continue for a long time. Mr. Stratton complained only that his opportunities for work were passing. So late as the 8th of August he attended to the more important business of the University which reached him by mail and

telegraph, dictating answers to his wife and adding his signature. It is comforting to know that in these weeks he did not suffer greatly. He was, in fact, very much alive to every detail of the daily life in which he could not take part, but which he watched keenly from his low string-bed in the sitting-room.

He liked to listen to reading. On several occasions books from the Gulmarg library were sent in by Mrs. Perry, wife of Colonel Perry of Lahore, and the *Nation* and the *Atlantic* were read aloud to him almost from cover to cover. Even when the article did not especially interest him he wished the reading to go on, saying, 'I like to listen to your voice.'

Gulmarg, 'meadow of roses,' is at this season of the year a riot of wild-flowers—yellow wort, bluebells, buttercups, gentians, balsams, marsh-marigolds, late wild roses, numbers of strange blossoms whose names are unknown to the writer, and, loveliest of all, the starlike wood forget-me-nots. Some of these flowers grew to the very walls of the little hut, and could be plucked without leaving the doorstep. At first many of these were gathered for Mr. Stratton each day, but later, forget-me-nots only, as they were his choice, were taken to him. Little green lizards used to run across the floor of the house, and the sick man enjoyed the sight of them, their quick movements and brilliant little bodies giving him a sort of gentle amusement. He was interested in the strange birds that he occasionally could see from the window or doorway, and in the peculiar cry of the flying-foxes which sometimes came from the trees in the night.

There was difficulty at first in getting the services of a trained nurse, so in the first weeks of his illness Mrs. Stratton was relieved from time to time by Dr. Duke's Sikh assistant, and by his faithful and capable Madrasi

boy, Henry. Mr. Stratton's own servants, too, were efficient helpers. The young *khidmatgār*, Sukur, in particular was attached to his master, and at every opportunity would make his way into the sickroom and take a hand at sponging the fever patient with ice-water (every second day coolies brought ice from the higher parts for this purpose). He was really deft and quick at it, and Mr. Stratton often thanked him. Once when Sukur was doing some difficult task at the open fire an Englishman who was in the room scolded the boy and ordered him about harshly. When the man had gone, Mr. Stratton called the *khidmatgār* to him, and, praising his work, which was really hard, as the cook, Faqr-ud-Din, was ill of a fever, told him that he was a good servant.

Long afterwards young Sukur brought the incident to Mrs. Stratton's remembrance, and added, 'He was a kind master.' It was Sukur, too, who gathered great bunches of wild-flowers in the sad month of September, and, following Mrs. Stratton to the gate of the little cemetery, gave them to her to place on the grave.

In the second week of Mr. Stratton's illness Pandit Mukund Ram journeyed up from Srinagar to see him. Rai Sahib Narayan Das also made several visits, and kindly sent some good furniture and carpets which added a good deal to comfortable living in the hut, the Strattons having taken only a rough camping outfit.

Hut A No. 17 proved to be a fairly tight and habitable one, but it stood quite among the trees, and as rain came down almost every afternoon, and sometimes swept the *marg* through the whole night, the little house from day to day had poor chance to dry, let the sun shine ever so brightly between storms. It was thought that the presence of so much moisture caused the fever to

hang on. Dr. Browne in particular urged the removal of the patient to a drier locality ; so, through the kind services of Rai Sahib Narayan Das, the use of a hut belonging to His Highness, the Maharaja of Kashmir, was finally secured. It stood on the opposite side of the *marg* from A No. 17, in the open air and the sunshine, and to it Mr. Stratton was removed in a dandy on the 14th of August. For several days previous to this his fever had been high, but it was on this day that he first showed a shade of doubt as to his recovery. It came out in a mere passing word which at the time was attributed to his weariness in making the journey, and much was hoped of the change to a better atmosphere. This week, too, an English trained nurse came up from Srinagar.

But the disease could not be arrested. Two days after he was carried along the *marg* came a terrible and ominous change, like a black bar across an open way. After this his mind wandered, and he was himself for but a few minutes at a time. He was mercifully spared the agony of a farewell. Once he spoke of dying, but it was before the change came, and both the doctor and his wife assured him that he was no worse, that they had no fears for his recovery. To the latter he said, 'Then you must give me some of your confidence, dear, for last night I got it into my head that it is physically impossible for me to get well.' And then he gave some directions about his papers and keys. But he soon began talking about other things that he might not alarm his wife. On the evening of that day came the dreadful warning.

As he lost consciousness, he talked of Indian names and places, used Hindustani and Sanskrit phrases, and tried to put together the parts of a lecture or lesson. Sometimes he thought he was a boy in Canada, and talked

to his father and mother, but for the most part he remembered that he was in India. At first he would respond to his wife's voice when she tried to recall him, but presently even that grew far away. Death came in the early morning of the 23rd of August.

There is a little high-walled cemetery in Gulmarg, on the crest of a knoll in the lower *marg*, where one deodar stands alone, and good grass and English flowers grow freely all about. A few graves are there, some graves of children, that of an English officer, and graves of others perhaps. Mr. Stratton was buried in this little cemetery on the 24th of August, the burial service of the Church of England being read by the chaplain in the presence of a few friends who had gathered there. Inside the coffin, all around the face of his dead master, a dark hand had placed daisies, the large, wild daisies that grow thickly in the jungle.

It is well to think of him as lying, not in the scorched plains, but away from all hateful sights and sounds, in a place of quiet and light and colour, with the small flowers that he loved springing up all around. Little Nancy Arnold with unconscious pathos called the spot 'Mr. Stratton's garden,' not knowing why it was his, or why her little flowers were placed there.

A small marble stone now marks the mound. On it, beneath a brief English inscription, is cut a Sanskrit couplet[1] selected by Professor Bloomfield, than whom no one more sincerely mourned the untimely ending of a life so rich with promise.

> 'The trees give shade, but stand beneath the sun,
> For others they bear fruit, themselves have none.'

They are singularly faithful lines. There are abundant

[1] Translated from the *Vikramaçrita*, 65.

proofs of the strong influence for good which the young Orientalist exerted over all who knew him, and in them and for them his life will long continue to bear fruit in the quiet ways he loved.

The sorrow which was felt at his loss found many ways of expression. It is not well to give them here, but it is well to know that his worth met full recognition in the profound love and grief which showed itself at his death.

One wrote in America, 'With him comes to an end one of the most hopeful, interesting, and useful careers ever entered upon by an American scholar. Indian science has lost through his death one of its most promising workers; those who knew him best a friend and companion of singular attractiveness of character.'

And another, also an American, wrote, 'I never knew a whiter soul.'

Perhaps the most pathetic tributes came from Indian students, some of whom lost in him their one best friend. There is need to give but one instance. One day there came to the bungalow in Abbott Road a young Hindu, poorly dressed, who said, 'Last year I would have given up my work at the College but for Mr. Stratton's help, for I am poor and have a family of five to support.' And then he said, 'Mem-sahib, we had a name for him at the College. We called him Devata.'[1]

One of the most beautiful appreciations came from Arjan Das, a Hindu student who studied three years with Mr. Stratton in the Oriental College. It was published in one of the native newspapers in the month following Mr. Stratton's death. It is both eulogy and lament.

'. . . Honours and praises over the tomb are at the

[1] Saint.



The Cemetery at Gulmarg.

best a vain glory, and though words are poor expression of the woe that "lies too deep for tears," I find it hard to refrain from trying to put in words the grief I feel.

'As a scholar of Sanskrit he was always anxious to infuse into others his own love of that sacred language. His own knowledge of Sanskrit was very wide, while his marvellous powers of association and good memory enabled him to make his studies thorough. He could cite parallel passages so precisely that we were left gaping in amazement at what came from his lips. . . . Of the Vedas he always took the modern, scientific view. Far from being prejudiced, he was always ready to modify his opinion, and it remains to his enduring credit that he never attempted to thrust his own views upon others, but was always considerate of those of other men. . . . He was a friend of high education in India, and was one of those noble-hearted men who consider it their duty to do all they can to raise the Indian to the position occupied by the European.

'All this is nothing as compared to the noble disposition, the sweet heart, the genial temper and bland and courteous manners which endeared him to all he came in contact with. Never was there a serener brow or a more smile-lit face. I never saw him frown. His subordinates know how kindly he treated them all alike, and how anxiously he avoided aught that would hurt the feelings of any other man.

'Such was the noble soul that has been dislodged from its tabernacle. Little did I dream when we parted that we should not meet again save in the world of shadows. We looked forward to the time when October would find us together again to discuss our favourite themes. But . . . pierced by the shaft that flies in darkness, he

lies at Gulmarg, separated from his Transatlantic home by thousands of miles of land and sea.'

One who loved him, after visiting his grave for the first time, wrote a little sonnet which we are permitted to give here. Nothing is more fitting as a last word, for, to those who know Gulmarg, it brings a picture of the mountains, the meadow, the trees and flowers, and it breathes unchanging hope and peace :—

'Dear friend, how calm, how peaceful is thy rest!
The silent pines keep watch, each tall, green spire
A symbol of high thoughts that e'er aspire,
As always thine ;—still, on the mountain's crest,
Lingers the winter's snow, which on thy breast,
As pure as thine own purity, shall fall,
Till spring shall weave for thee her coronal,
And all the meadow with bright flowers be drest.
Here dost thou sleep; but still with us dost live,
A light to lighten gloomy days,—a star
To beckon on to efforts good and brave,—
And sweet communion still to us canst give,
That makes our hearts forget that thou art far,
Thy presence ever near to guide and save.'

INDEX

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